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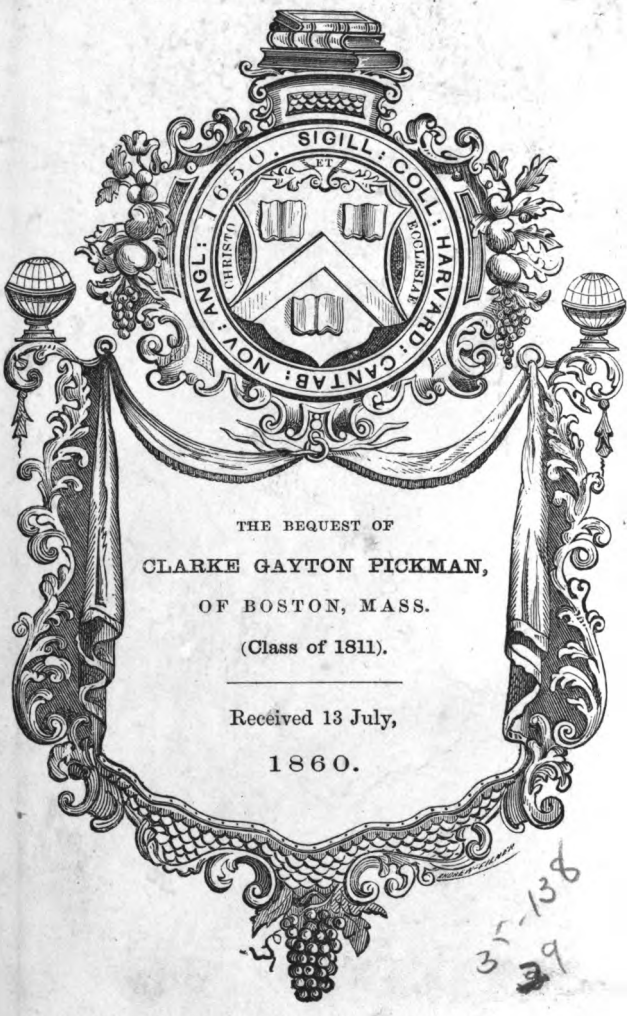

THE BEQUEST OF

CLARKE GAYTON PICKMAN,

OF BOSTON, MASS.

(Class of 1811).

Received 13 July,

1860.

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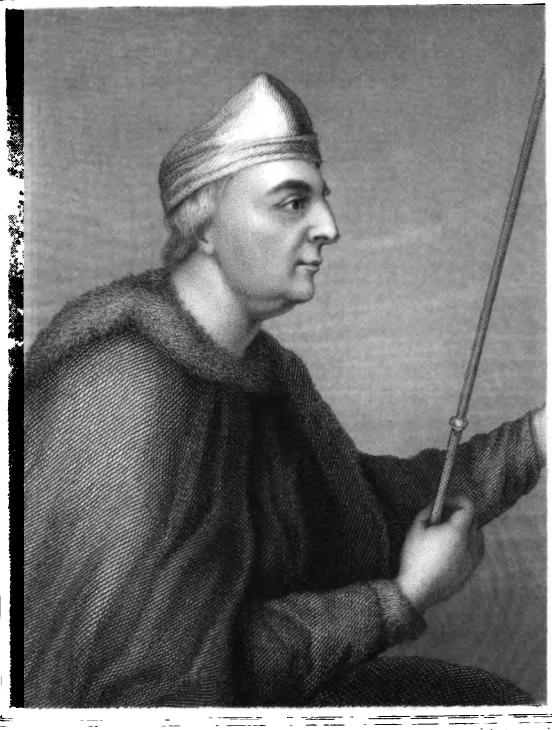

Rev.d Sam.l Wesley,
Father of the late Rev.d J. Wesley.

London. Published by Hurst Rees & Orme, Paternoster Row 1806

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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

ADAM CLARKE, LL.D., F.A.S.

VOL. II.

MEMOIRS OF THE WESLEY FAMILY.

VOL. II.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Among the persons that have contributed to the pages of this portion of the Series of Dr. Adam Clarke's Miscellaneous Works, the Rev. William Beal may be named with respect, whose volume, entitled, "The Fathers of the Wesley Family," is noticed pp. 41, 62, of Vol. I., but who is here otherwise acknowledged for important aid. It may be farther remarked, as anxious solicitude is experienced to present the whole Series as correct as possible to the public, that Dr. Clarke commenced preparations for a second edition of this work as far back as the latter end of 1823. This having been the case, a change of circumstances has rendered, in two or three instances, a change of dates necessary. The reader, therefore, will have to substitute 1824 for 1835, in a foot note, Vol. I., p. 37; for that which was strictly correct at the former period, had become less so at the latter, —the party relieved having died in the interim, and a change of circumstances having been experienced by some of the living. The same remark will apply to Mr. Cropp, noticed Vol. I., p. 71, who, since the period the entry was made, has removed from Vincent Square to the neighbourhood of Monmouth.

It has been suggested too, by one who is well acquainted with the geography of the neighbourhood, that John Wesley can scarcely be supposed to have taken up his residence at Preston, as stated, Vol. I., p. 67, with a view to avoid the Five Mile Act. The reason assigned is, that Weymouth, which is only about three miles from Preston, is a "corporation town." It is therefore urged, and with some plausibility, that Preston was the only refuge for the family, while Mr. Wesley, its head, lay generally concealed in some

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place between Preston and Poole, being more than five miles distant from any corporation town, when he appeared in public, occasionally visiting the home of his partner and of his children by stealth.

A doubt has been expressed, whether Whitchurch was actually the place of Samuel Wesley's birth, noticed Vol. I., p. 88. Dr. Clarke himself does not speak with perfect confidence as to the fact; nor, indeed, could he, as the family are said to have removed to Preston, Vol. I., p. 63, in May, 1663, as a kind of permanent residence, during the father's life. Admitting him, according to the general opinion entertained on the subject, to have been born at Whitchurch, it must have been during some visit or temporary residence of the family at the place. Preston has been assigned as the probable place of his birth; and the arguments in favour of that opinion are to be found in the "Fathers of the Wesley Family," p. 116.

The seizure and imprisonment of John Wesley, of Whitchurch, is adverted to, Vol. I., p. 56. Attention, however, has been directed to another seizure in 1662; the year succeeding, mentioned in the second edition of Dr. Calamy's Work. Thus was this good man hunted from place to place, like a partridge upon the mountains. Praise God for better days! for the House of Brunswick!

The entry at "Exeter College," Vol. I., p. 72, must be made to conform with the year 1684, pp. 4, 99.

THE EDITOR.

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To face page 31, vol. 1.

WHITCHURCH.

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SOUTH ORMSBY CHURCH.

To face page 101, vol. 1.

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MEMOIRS.

MRS. SUSANNA WESLEY.

Miss Susanna Annesley, afterwards Susanna Wesley, was the youngest daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley, already mentioned. She was born on the 20th of January, in the year 1669 or 1670. She was endowed with a fine natural understanding, which was advanced to a very high pitch of perfection by an education at once religious and literary. A mind such as hers, nurtured under the roof and parental cares of Dr. Annesley, had the highest advantages, and must have greatly profited by them. Though her father was a conscientious Nonconformist, he had too much dignity of mind, leaving his religion out of the question, to be a bigot. Under the parental roof, and before she was thirteen years of age, she examined without restraint the whole controversy between the established church and the dissenters. The issue of which was, she renounced her religious fellowship with the latter, and adopted the creed and forms of the Church of England; to which she faithfully and zealously adhered as long as she lived. It does not appear that her father threw any obstacles in her way, or that he afterwards disapproved of her marrying a rigid orthodox churchman; who, from a similar process, became a convert from the peculiar tenets of his

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nonconformist ancestors, to the ecclesiastical establishment of the kingdom. Nor have I learnt, after the most extensive search and the closest inquiry, that the slightest difference ever existed between him, his son-in-law, and daughter, upon the subject. "I do not find," says Miss Wesley, in a letter before me, "that Dr. Annesley or any of his family were prejudiced against my grandfather for leaving the dissenters; but his mind was too enlarged to be prejudiced, whatever preference he had to his own community." Susanna was a kind friend to her brother-in-law, John Dunton, as appears from his poem, entitled, "The Character of a Summer-friend," when he says,

> "Whilst I was rich, I was the best of men;
> 'Twas then proclaimed (so high my praises ran),
> 'Oh! what a blessing is our brother John!'
> But when my fortune did begin to wane,
> But *two* of all my crowd of friends remain."

A note informs us that these were "sister Wesley, and sister Sudbury," p. 483.

It was about the year 1689 that she became the wife of Mr. Samuel Wesley, when she was in the nineteenth or twentieth year of her age. As Mr. Wesley was born in 1662, he was then in his twenty-eighth year, and she seven or eight years younger than he. It is something remarkable, that she survived him about the same number of years; so that their pilgrimage through life was nearly of the same duration. Her youth, and having children in quick succession, and at different times two at a birth, will account for the numerous family with which they were blest.

As their circumstances were narrow and confined—a subject already repeatedly referred to—the education of

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their progeny fell particularly upon themselves; and especially on Mrs. Wesley, who seems to have possessed every qualification requisite for either a public or private teacher. Her manner was peculiar to herself, and deserves a distinct mention. She has detailed it in a letter to her son John (July 24, 1732), where, speaking of the children, she says, "None of them were taught to read till five years old, except Kezzy, in whose case I was overruled, and she was more years in learning than any of the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this: the day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine to twelve, or from two till five, which were our school-hours.

"One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters; and each of them did in that time know all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly, for which I then thought them very dull: but the reason why I thought so was, because the rest learned them so readily; and your brother Samuel, who was the first child I ever taught, learnt the alphabet in a few hours. He was five years old on the tenth of February; the next day he began to learn; and as soon as he knew the letters, began at the first chapter of Genesis. He was taught to spell the first verse, then to read it over and over, till he could read it off-hand without any hesitation; and so on to the second, &c., till he took ten verses for a lesson, which he quickly did. Easter fell low that year, and by Whitsuntide he could read a chapter very well; for he read continually, and had such a prodigious memory, that I cannot remember ever to have told him the same word twice. What was yet

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stranger, any word he had learnt in his lesson, he knew whenever he saw it, either in his Bible or any other book; by which means he learnt very soon to read an English author well.

"The same method was observed by them all. As soon as they knew the letters, they were first put to spell, and read one line, and then a verse; never leaving till perfect in their lesson, were it shorter or longer. So one or other continued reading at school-time without any intermission; and before we left school, each child read what he had learnt that morning; and ere we parted in the afternoon, what they had learnt that day."

I consider the above as positive facts, and have no doubt concerning any of them; and take it for granted that almost any children may be taught in the same way, and with similar success. But should it be copied, and generally recommended? I think not. A child should be taught what is necessary for it to know, as soon as that necessity exists, and the child is capable of learning. Among children there is a great disparity of intellect, and in the power of apprehension and comprehension. Many children have such a precocity of intellect, as to be more capable of learning to read at two, than others are at five years of age; and it would be high injustice indeed to prevent them acquiring much useful knowledge, and some hundreds, if not thousands, of ideas, by waiting for a prescribed term of five years. When a child is capable of learning anything, give that teaching: but let the teaching be regularly graduated; let it go on from step to step, never obliging it to learn what it cannot yet comprehend. We begin very properly with letters, or the elementary signs of language; teach the child to distinguish them from each other, and give them

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in their names some notion of their power. We then teach them to combine them into simple SYLLABLES; syllables into WORDS; words into SENTENCES; sentences into SPEECHES, or regular discourse. This process is as philosophic as it is natural: but who follows it through the successive steps of education? Scarcely any. Because a child can understand a little, and shows aptness in learning, parental fondness, or the teacher's ignorance, comes into powerful operation; and the child is pushed unnaturally forward to departments of learning to which it has not been gradually inducted. The mind is puzzled and bewildered; a great gulf is left behind which cuts off all connexion with what has been already learnt, and what is now proposed to the understanding; and the issue is, the child is confounded and discouraged, and falls either under the power of hebetude, or learns superficially, and never becomes a correct scholar. A child must understand what it is doing, before it can do what it ought.

Few are taught to spell their mother tongue correctly. They are hurried on from reading to reading and prating, and never learn to spell a sentence with propriety. Thus mothers, in general, teach their children their mother's tongue.

I have before me original letters of lords and ladies who were correspondents of the Wesley family, where the writing is elegant, and the spelling execrable. The learned languages cannot be acquired in this way; and hence they are more correctly learnt in England than English itself. Dr. Edmund Castel (author of the Heptaglott Lexicon, that usually goes with Walton's Polyglott Bible) was, in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, Syriac, Æthiopic, Arabic, and Persian, the most learned man of his day in Great Britain; yet this

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same eminent scholar could not write one sentence in English correct in its orthography.

Mrs. Wesley says nothing of teaching the children to spell: but her plan in this must have been excellent, as all the family wrote, in this respect, with the greatest accuracy.

"But why did Mrs. Wesley postpone the teaching her children their letters till they were five years of age? If this were not the best plan, so very sensible a woman would never have adopted it." There is perhaps a little mystery here, that may easily be explained. Samuel was the eldest of Mrs. W.'s children: he was the first on which she tried this method of instruction. "But why did she not begin with him sooner?" For this plain reason; he could not speak. Mr. Wesley himself told me the following anecdote.

"My brother Samuel did not attempt to speak till he was between four and five years old; nor did the family know whether he would ever be able to speak. To their surprise he began at once. There was a cat in the house which was a great favourite with him; he would frequently carry it about, and retire with it into private places. One day he disappeared; the family sought up and down for him to no purpose; my mother got alarmed for his safety, and went through the house loudly calling him by his name. At last she heard a voice from under a table, saying, 'Here am I, mother!' Looking down, she to her surprise saw Sammy and his cat. From this time he spoke regularly, and without any kind of hesitation."

Had this story come to me by tradition, I should have found it difficult of credit.

It was probably this circumstance that induced Mrs. Wesley to adopt the five years' plan. With Sam she

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could not begin sooner. Mary and Anne she found it difficult to forward in the same way. Kezzy she was persuaded to try before the time, and was unsuccessful. She appears, therefore, to have fixed the term of five years, partly from necessity, and partly from experience. I have no doubt she might have begun much sooner with most of them, with equal advantage to herself, and much more to them. I do not hesitate therefore to transcribe my own maxim:—'A child should be taught what is necessary for it to know as soon as that necessity exists, and the child is capable of learning.'

Such was Mrs. Wesley's method of teaching her children to read; and she was equally assiduous in teaching them their duty to God, and to their parents. She had nineteen children, most of whom lived to be educated; and ten came to man and woman's estate. Her son John mentions "the calm serenity with which his mother transacted business, wrote letters, and conversed, surrounded by her thirteen children." All these were educated by herself. And as she was a woman that lived by rule, she methodized and arranged everything so exactly, that to each operation she had a time, and time sufficient to transact all the business of the family. It appears also, from several of the private papers, that she had no small share in managing the secular concerns of the rectory. The tithes and glebe were much under her inspection. As to the children, their times of going to rest, rising in the morning, dressing, eating, learning, and exercise, she managed by rule; which was never suffered to be broken, unless in case of sickness. From her, Mr. John Wesley derived all that knowledge in the education of children, which he has detailed so amply, and so successfully enforced. It has been wondered at, that a man who had no children of his own could have

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known so well how they should be managed and educated; but that wonder will at once cease, when it is recollected by whom he was himself educated, and who was his instructress in all things, during his infancy and youth.

Mrs. Wesley taught her children from their earliest age their duty to their parents. She had little difficulty in breaking their wills, or reducing them to absolute subjection. They were early brought, by rational means, under a mild yoke; they were perfectly obsequious to their parents, and were taught to wait their decision in everything they were to have, and in everything they were to perform.

They were taught also to ask a blessing upon their food, to behave quietly at family prayers, and to reverence the sabbath. They were never permitted to command the servants, or to use any words of authority in their addresses to them. Mrs. Wesley charged the servants to do nothing for any of the children unless they asked it with humility and respect; and the children were duly informed that the servants had such orders. This is the foundation, and indeed the essence, of good breeding. Insolent, impudent, and disagreeable children are to be met with everywhere, because this simple but important mode of bringing up is neglected. "Molly, Robert, be pleased to do so and so," was the usual method of request both from the sons and the daughters; and, because the children behaved thus decently, the domestics reverenced and loved them; were strictly attentive to, and felt it a privilege to serve them.

They were never permitted to contend with each other; whatever differences arose, the parents were the umpires, and their decision was never disputed. The consequence was, there were few misunderstandings

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among them, and no unbrotherly or vindictive passions; and they had the common fame of being the most loving family in the county of Lincoln! How much evil may be prevented, and how much good may be done, by judicious management in the education of children!

But Mrs. Wesley's whole method, in bringing up and managing her family, is so amply detailed in the letter from which I have made the extract relative to the mode of teaching them to read, that it would be as great an injustice to her to omit it, as it will be profitable to every reader to see it.

"*Epworth, July* 24, 1732.

"Dear son,

"According to your desire, I have collected the principal rules I observed in educating my family.

"The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth; as in dressing and undressing, changing their linen, &c. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep. After that, they were, if possible, laid into their cradle awake, and rocked to sleep; and so they were kept rocking till it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping, which at first was three hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon; afterwards two hours, till they needed none at all. When turned a year old (and some before), they were taught to fear the rod, and to cry softly, by which means they escaped abundance of correction which they might otherwise have had; and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house, but the family usually lived in as much quietness as if there had not been a child among them.

"As soon as they were grown pretty strong, they

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were confined to three meals a-day. At dinner their little table and chairs were set by ours, where they could be overlooked; and they were suffered to eat and drink (small beer) as much as they would, but not to call for anything. If they wanted aught, they used to whisper to the maid that attended them, who came and spake to me; and as soon as they could handle a knife and fork, they were set to our table. They were never suffered to choose their meat, but always made to eat such things as were provided for the family. Mornings, they always had spoonmeat; sometimes at nights. But whatever they had, they were never permitted at those meals to eat of more than one thing, and of that sparingly enough. Drinking or eating between meals was never allowed unless in case of sickness, which seldom happened. Nor were they suffered to go into the kitchen to ask anything of the servants, when they were at meat: if it was known they did so, they were certainly beat, and the servants severely reprimanded.

"At six, as soon as family prayer was over, they had their supper; at seven, the maid washed them, and, beginning at the youngest, she undressed and got them all to bed by eight; at which time she left them in their several rooms awake, for there was no such thing allowed of, in our house, as sitting by a child till it fell asleep.

"They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them, that when any of them was ill, there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine, for they durst not refuse it, though some of them would presently throw it up. This I mention to show that a person may be taught to take anything, though it be never so much against his stomach.

"In order to form the minds of children, the first

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thing to be done is to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time; and must with children proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once, and the sooner the better; for by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel parents; who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond, as in sport to teach their children to do things which in a while after they have severely beaten them for doing. When a child is corrected it must be conquered, and this will be no hard matter to do, if it be not grown headstrong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of the parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertences may be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reproved; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement, less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence may require. I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

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"I cannot yet dismiss this subject. As self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children insures their after wretchedness and irreligion; whatever checks and mortifies it promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident if we farther consider that religion is nothing else than the doing the will of God, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this self-will, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone. So that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it does the devil's work; makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, for ever.

"Our children were taught, as soon as they could speak, the Lord's prayer, which they were made to say at rising and bed-time constantly; to which, as they grew bigger, were added a short prayer for their parents, and some collects, a short catechism, and some portion of Scripture, as their memories could bear. They were very early made to distinguish the Sabbath from other days, before they could well speak or go. They were as soon taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately after, which they used to do by signs, before they could kneel or speak.

"They were quickly made to understand they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask even the lowest servant for aught, without saying, Pray give me such a thing; and the servant was chid if she ever let them omit that word.

"Taking God's name in vain, cursing and swearing,

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profaneness, obscenity, rude ill-bred names, were never heard among them; nor were they ever permitted to call each other by their proper names without the addition of brother or sister.

"There was no such thing as loud talking or playing allowed of; but every one was kept close to business for the six hours of school. And it is almost incredible what a child may be taught in a quarter of a year by a vigorous application, if it have but a tolerable capacity and good health. Kezzy excepted, all could read better in that time than the most of women can do as long as they live. Rising out of their places, or going out of the room, was not permitted, except for good cause; and running into the yard, garden, or street, without leave, was always esteemed a capital offence.

"For some years we went on very well. Never were children in better order. Never were children better disposed to piety, or in more subjection to their parents, till that fatal dispersion of them after the fire, into several families. In those they were left at full liberty to converse with servants, which before they had always been restrained from; and to run abroad to play with any children, good or bad. They soon learned to neglect a strict observance of the Sabbath; and got knowledge of several songs and bad things, which before they had no notion of. That civil behaviour, which made them admired when they were at home, by all who saw them, was in a great measure lost; and a clownish accent and many rude ways were learnt, which were not reformed without some difficulty.

"When the house was rebuilt, and the children all brought home, we entered on a strict reform; and then was begun the custom of singing psalms at beginning and leaving school morning and evening. Then also

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that of a general retirement at five o'clock was entered upon. When the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the psalms for the day, and a chapter in the New Testament: as in the morning they were directed to read the psalms, and a chapter in the Old; after which they went to their private prayers, before they got their breakfast, or came into the family.

"There were several bye-laws observed among us. I mention them here because I think them useful.

"1. It had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often lead children into lying; till they get a custom of it which they cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made that whoever was charged with a fault, of which they were guilty, if they would ingenuously confess it, and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying; and would have done more, if one in the family would have observed it. But he could not be prevailed on, and therefore was often imposed upon by false colours and equivocations, which none would have used but one, had they been kindly dealt with; and some in spite of all would always speak truth plainly.

"2. That no sinful action, as lying, pilfering at church or on the Lord's-day, disobedience, quarrelling, &c., should ever pass unpunished.

"3. That no child should be ever chid or beat twice for the same fault; and that, if they amended, they should never be upbraided with it afterwards.

"4. That every signal act of obedience, especially when it crossed upon their own inclinations, should be always commended, and frequently rewarded, according to the merits of the case.

"5. That if ever any child performed an act of obe-

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dience, or did anything with an intention to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted, and the child with sweetness directed how to do better for the future.

"6. That propriety be inviolably preserved; and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing, or a pin; which they might not take from the owner without, much less against, his consent. This rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of children; and from the want of parents or governors doing it as they ought, proceeds that shameful neglect of justice which we may observe in the world.

"7. That promises be strictly observed; and a gift once bestowed, and so the right passed away from the donor, be not resumed, but left to the disposal of him to whom it was given; unless it were conditional, and the condition of the obligation not performed.

"8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well; and then that she be kept to her work with the same application, and for the same time, that she was held to in reading. This rule also is much to be observed; for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read perfectly is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood."

After such management, who need wonder at the rare excellence of the Wesley family!

Mrs. Wesley never considered herself discharged from the care of her children. Into all situations she followed them with her prayers and counsels; and her sons, even when at the university, found the utility of her wise and parental instructions. They proposed to her all their

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doubts, and consulted her in all difficulties. The following letter to her son John, in answer to queries proposed concerning some authors, and their opinions, will show how able she was to instruct, and what her opinion was relative to the doctrine of predestination especially.

"*Wroot, Jan.* 8, 1725.*

"Dear Son,

"I cannot recollect the passages you mention: but believing you do the author, I positively aver that he is extremely in the wrong in that impious, not to say blasphemous, assertion, that God by an irresistible decree hath determined any man to be miserable, even in this life. His intentions, as himself, are holy, and just, and good; and all the miseries incident to men here or hereafter spring from themselves. The case stands thus:—This life is a state of probation, wherein eternal happiness or misery are proposed to our choice; the one as the reward of a virtuous, the other as a consequence of a vicious, life. Man is a compound being, a strange mixture of spirit and matter; or, rather, a creature wherein those opposite principles are united without mixture, yet each principle, after an incomprehensible manner, subject to the influence of the other. The true happiness of man, under this consideration, consists in a due subordination of the inferior to the superior powers; of the animal to the rational nature; and of both to God.

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* This letter, as given by the Rev. J. Wesley, in the Arminian Mag., vol. i., p. 33, is dated "June 8th," and as no notice is taken of it in the errata at the close of the volume, the probability is in favour of that date.—EDITOR.

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"This was his original righteousness and happiness that was lost in Adam; and to restore man to this happiness by the recovery of his original righteousness, was certainly God's design in admitting him to the state of trial on the world, and of our redemption by Jesus Christ. And surely this was a design truly worthy of God, and the greatest instance of mercy that even omnipotent goodness could exhibit to us.

"As the happiness of man consists in a due subordination of the inferior to the superior powers, &c., so the inversion of this order is the true source of human misery. There is in us all a natural propension towards the body and the world. The beauty, pleasures, and ease of the body strangely charm us; the wealth and honours of the world allure us; and all, under the manage of a subtle malicious adversary, give a prodigious force to present things: and if the animal life once get the ascendant of our reason, it utterly deprives us of our moral liberty, and by consequence makes us wretched. Therefore, for any man to endeavour after happiness in gratifying all his bodily appetites in opposition to his reason, is the greatest folly imaginable; because he seeks it where God has not designed he shall ever find it. But this is the case of the generality of men; they live as mere animals, wholly given up to the interests and pleasures of the body; and all the use of their understanding is to make provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof, without the least regard to future happiness or misery.

"It is true our eternal state lies under a vast disadvantage to us in this life, in that, that it is future and invisible; and it requires great attention and application of mind, frequent retirement, and intense thinking, to excite our affections, and beget such an habitual sense

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of it as is requisite to enable us to walk steadily in the paths of virtue, in opposition to our corrupt nature, and all the vicious customs and maxims of the world. Our blessed Lord, who came from heaven to save us from our sins, as well as the punishment of them, as knowing that it was impossible for us to be happy in either world, unless we were holy, did not intend, by commanding us to take up the cross, that we should bid adieu to all joy and satisfaction indefinitely; but he opens and extends our views beyond time to eternity. He directs us where to place our joys; how to seek satisfaction durable as our being; which is not to be found in gratifying, but in retrenching, our sensual appetites; not in obeying the dictates of our irregular passions, but in correcting their exorbitancy, bringing every appetite of the body and power of the soul under subjection to his laws, if we would follow him to heaven. And because he knew we could not do this without great contradiction to our corrupt animality, therefore he enjoins us to take up this cross, and to fight under his banner against the flesh, the world, and the devil. And when, by the grace of God's Holy Spirit, we are so far conquerors, as that we never wllingly offend, but still press after greater degrees of Christian perfection, sincerely endeavouring to plant each virtue in our minds, that may through Christ render us pleasing to God; we shall then experience the truth of Solomon's assertion, 'The ways of virtue are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'

"I take Kempis to have been an honest weak man, who had more zeal than knowledge, by his condemning all mirth or pleasure as sinful or useless, in opposition to so many direct and plain texts of Scripture. Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure; of

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the innocence or malignity of actions? Take this rule: Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind; that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself. And so on the contrary.

"'Tis stupid to say nothing is an affliction to a good man. That is an affliction that makes an affliction, either to good or bad. Nor do I understand how any man can thank God for present misery; yet do I very well know what it is to rejoice in the midst of deep afflictions; not in the affliction itself, for then it would necessarily cease to be one; but in this we may rejoice, that we are in the hand of a God who never did, and never can, exert his power in any act of injustice, oppression, or cruelty; in the power of that Superior Wisdom which disposes all events, and has promised that all things shall work together for good (for the spiritual and eternal good) of those that love him. We may rejoice in hope that Almighty Goodness will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but will with the temptation make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it. In a word, we may and ought to rejoice that God has assured us he will never leave or forsake us; but, if we continue faithful to him, he will take care to conduct us safely through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, to those blessed regions of joy and immortality where sin and sorrow can never enter."

There are many excellent sentiments and observations in the preceding letter; and the whole proves a capacious and well-disciplined mind, that tried itself to the bottom, and saw how little it could depend on its own

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exertions without the especial help of the grace and Spirit of Christ.

In the following month she wrote a more direct answer to the question concerning election and predestination; and especially the seventeenth article of the church, on which her son appears to have been not a little puzzled.

To many these points will appear to be clearly stated, and satisfactorily discussed, in this letter.

"*Wroote, July* 18, 1725.

"———— I have often wondered that men should be so vain to amuse themselves by searching into the decrees of God, which no human wit can fathom; and do not rather employ their time and powers in working out their salvation, and making their own calling and election sure. Such studies tend more to confound than inform the understanding; and young people had best let them alone. But since I find you have some scruples concerning our article of predestination, I will tell you my thoughts of the matter; and if they satisfy not, you may desire your father's direction, who is surely better qualified for a casuist than me.

"The doctrine of predestination, as maintained by rigid Calvinists, is very shocking, and ought utterly to be abhorred, because it charges the most holy God with being the author of sin. And I think you reason very well and justly against it; for it is certainly inconsistent with the justice and goodness of God to lay any man under either a physical or moral necessity of committing sin, and then punish him for doing it. Far be this from the Lord! Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

"I do firmly believe that God from all eternity, hath

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elected some to everlasting life; but then I humbly conceive that this election is founded in his foreknowledge, according to that in the eighth of Romans, ver. 29, 30: "Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son: moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified."

"*Whom*, in his eternal prescience, God saw would make a right use of their powers, and accept of offered mercy, *he did predestinate*—adopt for his children, his peculiar treasure. And that they might be *conformed to the image of his only Son*, he *called them* to himself by his eternal word, through the preaching of the gospel; and internally, by his Holy Spirit: which *call* they obeying, repenting of their sins, and believing in the Lord Jesus, he *justifies* them—absolves them from the guilt of all their sins, and acknowledges them as just and righteous persons, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. And *having* thus *justified*, he receives them to *glory*—to heaven.

"This is the sum of what I believe concerning predestination, which I think is agreeable to the analogy of faith; since it does in nowise derogate from the glory of God's free grace, nor impair the liberty of man. Nor can it with more reason be supposed that the prescience of God is the cause that so many finally perish, than that our knowing the sun will rise to-morrow is the cause of its rising."

Mr. Wesley found it difficult to reconcile the seventeenth article of the church, concerning predestination, to the general doctrines of the church, and to the holy

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Scriptures. He knew, and has often demonstrated, that the Calvinistic doctrines of reprobation and election are false; but still there appeared to be something to support them in the above article, and it was in reference to this that he wished to have his mother's views of the subject.

The following letter, written to him nearly two years after, will show what care this excellent mother took of her son's spiritual progress, and of his regular deportment through life.

"*Jan.* 31, 1727.

"———— I am verily persuaded, that the reason why so many seek to enter into the kingdom of heaven, but are not able, is, there is some Delilah, some one beloved vice, they will not part with; hoping that by a strict observance of their duty in other things, that particular fault will be dispensed with. But, alas! they miserably deceive themselves. The way which leads to heaven is so narrow, the gate we must enter in so strait, that it will not permit a man to pass with one known unmortified sin about him. Therefore let every one in the beginning of their Christian course seriously we'gh what our Lord says in St. Luke xiv. 27—34: "For whosoever, having put his hand to the plough, looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God.'

"I am nothing pleased we advised you to have your plaid; though I am that you think it too dear; because I take it to be an indication that you are disposed to thrift, which is a rare qualification in a young man who has his fortune to make. Indeed, such an one can hardly be too wary, or too careful. I would not recommend taking thought for the morrow any further than is need-

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ful for our improvement of present opportunities, in a prudent management of those talents God has committed to our trust. And so far I think it is the duty of all to take thought for the morrow. And I heartily wish you may be well apprised of this while life is young. For,—

> Believe me, youth (for I am read in cares,
> And bend beneath the weight of more than fifty years),

Believe me, dear son, old age is the worst time we can choose to mend either our lives or our fortunes. If the foundations of solid piety are not laid betimes in sound principles and virtuous dispositions; and if we neglect, while strength and vigour lasts, to lay up something ere the infirmities of age overtake us; it is a hundred to one odds that we shall die both poor and wicked.

"Ah! my dear son, did you with me stand on the verge of life, and saw before your eyes a vast expanse, an unlimited duration of being, which you might shortly enter upon, you can't conceive how all the inadvertencies, mistakes, and sins of youth would rise to your view; and how different the sentiments of sensitive pleasures, the desire of sexes, and pernicious friendships of the world, would be then, from what they are now, while health is entire, and seems to promise many years of life."

The following letter on the nature and properties of love, would be a gem even in the best written treatise on the powers and passions of the human mind. The concluding advice relative to the mode of treating such matters in public preaching must interest all those who minister at the altar of the Lord.

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"*Wroote, May* 14, 1727.

"Dear Son,

"The difficulty there is in separating the ideas of things that nearly resemble each other, and whose properties and effects are much the same, has, I believe, induced some to think that the human soul has no passion but LOVE; and that all those passions or affections which we distinguish by the names of hope, fear, joy, &c., are no more than various modes of love. This notion carries some show of reason, though I can't acquiesce in it. I must confess I never yet met with such an accurate definition of the passion of love, as fully satisfied me. It is indeed commonly defined 'a desire of union with a known or apprehended good.' But this directly makes love and desire the same thing; which, on a close inspection, I conceive they are not, for this reason: desire is strongest, and acts most vigorously, when the beloved object is distant, absent, or apprehended unkind or displeased; whereas when the union is attained, and fruition perfect, complacency, delight, and joy fill the soul of the lover, while desire lies quiescent; which plainly shows (at least to me) that desire of union is an *effect* of love, and not love *itself*.

"What then is love? or how shall we describe its strange mysterious essence? It is—I do not know what! A powerful something! source of our joy and grief! Felt and experienced by every one, and yet unknown to all! Nor shall we ever comprehend what it is, till we are united to our First Principle, and there read its wondrous nature in the clear mirror of uncreated Love; till which time it is best to rest satisfied with such apprehensions of its essence as we can collect from our observations of its effects and properties; for other

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knowledge of it in our present state is too high and too wonderful for us; neither can we attain unto it.

"Suffer now a word of advice. However curious you may be in searching into the nature, or in distinguishing the properties, of the passions or virtues of human kind, for your own private satisfaction, be very cautious in giving nice distinctions in public assemblies; for it does not answer the true end of preaching, which is to mend men's lives, and not fill their heads with unprofitable speculations. And after all that can be said, every affection of the soul is better known by experience than any description that can be given of it. An honest man will more easily apprehend what is meant by being zealous for God and against sin, when he hears what are the properties and effects of true zeal, than the most accurate definition of its essence.

"Dear son, the conclusion of your letter is very kind. That you were ever dutiful, I very well know. But I know myself enough to rest satisfied with a moderate degree of your affection. Indeed it would be unjust in me to desire the love of any one. Your prayers I want and wish; nor shall I cease while I live to beseech Almighty God to bless you. Adieu."

It appears that about this time Mr. J. Wesley had written to his mother concerning afflictions, and what was the best method of profiting by them; also expressing a wish that he might not survive so kind and good a parent; and stating his conviction how happy she, who had lived so much devoted to God, must be in her last hours. To all of which she answers with her usual good sense, strong judgment, and deep piety.

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"*Wroote, July* 26, 1727.

"It is certainly true that I have had large experience of what the world calls adverse fortune. But I have not made those improvements in piety and virtue, under the discipline of Providence, that I ought to have done; therefore I humbly conceive myself to be unfit for an assistant to another in affliction, since I have so ill performed my own duty. But, blessed be God! you are at present in pretty easy circumstances; which, I thankfully acknowledge, is a great mercy to me as well as you. Yet if hereafter you should meet with troubles of various sorts, as it is probable you will in the course of your life, be it of short or long continuance, the best preparation I know of for sufferings is a regular and exact performance of present duty; for this will surely render a man pleasing to God, and put him directly under the protection of his good providence, so that no evil shall befall him, but what he will certainly be the better for it.

"It is incident to all men to regard the past and the future, while the present moments pass unheeded; whereas, in truth, neither the one nor the other is of use to us any farther than they put us upon improving the present time.

"You did well to correct that fond desire of dying before me, since you do not know what work God may have for you to do ere you leave the world. And besides, I ought surely to have the pre-eminence in point of time, and go to rest before you. Whether you could see me die without any emotions of grief, I know not; perhaps you could; it is what I have often desired of the children, that they would not weep at our parting, and so make death more uncomfortable than it would otherwise be to me. If you, or any other of my children,

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were like to reap any spiritual advantage by being with me at my exit, I should be glad to have you with me. But as I have been an unprofitable servant, during the course of a long life, I have no reason to hope for so great an honour, so high a favour, as to be employed in doing our Lord any service in the article of death. It were well if you spake prophetically, and that joy and hope might have the ascendant over the other passions of my soul in that important hour. Yet I dare not presume, nor do I despair, but rather leave it to our Almighty Saviour, to do with me both in life and death just what he pleases, for I have no choice."

The following letter, on the absolute necessity of a Redeemer to save fallen man, and of faith in him in order to salvation, will doubtless meet with the full approbation of every pious reader.

"*Epworth, Feb.* 14, 1735.

"Dear Son,

"Since God is altogether inaccessible to us but by Jesus Christ, and since none ever was or ever will be saved but by him, is it not absolutely necessary for all people, young and old, to be well grounded in the knowledge and faith of Jesus Christ? By *faith*, I do not mean an assent only to the truths of the gospel concerning him, but such an assent as influences our practice; as makes us heartily and thankfully accept him for our God and Saviour upon his own conditions. No faith below this can be saving. And since this faith is necessary to salvation, can it be too frequently or too explicitly discoursed on to young people? I think not.

"But since the natural pride of man is wont to suggest to him that he is self-sufficient, and has no need of a

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Saviour, may it not be proper to show (the young especially) that without the great Atonement there could be no remission of sin; and that, in the present state of human nature, no man can qualify himself for heaven without the Holy Spirit, which is given by God incarnate? To convince them of this truth, might it not be needful to inform them, that, since God is infinitely just, or, rather, that he is Justice itself, it necessarily follows that vindictive justice is an essental property in the divine nature; and if so, one of these two things seems to have been absolutely necessary: either, that there must be an adequate satisfaction made to the divine justice for the violation of God's law by mankind; or else, that the whole human species should have perished in Adam (which would have afforded too great matter of triumph to the apostate angels); otherwise how could God have been just to himself? Would not some mention of the necessity of revealed religion be proper here? since, without it, all the wit of man could never have found out how human nature was corrupted in its fountain; neither had it been possible for us to have discovered any way or means whereby it might have been restored to its primitive purity. Nay, had it been possible for the brightest angels in heaven to have found out such a way to redeem and restore mankind as God hath appointed, yet durst any of them have proposed it to the uncreated Godhead? No; surely the Offended must appoint the way to save the offender, or man must be lost for ever. 'O the depth of the riches of the wisdom, and knowledge, and goodness of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his thoughts higher than our thoughts, and his ways than our ways!'

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"Here, surely, you may give free scope to your spirits; here you may freely use your Christian liberty, and discourse without reserve of the excellency of the knowledge and love of Christ, as his Spirit gives you utterance.

"What, my son, did the pure and holy Person of the Son of God pass by the fallen angels, who were far superior, of greater dignity, and of a higher order in the scale of existence, and choose to unite himself to the human nature? And shall we soften, as you call it, these glorious truths? Rather let us speak boldly, without fear. These truths ought to be frequently inculcated, and pressed home upon the consciences of men; and when once men are affected with a sense of redeeming love, that sense will powerfully convince them of the vanity of the world, and make them esteem the honour, wealth, and pleasures of it as dross or dung, so that they may win Christ.

"As for *moral* subjects, they are necessary to be discoursed on; but then I humbly conceive we are to speak of moral virtues as Christians, and not like heathens. And if we would indeed do honour to our Saviour, we should take all fitting occasions to make men observe the essence and perfection of the moral virtues taught by Christ and his apostles, far surpassing all that was pretended to by the very best of the heathen philosophers. All their morality was defective in principle and direction; was intended only to regulate the outward actions, but never reached the heart; or, at the highest, it looked no farther than the temporal happiness of mankind. 'But moral virtues, evangelized or improved into Christian duties, have partly a view to promote the good of human society here, but chiefly to qualify the

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observers of them for a much more blessed and more enduring society hereafter.' I cannot stay to enlarge on this vast subject; nor, indeed (considering whom I write to), is it needful; yet one thing I cannot forbear adding, which may carry some weight with his admirers, and that is, the very wise and just reply which Mr. Locke made to one that desired him to draw up a system of morals. 'Did the world,' said he, 'want a rule, I confess there could be no work so necessary nor so commendable; but the gospel contains so perfect a body of ethics, that reason may be excused from the inquiry, since she may find man's duty clearer and easier in revelation than in herself.'

"That you may continue stedfast in the faith, and increase more and more in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ; that holiness, simplicity, and purity (which are different words signifying the same thing) may recommend you to the favour of God incarnate; that his Spirit may dwell in you, and keep you still (as now) under a sense of God's blissful presence, is the hearty prayer of

"Dear son,

"Your affectionate mother,

"and most faithful friend,

"S. W."

With respect to the angelic nature, my creed is different from that of Mrs. Wesley. I believe man, as he came from the hands of God, was much higher in the excellence and perfection of his nature than angels. "Man was created in the image and likeness of God." This is not said of angels nor archangels; and it appears to me that it was the superior excellence of this nature

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that caused Jesus Christ to take upon him the nature of man, and not the nature of angels.*

The last of her letters I shall give the reader in this place. It is one written to her son John near the close of this year, on the happiness resulting from a close and constant communion with God. She had a few months before buried the husband of her youth; and was now, as I collect, on a visit to her daughter Emily, who had taken up a school at Gainsborough, about twelve miles from Epworth.

"*Gainsborough, Nov. 27th*, 1735.

"———— God is Being itself! the I AM! and therefore must necessarily be the Supreme Good! He is so infinitely blessed, that every perception of his blissful presence imparts a vital gladness to the heart. Every degree of approach towards him is, in the same proportion, a degree of happiness. And I often think, that were he always present to our mind, as we are present to him, there would be no pain nor sense of misery. I have long since chose him for my only Good; my All; my pleasure, my happiness in this world, as well as in the world to come. And although I have not been so faithful to his grace as I ought to have been; yet I feel my spirit adheres to its choice, and aims daily at cleaving stedfastly unto God. Yet one thing often troubles me, that, notwithstanding I know that while we are present with the body we are absent from the Lord; notwithstanding I have no taste, no relish left for anything the world calls pleasure, yet I do not long

* Dr. Clarke has entered largely into this subject, in his discourse on "The Love of God to a Lost World," founded on John iii. 16.—EDITOR.

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to go home as in reason I ought to do. This often shocks me: and as I constantly pray (almost without ceasing) for thee, my son; so I beg you likewise to pray for me, that God would make me better, and take me at the best.

"Your loving mother,

"SUSANNA WESLEY."

We have now seen, 1. The plan this extraordinary woman adopted in the nursing and bringing up her children; and, 2. The pains she took with her son John, when at the university, to instil into him those heavenly truths which he afterwards, with such clearness, strength, and effect, declared to the world. 3. We shall find from what follows, that she endeavoured to embody all her knowledge and experience, and form them into a regular system, for the future edification of her family.

Mrs. Wesley not only examined the grounds of the controversy between the church and the dissenters with conscientious carefulness, but she examined in a similar way the evidences of natural and revealed religion; and under every article set down the reasons which determined her to receive the Bible as a revelation from God. On these subjects I have several things in her own hand-writing, which shall be introduced in their proper place: but her master-piece is entirely lost. A letter of hers to her son Samuel, dated Oct. 11th, 1709, will illustrate the above particulars:—

"———— There is nothing I now desire to live for but to do some small service to my children; that as I have brought them into the world, I may, if it please God, be an instrument of doing good to their souls. I

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had been for several years collecting from my little reading, but chiefly from my own observation and experience, some things which I hoped might be useful to you all. I had begun to correct and form all into a little manual, wherein I designed you should have seen what were the particular reasons which prevailed on me to believe the being of a God, and the grounds of natural religion; together with the motives that induced me to embrace the faith of Jesus Christ, under which was comprehended my own private reasons for the truth of revealed religion. And because I was educated among the dissenters, and there was something remarkable in my leaving them at so early an age, not being full thirteen, I had drawn up an account of the whole transaction, under which I had included the main of the controversy between them and the established church, as far as it had come to my knowledge; and then followed the reasons which had determined my judgment to the preference of the Church of England. I had fairly transcribed a great part of it, when you, writing to me for some directions about receiving the sacrament, I began a short discourse on that subject, intending to send them all together; but before I could finish my design, the flames consumed both this and all my other writings. I would have you at your leisure do something like this for yourself, and write down what are the principles on which you build your faith; and though I cannot possibly recover all I formerly wrote, yet I will gladly assist you what I can in explaining any difficulty that may occur."

We have already seen that the parsonage-house at Epworth was three parts consumed July 31, 1702. But a more severe conflagration took place on the 9th Feb.,

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1709, which has also been noticed, by which the whole house and the property were totally destroyed, the family escaping with their lives, almost by miracle; the particulars of which calamity are given in a letter from Mrs. W. to a neighbouring clergyman; and some incidents supplied by Mr. John Wesley himself.

"*Epworth, Aug. 24th*, 1709.

"On Wednesday night, Feb. 9, between the hours of eleven and twelve, some sparks fell from the roof of our house, upon one of the children's (Hetty) feet. She immediately ran to our chamber, and called us. Mr. Wesley, hearing a cry of fire in the street, started up (as I was very ill, he lay in a separate room from me), and opening his door, found the fire was in his own house. He immediately came to my room, and bid me and my eldest daughters rise quickly and shift for ourselves. Then he ran and burst open the nursery-door, and called to the maid to bring out the children. The two little ones lay in the bed with her; the three others, in another bed. She snatched up the youngest, and bid the rest follow; which the three elder did. When we were got into the hall, and were surrounded with flames, Mr. Wesley found he had left the keys of the doors above stairs. He ran up and recovered them, a minute before the stair-case took fire. When we opened the street-door, the strong north-east wind drove the flames in with such violence, that none could stand against them. But some of our children got out through the windows, the rest through a little door into the garden. I was not in a condition to climb up to the windows, neither could I get to the garden-door. I endeavoured three times to force my passage through the street-door, but was as often beat back by the fury of the flames.

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In this distress I besought our blessed Saviour for help, and then waded through the fire, naked as I was; which did me no further harm, than a little scorching my hands and my face.

"When Mr. Wesley had seen the other children safe, he heard the child in the nursery cry. He attempted to go up the stairs, but they were all on fire, and would not bear his weight. Finding it impossible to give any help, he kneeled down in the hall, and recommended the soul of the child to God.

"I believe," observes Mr. John Wesley, "it was just at that time I waked; for I did not cry as they imagined, unless it was afterwards. I remember all the circumstances as distinctly as though it were but yesterday. Seeing the room was very light, I called to the maid to take me up. But none answering, I put my head out of the curtains, and saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. I got up and ran to the door, but could get no further, all the door beyond it being in a blaze. I then climbed up on a chest, which stood near the window: one in the yard saw me, and proposed running to fetch a ladder. Another answered, 'There will not be time; but I have thought of another expedient. Here I will fix myself against the wall; lift a light man, and set him upon my shoulders.' They did so; and he took me out of the window. Just then the whole roof fell in; but it fell inward, or we had all been crushed at once. When they brought me into the house where my father was, he cried out, 'Come, neighbours, let us kneel down; let us give thanks to God! He has given me all my eight children; let the house go; I am rich enough.' The next day, as he was walking in the garden, and surveying the ruins of the house, he picked up part of a leaf of his Polyglott Bible, on which just

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those words were legible: Vade; vende omnia quæ habes, et attolle crucem et sequere me. "Go; sell all that thou hast; and take up thy cross, and follow me.'"*

But the severest loss, at least to posterity, then sustained, was the destruction of all the family papers. All Mr. Wesley's writings† and correspondence, and the very important writings of Mrs. Wesley, such as those

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* Mr. John Wesley was of opinion that this fire was the effect of *design*, and not of *accident*. Mr. Moore observes, "The following anecdote, related to me by Mr. John Wesley, will throw some light upon this event. Many of his father's parishioners gave him much trouble about his tithes. At one time they would only pay in kind. Going into a field, upon one of these occasions, where the tithe-corn was laid out, Mr. Wesley found a farmer very deliberately at work with a pair of shears, cutting off the ears of corn, and putting them into a bag which he had brought with him for that purpose. Mr. Wesley said not anything to him, but took him by the arm, and walked with him into the town. When they got into the market-place, Mr. Wesley seized the bag, and, turning it inside out before all the people, told them what the farmer had been doing. He then left him, with his pilfered spoils, to the judgment of his neighbours, and walked quietly home."—*Life of Wesley*, vol. i., p. 112. If we connect with Mr. J. Wesley's opinion, that "some of his father's wicked parishioners could not bear the plain dealing of so faithful and resolute a pastor," the political squabbles in which he had been embroiled only a few years before, and which are too often the means of exciting feelings that are not soon allayed, together with the injuries inflicted upon his property, as related in a letter from Lincoln Castle, dated Sept. 12, 1705, we shall find his suspicions of *design* tolerably well supported.—EDITOR.

† He wrote largely upon Hebrew poetry, and speaks of a work he had composed on the Psalms, in which the Hebrew was reduced into "rhimed verses." The same he had done by the other poetical books, and the hymns which are in the Pentateuch and the Judges. Psalm cl. is the only one preserved as a specimen.

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mentioned above, besides many papers and other matters relative to the Annesley family, and particularly Dr. Annesley himself; for, as Mrs. Susanna Wesley was his most beloved child, he had intrusted to her many invaluable documents. This information I have received from a particular and learned friend, who received it from Mr. John Wesley himself.

After the last fire, the family, as will have been seen, were scattered to different parts; the children were divided among neighbours, relatives, and friends, till the house could be rebuilt. Mr. Matthew Wesley, the Surgeon, took two, Susan and Mehetabel, with whom their mother corresponded, in order to instruct them in divine matters, and to confirm them in the truths they had already received. Having lost the fruits of her former labour on the evidences of revealed religion, &c., she began her work *de novo;* and in a long letter to her daughter Susan, went over the most important parts of the same ground, and produced a treatise on the chief articles of the Christian faith, taking for her groundwork the Apostles' Creed.

This invaluable paper I rejoice to be able to lay before the reader, as one of the most precious relics of this extraordinary woman. And it will be considered the more important, as itself was saved from a fire not less ruinous than that in which its predecessor was consumed.* It was written but a few months after that to Samuel, already mentioned.

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* Among other little mementos of this calamity, four leaves of music may be noticed, the edges of which, bear the marks of the fire, and may be handed down to posterity as a curiosity. Charles Wesley, jun. has written on one of the leaves, "The words by my Grandfather, the Rev. Samuel Wesley. Probably the music adapted by Henry Purcell, or Dr. Blow." Then follows,—

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"*Epworth, Jan.* 13, 1709-10.

"Dear Sukey,

"Since our misfortunes have separated us from each other, and we can no longer enjoy the opportunities we once had of conversing together, I can no other way discharge the duty of a parent, or comply with my inclination of doing you all the good I can, but by writing.

"You know very well how I love you. I love your body; and do earnestly beseech Almighty God to bless it with health, and all things necessary for its comfort and support in this world. But my tenderest regard is for your immortal soul, and for its spiritual happiness; which regard I cannot better express, than by endeavouring to instil into your mind those principles of knowledge and virtue that are absolutely necessary in order

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"A Hymn on the Passion. The words by the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, in the diocese of Lincoln.

1

Behold the Saviour of mankind, &c.

2

Tho' far unequal our low praise
To thy vast sufferings prove,
O Lamb of God, thus all our days,
Thus will we grieve and love.

3

Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes, &c.

4

'Tis done, the precious ransom's paid, &c.

5

Tho' far unequal our low praise, &c.

6

Thy loss our ruins did repair,
Death, by thy death, is slain;
Thou wilt at length exalt us where
Thou dost in glory reign."

EDITOR.

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to your leading a good life here, which is the only thing that can infallibly secure your happiness hereafter.

"The main thing which is now to be done is, to lay a good foundation, that you may act upon principles, and be always able to satisfy yourself, and give a reason to others of the faith that is in you: for any one who makes a profession of religion, only because it is the custom of the country in which they live, or because their parents do so, or their worldly interest is thereby secured or advanced, will never be able to stand in the day of temptation; nor shall they ever enter into the kingdom of heaven. And though, perhaps, you cannot at present fully comprehend all I shall say; yet keep this letter by you, and as you grow in years your reason and judgment will improve, and you will obtain a more clear understanding in all things.

"You have already been instructed in some of the first principles of religion: that there is one, and but one God; that in the unity of the Godhead there are three distinct persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that this God ought to be worshipped. You have learned some prayers, your creed and catechism, in which is briefly comprehended your duty to God, yourself, and your neighbour. But, Sukey, it is not learning these things by heart, nor your saying a few prayers morning and night, that will bring you to heaven; you must understand what you say, and you must practise what you know: and since knowledge is requisite in order to practice, I shall endeavour (after as plain a manner as I can) to instruct you in some of those fundamental points which are most necessary to be known, and most easy to be understood. And I earnestly beseech the Great Father of Spirits to guide your mind into the way of truth.

"Though it has been generally acknowledged, that

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the being and perfections of God, and a great part of man's duty towards him, as that we should love him, and pray to him for what we want, and praise him for what we enjoy, as likewise much of our duty towards ourselves and neighbour, are discoverable by the light of nature, that is, by that understanding and reason which are natural to man; yet, considering the present state of mankind, it was absolutely necessary that we should have some revelation from God to make known to us those truths upon the knowledge of which our salvation depends, and which unassisted reason could never have discovered. For all the duties of natural religion, and all the hopes of happiness which result from the performance of them, are all concluded within the present life; nor could we have had any certainty of the FUTURE STATE of the being of SPIRITS, of the immortality of the soul, or of a judgment to come.

"And though we may perceive that all men have by nature a strong bent or bias towards evil, and a great averseness from God and goodness; that our understandings, wills, and affections, &c. are extremely corrupted and depraved; yet how could we have known by what means we became so, or how sin and death entered into the world? Since we are assured that whatever is absolutely perfect, as God is, could never be the author of evil; and we are as sure that whatever is corrupt or impure must necessarily be offensive and displeasing to the most holy God, there being nothing more opposite than good and evil. Nay, further, sin is not only displeasing to God, as it is contrary to the purity of his divine nature; but it is the highest affront and indignity to his sacred majesty imaginable.

"By it his most wise and holy laws are contemned and violated, and his honour most impiously treated;

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and therefore he is in justice obliged to punish such contempt, and to vindicate the honour of his own laws: nor can he, without derogating from his infinite perfections, pardon such offenders, or remit the punishment they deserve, without full satisfaction made to his justice.

"Now I would fain know which way his justice could be satisfied, since it is impossible for a finite being like man to do it; or how the nature of man should be renewed, or he again be admitted into the favour of God; or how reason could suggest that our weak endeavours and petitions should be acceptable instead of perfect obedience, unless some others were substituted in our stead, that would undergo the punishment we have deserved, and thereby satisfy divine justice, and purchase pardon and favour with God, the merit of whose perfect obedience should atone for the imperfection of ours, and so obtain for us a title to those glorious rewards, to that eternal happiness, of which we must acknowledge ourselves utterly unworthy, and of which we must have despaired without such a Saviour?

"Or how should we have had any certainty of our salvation, unless God had revealed these things unto us? The soul is immortal, and must survive all time, even to eternity; and, consequently, it must have been miserable to the utmost extent of its duration, had we not had that sacred treasure of knowledge which is contained in the books of the Old and New Testament—a treasure infinitely more valuable than the whole world, because therein we find all things necessary for our salvation. There also we find many truths, which, though we cannot say it is absolutely necessary that we should know them (since it is possible to be saved without that knowledge), yet it is highly convenient that we should; because they give us great light into those things which

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are necessary to be known, and solve many doubts which could not otherwise be cleared.

"Thus we collect from many passages of Scripture, that before God created the visible world, or ever he made man, he created a higher rank of intellectual beings, which we call angels or spirits; and these were those bright morning stars, mentioned in Job, which sang together; those sons of God which shouted for joy when the foundations of the earth were laid. To these he gave a law or rule of action, as he did afterwards to the rest of his creation; and they being free agents, having a principle of liberty, of choosing or refusing, and of acting accordingly, as they must have, or they could not properly be called either good or evil; for upon this principle of freedom or liberty the principle of election or choice is founded; and upon the choosing good or evil depends the being virtuous or vicious, since liberty is the formal essence of moral virtue; that is, it is the free choice of a rational being that makes them either good or bad; nor could any one that acts by necessity be ever capable of rewards or punishments:—the angels, I say, being free agents, must, I think, necessarily be put on some trial of their obedience; and so consequently were at first only placed in a state of probation or trial. Those who made a good use of their liberty, and chose to obey the law of their Creator, and acquiesced in the order of the divine wisdom, which had disposed them in several ranks and orders subservient to each other, were by the almighty fiat confirmed in their state of blessedness; nor are they now capable of any defection.

"But those accursed spirits that rebelled against their Maker, and aspired above the rank in which his providence had placed them, were for their presumption

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justly excluded the celestial paradise; and condemned to perpetual torments, which were the necessary consequences of their apostasy.

"After the fall of the angels, and perhaps to supply their defects, it pleased the eternal goodness to create Adam, who was the first general head of mankind; and in him was virtually included the whole species of human nature. He was somewhat inferior to the angels, being composed of two different natures, body and soul. The former was material, or matter made of the earth; the latter immaterial, or a spiritual substance, created after the image of God. And as man was also a rational free agent like the angels, so it was agreeable to the Eternal Wisdom to place him likewise in a state of probation; and the trial of his obedience was, not eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and the penalty of his disobedience was death.

"This trial was suited to the double or mixed nature of man; the beauty, scent, and taste of the fruit was the trial of their senses or appetites; and the virtue of it being not only good for food, but also to be desired to make one wise, was the trial of their minds; and by this God made proof of our first parents, to see whether they would deny their sensual appetites, and keep the body in due subjection to the mind; or whether they would prefer the pleasures of sense, and thereby dethrone their reason, break the covenant of their obedience, and forfeit the favour of God and eternal happiness; and whether they would humbly be content with that measure of knowledge and understanding which God thought best for them, or boldly pry into those things which he had forbidden them to search after.

"Now the devil, envying the happiness of our first parents, being grieved that any less perfect beings should

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possess the place he had lost, took occasion from the reasonable trial God had proposed to Adam, to attack the woman by a subtle question, 'Yea, hath God said, that ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?' Hath he created this beauteous world, this great variety of creatures, for your use and enjoyment, and made these delicious fruits which he himself hath pronounced good, and yet forbidden you to taste them? To which she replied, 'We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.' Upon which the malicious tempter boldly presumed to give the lie to his Maker. 'Ye shall not surely die; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and gave also to her husband with her, and he did eat,' &c.

"Thus pride and sensuality ruined our first parents, and brought them and their posterity into a state of mortality. Thus sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and thus was human nature corrupted at its fountain; and as a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, so of consequence the children of guilty Adam must be corrupt and depraved. Any one who will make the least reflection on his own mind, may soon be convinced of this great truth, that not only the body is weak and infirm, subject to divers diseases, liable to many ill accidents, and even to death itself, but also the superior powers of the soul are weakened; as the apostle expresses it, 'at enmity with God.'

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"The understanding, which was designed chiefly to be exercised in the knowledge and contemplation of the supreme Being, is darkened; nor can it, without the divine assistance, discern the radiant glories of the Deity. And though it should naturally press after truth, as being its proper object; yet it seldom, and not without great difficulty, attains to the knowledge of it; but is subject to ignorance, which is the sin of the understanding, because it generally proceeds from our natural indisposition to search after truth. Error is the sin or defect of the judgment, mistaking one thing for another, not having clear and distinct apprehensions of things; for which reason it is frequently guilty of making wrong determinations. Not choosing or not inclining to good, or adhering to and preferring evil before it, is the sin of the will. A readiness in receiving vain, impure, corrupt ideas or images, and a backwardness in receiving good and useful ideas, is the sin of the imagination or fancy; and a facility in retaining evil and vain ideas, and a neglect of or a readiness to let slip those which are good, is the sin or defect of the memory.

"Loving, hating, desiring, fearing, &c. what we should not love, hate, desire, fear, &c. at all in the least degree; or when the object of such passions are lawful, to love, hate, desire, &c. more than reason requires; or else not loving, hating, desiring, &c. when we ought to love, hate, desire, &c.; in short, any error, either in defect or excess, either too much or too little, is the vice or sin of the passions or affections of the soul.

"Now, if we consider the infinite, boundless, incomprehensible perfections of the ever-blessed God, we may easily conceive that evil, that sin is the greatest contradiction imaginable to his most holy nature; and that no evil, no disease, pain, or natural uncleanness what-

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ever, is so hateful, so loathsome to us, as the corruptions and imperfections of the soul are to him. He is infinite purity, absolutely separated from all moral imperfection. The divine intellect is all brightness, all perfect; was never, and can never be, capable of the least ignorance. He is TRUTH; nor can he be weary or indisposed in contemplating that great attribute of his most perfect nature, but has a constant steady view of truth.

"And as he fully comprehends at once all things past, present, and to come; so all objects appear to him simple, naked, undisguised in their natures, properties, relations, and ends, truly as they are; nor is it possible that he should be guilty of error or mistake; of making any false judgment or wrong determination.

"He is goodness, and his most holy will cannot swerve or decline from what is so. He always wills what is absolutely best; nor can he possibly be deceived or deceive any one.

"The ideas of the Divine Mind are amiable, clear, holy, just, good, useful; and he is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. His love, desire, &c., though boundless, immense, and infinite, are yet regular, immutable, always under the direction of his unerring wisdom, his unlimited goodness, and his impartial justice.

"But who can by searching find out God? Who can find out the Almighty to perfection? What angel is worthy to speak his praise, who dwelleth in the inaccessible light which no man can approach unto? And though he is always surrounded by thousands and tens of thousands of those pure and happy spirits, yet are they represented to us as veiling their faces, as if conscious of too much imperfection and weakness to behold his glory. And if he charged his angels with folly,

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and the stars are not pure in his sight, how much less man, that is a worm; and the son of man, that is a worm?

"And as we are thus corrupt and impure by nature, so are we likewise the children of wrath, and in a state of damnation; for it was not only a temporal death with which God threatened our first parents if they were disobedient; but it was also a spiritual death, an eternal separation from him who is our life; the consequence of which separation is our eternal misery.

But the infinite goodness of God, who delighteth that his mercy should triumph over his justice, though he provided no remedy for the fallen angels, yet man being a more simple kind of creature, who perhaps did not sin so maliciously against so much knowledge as those apostate spirits did, he would not suffer the whole race of mankind to be ruined and destroyed by the fraud and subtlety of Satan; but he laid help upon one that is mighty, that is able and willing to save to the uttermost all such as shall come unto God through him. And this Saviour was that seed of the woman, that was promised should bruise the head of the serpent, break the power of the devil, and bring mankind again into a salvable condition. And upon a view of that satisfaction which Christ would make for the sins of the whole world was the penalty of Adam's disobedience suspended, and he admitted to a second trial; and God renewed his covenant with man, not on the former condition of perfect obedience, but on condition of faith in Christ Jesus, and a sincere though imperfect obedience of the laws of God. I will speak something of these two branches of our duty distinctly.

"By faith in Christ is to be understood an assent to whatever is recorded of him in Holy Scripture; or is

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said to be delivered by him, either immediately by himself, or mediately by his prophets and apostles; or whatever may, by just inferences or natural consequences, be collected from their writings. But because the greater part of mankind either want leisure or capacity to collect the several articles of faith which lie scattered up and down throughout the sacred writ, the wisdom of the church hath thought fit to sum them up in a short form of words, commonly called THE APOSTLES' CREED, which, because it comprehends the main of what a Christian ought to believe, I shall briefly explain unto you: and though I have not time at present to bring all the arguments I could to prove the being of God, his divine attributes, and the truth of revealed religion; yet this short paraphrase may inform you what you should intend when you make the solemn confession of our most holy faith; and may withal teach you that it is not to be said after a formal customary manner, but seriously, as in the presence of the Almighty God, who observes whether the heart join with the tongue, and whether your mind do truly assent to what you profess, when you say,—

I BELIEVE IN GOD.

I do truly and heartily assent to the being of a God, one supreme independent Power, who is a Spirit infinitely wise, holy, good, just, true, unchangeable.

"I do believe that this God is a necessary self-existent Being; necessary, in that he could not but be, because he derives his existence from no other than himself; but he always is

THE FATHER.

And having all life. all being in himself, all creatures must derive their existence from him; whence he is

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properly styled the Father of all things, more especially of all spiritual natures, angels and souls of men: and since he is the great Parent of the universe, it naturally follows that he is

ALMIGHTY.

And this glorious attribute of his omnipotence is conspicuous in that he hath a right of making anything which he willeth, after that manner which best pleaseth him, according to the absolute freedom of his own will; and a right of possessing all things so made by him as he pleaseth: nor can his almighty infinite power admit of any weakness, dependance, or limitation; but it extendeth to all things—is boundless, incomprehensible, and eternal. And though we cannot comprehend, or have any adequate conceptions of what so far surpasseth the reach of human understanding, yet it is plainly demonstrable that he is omnipotent, from his being the

MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Of all things visible: nor could any thing less than almighty power produce the smallest, most inconsiderable thing out of nothing. Not the least spire of grass, or most despicable insect, but bears the divine signature, and carries in its existence a clear demonstration of the Deity. For could we admit of such a wild supposition as that any thing could make itself, it must necessarily follow that a thing had being before it had a being, that it could act before it was, which is a palpable contradiction; from whence, among other reasons, we conclude that this beautiful world, that celestial arch over our heads, and all those glorious heavenly bodies, sun, moon, and stars, &c.; in fine, the whole system of the universe, were in the beginning made or created out of nothing,

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by the eternal power, wisdom, and goodness of the ever-blessed God, according to the counsel of his own will; or, as St. Paul better expresses it, Col. i. 16: "By him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him."

AND IN JESUS.

Jesus signifies a Saviour; and by that name he was called by the angel Gabriel before his birth, to show us that he came into the world to save us from our sins and the punishment they justly deserve, and to repair the damage human nature had sustained by the fall of Adam; that as in Adam all died, so in Christ all should be made alive: and so he became the second general Head of all mankind. And as he was promised to our parents in paradise, so was his coming signified by the various types and sacrifices under the law, and foretold by the prophets, long before he appeared in the world.

"And this Saviour—this Jesus—was the promised Messiah, who was so long the hope and expectation of the Jews, the

CHRIST,

which in the original signifies Anointed. Now among the Jews it was a custom to anoint three sorts of persons, prophets, priests, and kings; which anointing did not only show their designation to those offices, but was also usually attended with a special influence or inspiration of the Holy Spirit, to prepare and qualify them for such offices. Our blessed Lord, who was by his Almighty Father sanctified, and sent into the world, was also anointed, not with material oil, but by the descent of the

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Holy Ghost upon him, to signify to us that he was our Prophet, Priest, and King; and that he should first, as our PROPHET, fully and clearly reveal the will of God for our salvation, which accordingly he did. And though the Jews had long before received the law by Moses, yet a great part of that law was purely typical and ceremonial, and all of it that was so was necessarily vacated by the coming of our Saviour; and that part which was moral, and consequently of perpetual obligation, they had so corrupted by their misrepresentations and various traditions, that it was not pure and undefiled, as God delivered it on Mount Sinai, which occasioned the words of our Lord: 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.' To accomplish the predictions of the prophets concerning himself, and to rescue the moral law from those false glosses they had put on it. Though the rest of the world were not altogether without some precepts of morality, yet they lay scattered up and down in the writings of a few wiser and better than the rest: but morality was never collected into a complete system till the coming of our Saviour; nor was life and immortality brought fully to light till the preaching of the gospel.

"He was also our PRIEST, in that he offered up himself a sacrifice to divine justice in our stead; and by the perfect satisfaction he made, he did atone the displeasure of God, and purchase eternal life for us, which was forfeited by the first man's disobedience.

"And as he is our prophet and priest, so likewise he is our KING, and hath an undoubted right to govern those he hath redeemed by his blood; and as such he will conquer for us all our spiritual enemies, sin, and death, and all the powers of the kingdom of darkness; and when he hath perfectly subdued them, he will

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actually confer upon us eternal happiness. This satisfaction and purchase that Christ hath made for us is a clear proof of his Divinity, since no mere man is capable of meriting anything good from God; and therefore we are obliged to consider him in a state of equality with the Father, being

HIS ONLY SON.

"Though we are all children of the Almighty Father, yet hath he one only Son, by an eternal and incomprehensible generation, which *only Son* is Jesus the Saviour; being equal to the Father as touching his Godhead; but inferior to the Father as touching his manhood. God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God; begotten, not made. And this only Son of God we acknowledge to be

OUR LORD;

In that he is co-equal and co-essential with the Father, and by him were all things made. Therefore, since we are his creatures, we must, with the apostle St. Thomas, confess him to be our Lord and our God. But besides this right to our allegiance, which he hath by creation, he hath redeemed us from death and hell, and he hath purchased us with his own blood: so that upon a double account we justly call him Lord, namely, that of creation and purchase. And as the infinite condescension of the eternal Son of God in assuming our nature was mysterious and incomprehensible, surpassing the wisest of men or angels to conceive how such a thing might be; so it was requisite and agreeable to the majesty of God, that the conception of his sacred person should be after a manner altogether differing from ordinary generations; accordingly it was he

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WHICH WAS CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST;

Whose miraculous conception was foretold by the angel, when his blessed mother questioned how she who was a virgin could conceive. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore also that Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." And as all the sacrifices which represented our Saviour under the law, were to be without spot or blemish; so likewise Christ, the great Christian sacrifice, was infinitely pure and holy, not only in his divine, but also in his human nature: he was perfectly immaculate, having none but God for his Father, being

BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY,

Whose spotless purity no age of the Catholic Church hath presumed to question. That the promised Messiah should be born of a virgin is plain from Jer. xxxi. 22, 'The Lord hath created a new thing upon the earth; a woman shall compass a man.' And from Isai. vii. 14, 'Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Emmanuel.' And this *seed of the woman* must necessarily have assumed our nature, or he could never have been our Jesus, the Saviour of the world; for the divine nature of the Son of God is infinitely happy, utterly incapable of any grief, pain, or sense of misery. Nor could its union with humanity any way defile or pollute it, or derogate the least from its infinite perfection: so it was only as man that he

SUFFERED

those infirmities and calamities incident to human nature. What transactions passed between the Almighty

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Father and his Eternal Son concerning the redemption of the world, we know not; but we are sure that by an express agreement between them he was from eternity decreed to suffer for mankind. And in several places of the Old Testament it was written of the Son of Man, that he must suffer many things. And the Spirit of Christ that was in the prophets testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ; particularly in Isai. liii. we have a sad but clear description of the sufferings of the Messiah. Indeed, his whole life was one continual scene of misery. No sooner was he born, than he was persecuted by Herod, and forced to flee into Egypt, in the arms of a weak virgin, under the protection of a foster-father. And when he returned into his own country, he for thirty years lived in a low condition, probably employed in the mean trade of a carpenter, which made him in the eyes of the world despicable, of no reputation. And when after so long an obscurity he appeared unto men, he entered upon his ministry with the severity of forty days' abstinence.

"Behold the Eternal Lord of Nature transported into a wild and desolate wilderness, exposed to the inclemency of the air, and tempted by the apostate spirits!

"The Almighty Being, who justly claims a right to the whole creation, was himself hungry and athirst; often wearied with painful travelling from place to place. And though he went about doing good; and never sent any one away from him who wanted relief, without healing their diseases, and casting out those evil spirits which afflicted them; yet was he despised and rejected of men! The possessor of heaven and earth, the sovereign Disposer of all things, from whose bounty all creatures receive what they enjoy of the necessary accommodations of life, was reduced to such a mean

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estate, that the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, yet the Son of man had not where to lay his head! All his life he was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; yet his greatest sufferings were

UNDER PONTIUS PILATE,

Who was at that time the Roman governor of Judea, under Tiberius, the emperor of Rome. His office was that of a procurator, whose business it was, not only to take an account of the tribute due to the emperor, and to order and dispose of the same to his advantage; but, by means of the seditious and rebellious temper of the Jews, they were farther trusted with some of the supreme power amongst them; a power of life and death, which was a signal instance of divine providence, and a clear proof of the predictions of the prophets, which had long before foretold that the Messiah should suffer after a manner that was not prescribed by the law of Moses: and this circumstance of time is mentioned to confirm the truth of our Saviour's history.

"And now behold a mysterious scene of wonders indeed! The immaculate Lamb of God, who came to save the world from misery, under the greatest, most amazing apprehensions of his approaching passion! 'He began to be sorrowful,' saith St. Matthew; 'To be sore amazed, and very heavy,' saith St. Mark. His soul was pressed with fear, horror, and dejection of mind; tormented with anxiety, and disquietude of spirit, which he expressed to his disciples in these sad words, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death!' See him retire to a solitary garden at a still melancholy hour of the night. Behold him prostrate on the ground, conflicting with the wrath of his Almighty Father. He per-

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fectly knew what God is, the severe purity of the Deity; and was absolutely conformed to his will.

"He knew the evil of sin, in its nature and consequences; the perfect justice, wisdom, and goodness of the divine laws. He understood the inexpressible misery man had brought upon himself by the violation of them, and how intolerable it would be for man to sustain the vengeance of an angry God; and perhaps he was moved with extreme concern and pity, when he foresaw that, notwithstanding all he had already done and was then about to suffer for his salvation, there would be so many that would obstinately perish! He had a full prospect of all he had yet to undergo; that the conflict was not yet over, but that the dregs of that bitter cup still remained; that he must be forsaken of his Father in the midst of his torments, which made him thrice so earnestly repeat his petition, that if it were possible that cup might pass from him. But the full complement of his sufferings we may suppose to be,—he did at that time actually sustain the whole weight of that grief and sorrow which was due to the justice of God for the sins of the whole world. And this, we may believe, caused that inconceivable agony, when his sweat was as great drops of blood falling to the ground.

"And though his torments were so inexpressibly great, yet the Son of Man must suffer many things. He must be betrayed by one disciple, denied by another, and forsaken by all. And as he had suffered in his soul, by the most intense grief and anguish, so he had to suffer in his body the greatest bitterness of corporeal pains, which the malice and rage of his enemies could inflict upon it. And now the Sovereign Lord and Judge of all men is haled before the tribunal of his sinful

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creatures; the pure and unspotted Son of God, who could do no wrong, neither could guile be found in his mouth, accused by his presumptuous slaves of no less a crime than blasphemy. And though the witnesses could by no means agree together, and he was so often declared innocent by Pilate, an infidel judge, yet still the rude and barbarous rabble, being instigated by the envy and malice of the chief priests and elders, persist in demanding that he should be condemned.

"And when, in compliance with their usual custom of having a malefactor released at their feast, Pilate, in order to save him, proposed his release instead of Barabbas, who was a seditious murderer, yet they persisted in their fury, and preferred the murderer before the Prince of life and glory; nor would they be satisfied till he

WAS CRUCIFIED;

To which ignominious death the Romans commonly condemned their greatest malefactors; and it was accounted so vile and so shameful among them, that it was deemed a very high crime to put any freeman to death after such a dishonourable manner; and as the shame was great, so it was usually accompanied with many previous pains. They were first cruelly scourged, and then compelled to bear their cross on their bleeding wounds to the place of crucifixion; all which the meek and patient Jesus underwent cheerfully for his love towards mankind. 'The ploughers ploughed on his back, and made long their furrows.' But there were other painful circumstances which attended and increased the sufferings of our Saviour. They had not only accused him of blasphemy, but of treason and sedition: 'We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give

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tribute to Cæsar, saying, that he himself was Christ, a King;' which, as it moved Pilate to condemn him, so it moved the rude soldiers to insult him by their mock ensigns of royalty. 'They arrayed him in a purple robe, and put a reed in his hand, and they bowed the knee before him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews!' And that crown of thorns, which they platted and put on his head, not only expressed the scorn of his tormentors, but did, by the piercing of his sacred temples, cause exquisite pain. That blessed face, which angels rejoice to behold, they buffeted and spat upon; nor was any circumstance of cruelty which their witty malice could suggest to torment him omitted by those inhuman rebels, till, wearied with their own barbarity, and impatient of his living any longer, they put his own clothes on him again, and led him away to crucifixion.

"And now let us, by faith, attend our Lord to his last scene of misery. Let us ascend with him to the top of Mount Calvary, and see with what cruel pleasure they nail his hands and feet to the infamous wood; which having done, they raise him from the earth, the whole weight of his body being sustained by those four wounds.

"But though the corporeal pains occasioned by the thorns, the scourging, by the piercing those nervous and most sensible parts of his most sacred body, were wrought up to an inexpressible degree of torture; yet were they infinitely surpassed by the anguish of his soul when there was (but after what manner we cannot conceive, but it is certain that there was) a sensible withdrawing of the comfortable presence of the Deity, which caused that loud and impassioned exclamation, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" And now it is finished: the measure of his sufferings is completed; and he, who could not die but by his own voluntary act of

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resigning life, gave up his pure and spotless soul into the hands of his Almighty Father. And though stupid man could look insensibly on the mysterious passion of his blessed Redeemer, yet nature could not so behold her dying Lord, but by strong commotions expressed her sympathy.

"The sun, as if ashamed and astonished at the barbarous inhumanity and ingratitude of man, withdrew his influence; nor would he display the brightness of his beams when the great Son of God lay under the eclipse of death. The foundations of the solid earth were shaken, the rocks rent, and the graves were opened; and the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; signifying that all, both Jews and Gentiles, have free admission into the holy of holies, into the haven of presence, through the blood of Jesus; which extorted a confession of his divinity even from his enemies; for when the centurion and they that were with him, watching Jesus, saw the earthquake and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying, 'Truly, this was the Son of God.'

"Now, though crucifixion does not involve necessarily in it certain death, but that if a person be taken from the cross he may live; yet, since it is evident that the Messiah was to die, and that for that cause he was born and came into the world, that he might, by the grace of God, suffer death for every man, so we are bound to believe that he was truly

DEAD;

That there was an actual, real separation of his soul and body. And for a confirmation of this article it is added,—

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AND BURIED;

And as his death was foretold, so likewise his burial was typified by the prophet Jonah; for as he was three days and three nights in the belly of the whale, so was the Son of Man three days and three nights in the heart of the earth. And though by the Roman law those who were crucified were not allowed the favour of a grave, but were to remain on the cross, exposed to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; yet it was in the power of the magistrate to permit a burial; and the providence of God had so ordered it, that those very persons who had caused him to be crucified, should petition for his being taken down from the cross; for the law of Moses required, that 'if a man have committed a sin worthy of death, and thou hang him on a tree, his body shall not remain all night upon the tree, but thou shalt in any wise bury him that night.' And therefore they begged of Pilate that the body should be taken down from the cross; and this was the first step towards our Saviour's burial. 'And when the even was come, because it was the preparation, that is, the day before the sabbath, Joseph of Arimathea, an honourable counsellor, which also waited for the kingdom of God, came and went in boldly to Pilate, and craved the body of Jesus. And he gave the body unto Joseph; and he brought fine linen, and wrapped him in the linen, and laid him in a sepulchre which was hewn out of a rock, wherein never man before was laid; and rolled a stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed.'

HE DESCENDED INTO HELL.

"That our blessed Lord did actually descend into hell,

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seems very plain from St. Peter's exposition of that text in the Psalms, 'Thou shalt not leave my soul in hell, neither shalt thou suffer thy Holy One to see corruption;' when, having mentioned this passage, he thus explains it:—'He (that is, David), seeing this before (namely the incarnation of the Son of God), spake of his resurrection; that his soul was not left in hell, neither did his flesh see corruption:' which is a clear proof that his soul did really descend into hell, after it was separated from his body. But though he underwent the condition of a sinner in this world, and suffered and died as a sinner; yet being perfectly holy, and having, by virtue of the union of the Deity to his human nature, fully satisfied the strictest demands of divine justice, we are not to suppose that he either did or could suffer the torments of the damned; therefore, we may reasonably conclude that his descent into hell was not to suffer, but to triumph over principalities and powers; over the rulers of the kingdom of darkness, in their own sad regions of horror and despair: and for this reason, and in this sense, are we to understand his descent into hell. And as his soul was not left in hell, neither did his flesh see corruption; but having by his own almighty power loosed the pain of death, because it was impossible that he should be holden of it,—

THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD.

Friday, on which he suffered, and the first day of the week, on which he rose, being included in the number of the three days. And this first day of the week the apostles and primitive Christians have ever since observed as the Sabbath.

"That as the Jews, who will not believe in any greater deliverance than that out of Egypt, still keep the seventh

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day, and the Turks Friday, in memory of Mohammed's flight from Mecca, whom they esteem a greater prophet than Christ or Moses; so all Christians are distinguished from all the rest of the world by their observance of the first day, in commemoration of our Saviour's rising from the dead, and his finishing the great work of man's redemption on that day.

"Thus we believe, that as Christ died for our sins, was buried, and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures; so—

HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.

"He had for forty days after his resurrection remained upon earth, during which time he appeared frequently to his disciples, ate and drank with them, showed them his hands and his feet, which visibly retained the marks of his crucifixion, to convince them that it was the same body which was nailed to the cross; that it was the same Jesus which suffered for our offences that was raised for our justification; and that by his so doing we might have a sure and certain hope of our own resurrection from the dead. And when he had spoken to his disciples and blessed them, he parted from them and ascended into the highest heaven, where he still remains,

AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD, THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

"God is a Spirit; nor hath he any body, so cannot properly be said to have any parts, such as eyes, ears, hands, &c., as we see bodies have; therefore we may suppose that the right hand of God signifies his exceeding great and infinite power and glory.

"And Christ is said to sit down on the right hand of God in regard of that absolute power and dominion

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which he hath obtained in heaven, according as he told the Jews,—'Hereafter ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power.' After all the labour and sorrow, the shame, and contempt, and torments he suffered in this world, he resteth above in a permanent state of endless glory and unspeakable felicity;—and

FROM THENCE HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

"All that shall be found alive at his coming, as well as those that have died since Adam, shall appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to be by him judged according to what they have done on earth; to be by him determined and sentenced, and finally disposed to their eternal condition. Those that have done well he shall receive into everlasting habitations, to remain for ever with him in eternal blessedness; and those that have done evil he shall condemn to the kingdom of darkness, there to remain in insupportable misery for ever, with the devil and his angels.

"And as we must thus profess to believe in God the Father, and in Jesus Christ his only Son, so we must every one truly and heartily say,—

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST;—

"That he is a Person, of a real and true subsistence, neither created nor begotten, but proceeding from the Father and the Son; true and eternal God, who is essentially holy himself, and the author of all holiness in us, by sanctifying our natures, illuminating our minds, rectifying our wills and affections; who co-operateth with the word and sacraments, and whatever else is a mean of conveying grace into the soul. He it was that spoke by the prophets and apostles, and it is he who

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leadeth us into all truth. He helpeth our infirmities, assures us of our adoption, and will be with

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH

to the end of the world. The catholic Church is composed of all congregations of men whatever, who hold the faith of Jesus Christ, and are obedient to his laws, wherein the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly delivered by such ministers as are regularly consecrated and set apart for such ordinances, according to Christ's institution. And as this church is called holy in respect of its author, Jesus, ———— end, glory of God, and salvation of souls, institution of the ministry, administration of the sacraments, preaching of the pure word of God; and of the members of this church, who are renewed and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, and united to Christ, the supreme head and governor of the church.

"It is styled catholic, because it is not, like that of the Jews, confined to one place and people, but is disseminated through all nations, extendeth throughout all ages, even to the end of the world. And as there is but one head; so the members, though many, are one body, united together by the same spirit, principally by the three great Christian virtues, faith, hope, and charity. For as we hold the same principles of faith, do all assent to the same truths once delivered to the saints; so have we the same hopes and expectations of eternal life which are promised to all. And as our Lord gave the same mark of distinction to all his disciples,—'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another;' so this universal love which is diffused throughout the whole body of Christ is the union of charity; and the same ministry, and the same orders in the church,

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make the unity of discipline. But since Christ hath appointed only one way to heaven; so we are not to expect salvation out of the church which is called catholic, in opposition to heretics and schismatics. And if an angel from heaven should preach any other doctrine than Christ and his apostles have taught, or appoint any other sacraments than Christ hath already instituted, let him be accursed.

"And as the mystical union between Christ and the church, and the spiritual conjunction of the members with the head, is the fountain of that union and communion which the saints have with each other, as being all under the influence of the same head; so death, which only separates bodies for a time, cannot dissolve the union of minds; and therefore it is not only in relation to the saints on earth, but including also those in heaven, we profess to hold

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Accordingly we believe that all saints, as well those on earth, as those in heaven, have communion with God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; with the blessed angels, who not only join in devotion with the church triumphant above, but are likewise sent forth to minister to those who are the heirs of salvation while they remain in this world. And perhaps we do not consider as we ought to do, how much good we receive by the ministration of the holy angels; nor are we sufficiently grateful to those guardian spirits that so often put by ill accidents, watch over us when we sleep, defending us from the assaults of evil men and evil angels. And if they are so mindful of our preservation in this world, we may suppose them much more concerned for our eternal happiness: 'There is joy among the angels in heaven

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over one sinner that repenteth.' They are present in our public assemblies, where we in a more especial manner hold communion with them; and it is there we join with all the company of the heavenly host in praising and admiring the supreme Being whom we jointly adore. What knowledge the saints in heaven have of things or persons in this world, we cannot determine; nor after what manner we hold communion with them, it is not at present easy to conceive.

"That we are all members of the same mystical body, Christ, we are very sure; and do all partake of the same vital influence from the same head, and so we are united together; and though we are not actually possessed of the same happiness which they enjoy, yet we have the same Holy Spirit given unto us as an earnest of our eternal felicity with them hereafter. And though their faith is consummated by vision, and their hope by present possession, yet the bond of Christian charity still remains; and as we have great joy and complacency in their felicity, so no doubt they desire and pray for us.

"With the saints on earth we hold communion by the word and sacraments, by praying with and for each other; and in all acts of public or private worship we act upon the same principles and the same motives, having the same promises and hopes of

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS,

Through Jesus Christ, the mediator of the New Covenant, who gave his life a sacrifice by way of compensation and satisfaction to divine justice, by which God became reconciled to man, and cancelled the obligation which every sinner lay under to suffer eternal punishment; and he hath appointed in his church *baptism* for the first remission, and *repentance* for the constant for-

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giveness of all following trespasses. And now have we confidence towards God, that not only our souls shall be freed from the guilt and punishment of sin by faith in Jesus; but also our bodies may rest in hopes of

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY;

That the same Almighty power which raised again our blessed Lord, after he had lain three days in the grave, shall again quicken our mortal bodies; shall re-produce the same individual body that slept in the dust, and vitally unite it to the same soul which informed it while on earth. The hour is coming in which all that are in the grave shall hear his voice, and come forth; 'they that have done good to the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil to the resurrection of damnation,' John v. 28, 29. 'And the sea gave up the dead that were in it, and death and hell (that is, the grave) delivered up the dead that were in them,' Rev. xx. 13. There shall be a general rendezvous of every particular atom which composed the several bodies of men that ever lived in the world; and each shall be restored to its proper owner, so as to make the same numerical body, the same flesh and blood, &c., which was dissolved at death. And though the bodies of saints shall be glorified heavenly bodies, yet they shall be of the same consistence and figure, but only altered and changed in some properties. And though at the first view it may seem hard to conceive how those bodies which have suffered so many various transmutations,—have either been buried in the earth, devoured by beasts, consumed by fire, or swallowed up in the sea; have been dissolved into the smallest atoms, and those atoms perhaps scattered throughout the world; have fructified the earth, fed the fishes, and by that means become the food of animals

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and other men, and a part of their nourishment, till at last the same particles of matter belong to several bodies: —how, I say, the same numerical atoms should at last rally and meet again, and be restored to the first owner, make up again the same first body, which so long since was consumed, may seem difficult, if not altogether impossible, to determine.

"But since God hath declared that he will raise the dead, we have no manner of reason to question whether he can do it, since omnipotence knows no difficulty; and that almighty power which first made us of nothing, out of no pre-existing matter, can easily distinguish, and perceive, and unmix from other bodies our scattered atoms, and can re-collect and unite them again, how far soever they may be dispersed asunder. He can observe the various changes they undergo in their passages through other bodies, and can so order it that they shall never become any part of their nourishment; or if they should be adopted into other men, he can cause them to yield them up again before they die, that they may be restored to their right owners; and having collected these ———— particles, he can readily dispose them into the same order; rebuild the same beauteous fabric, consisting of the same flesh and bones, nerves, veins, blood, &c., and all the several parts it had before its dissolution; and by reuniting it to the same soul, make the same living man.

"But though the body shall be in substance the same after its resurrection as it was before its death; yet it shall greatly differ in its qualities. 'It was sown in corruption, it shall be raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.' They shall not retain the same

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principles of corruption and mortality which they had before; they shall never die. The bodies of the damned shall eternally remain in the most inconceivable torments; while those of the blessed shall meet the Lord in the air when he comes to judgment, and afterwards ascend with him into heaven, there to enjoy

THE LIFE EVERLASTING.

By everlasting life is not only meant that we shall die no more; for in this sense the damned shall have everlasting life as well as the saints: they shall always have a being, though in intolerable torments; which is infinitely worse than none at all.

"But we are to understand by the life everlasting a full and perfect enjoyment of solid inexpressible joy and felicity. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for those that love him.'

"The soul shall be perfectly sanctified, nor shall it be possible to sin any more. All its faculties shall be purified and exalted: the understanding shall be filled with the beatific vision of the adorable Trinity; shall be illuminated, enlarged, and eternally employed and satisfied in the contemplation of the sublimest truths. Here we see as in a glass,—have dark and imperfect perceptions of God; but there we shall behold him as he is, shall know as we are known. Not that we shall fully comprehend the divine nature, as he doth ours; that is impossible, for he is infinite and incomprehensible, and we, though in heaven, shall be finite still; but our apprehension of his being and perfections shall be clear, just, and true. *We shall see him as he is;* shall never be troubled with misapprehensions or false conceptions of him more. Those dark and mysterious methods of pro-

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vidence which here puzzle and confound the wisest heads to reconcile them with his justice and goodnēss, shall be there unriddled in a moment; and we shall clearly perceive that all the evils which befall good men in this life were the corrections of a merciful Father; that the furnace of affliction, which now seems so hot and terrible to nature, had nothing more than a lambent flame, which was not designed to consume us, but only to purge away our dross, to purify and prepare the mind for its abode among those blessed ones that passed through the same trials before us into the celestial paradise. And we shall for ever adore and praise that infinite power and goodness which safely conducted the soul through the rough waves of this tempestuous ocean to the calm haven of peace and everlasting tranquillity. Nor shall we have the same sentiments there which we had here; but shall clearly discern that our afflictions here were our choicest mercies. Our wills shall no longer be averse from God's, but shall be for ever lost in that of our blessed Creator's. No conflicts with unruly passions, no pain or misery, shall ever find admittance into that heavenly kingdom.

"God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. Then we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light upon us, nor any heat; for the Lamb, who is in the midst of the throne, shall feed us, and shall lead us unto living fountains of water. Far be from us to think that the grace of God can be purchased with anything less precious than the BLOOD of JESUS; but if it could, who that has the lowest degree of faith would not part with all things in this world to obtain that love for our dear Re-

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deemer, which we so long for, and sigh after? *Here* we cannot watch one hour with Jesus, without weariness, failure of spirits, dejection of mind, worldly regards, which damp our devotions, and pollute the purity of our sacrifices.

"What Christian here does not often feel and bewail the weight of corrupt nature, the many infirmities which molest us in our way to glory? And how difficult is it to practise as we ought that great duty of self-denial; to take up our cross, and follow the Captain of our salvation without ever repining or murmuring! If shame or confusion could enter those blessed mansions, how would our souls be ashamed and confounded at the review of our imperfect services, when we see them crowned with such an unproportionable reward! How shall we blush to behold that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, that is conferred upon us for that little, or rather nothing, which we have done or suffered for our Lord! That God who gave us being, that preserved us, that fed and clothed us in our passage through the world; and, what is infinitely more, that gave his only Son to die for us; and has by his grace purified and conducted us safe to his glory.

"Oh, blessed grace! mysterious love! how shall we then adore and praise what we cannot here apprehend aright! How will love and joy work in the soul! But I cannot express it, I cannot conceive it.

"I have purposely omitted many arguments for the being of God, the divine authority of Scripture, the truth of revealed religion, or future judgment. The last article I have left very imperfect, because I intend to write on all these subjects for the use of my children when I have more leisure. I shall only add a few words to prepare your mind for the second part of my Dis-

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course—Obedience to the laws of God, which I shall quickly send you.

"As the defilement of our natures is the source and original of all our actual iniquities and transgressions of the laws of God; so the first regular step we can take towards amendment is to be deeply sensible of, grieved, and humbled for our original sin. And though (I believe) the damning guilt of that sin is washed away by baptism, by those who die before they are capable of known and actual transgressions; yet experience shows us that the power of it does still survive in such as attain to riper years; and this is what the apostle complains of in Romans vii.

"This is the carnal nature; that law in our members which wars against the law of the mind, and brings into captivity to the law of sin.

"And when the work of conversion or regeneration is begun by the Holy Spirit, yet still corrupt nature maintains a conflict with divine grace; nor shall this enemy be entirely conquered, till death shall be swallowed up of victory; till this mortal shall have put on immortality.

"I cannot tell whether you have ever seriously considered the lost and miserable condition you are in by nature. If you have not, it is high time to begin to do it; and I shall earnestly beseech the Almighty to enlighten your mind, to renew and sanctify you by his Holy Spirit, that you may be his child by adoption here, and an heir of his blessed kingdom hereafter!

"S. W."

"*Epworth, Jan.* 13, 1709-10."

I believe this exposition of the creed to be entirely original; and that it contains many fine passages and

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just definitions, every careful reader will at once discern. The introduction is excellent, as is also what she says on Almighty—Christ—Suffered under Pontius Pilate—Crucified—Catholic Church—Communion of Saints—Resurrection—and the Life everlasting. Of our Lord's descent into hell she speaks as commentators in general do.* On the doctrine of forgiveness of sins she will be found less satisfactory than on most other points; she was much better acquainted with this doctrine afterwards.

Under the article Holy Ghost she not only shows that it is by his influence that the soul is enlightened, and the heart purified, and that his continual co-operation with the word and sacraments is necessary in order to make them effectual; but she also hints at that doctrine which her sons preached with such great unction and success, and which is a standard article in the creed of every Methodist, viz., *The doctrine of the witness of the Spirit in the souls of genuine believers.* Her words are strong and pointed: "It is he that leadeth us into all truth. He helpeth our infirmities, assures us of our adoption, and will be with the Holy Catholic Church to the end of the world."

Where she touches upon them, she does not make the

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* Mrs. Wesley does not appear to have been of the opinion of her husband on this subject, as appears from a note in his Life of Christ, ed. 1693, p. 346, where he observes, "Many of our divines have thought Christ did actually descend into hell, though now I think most are of another mind, and believe with greater probability, that only a descent into the *grave*, or the state of the dead, which *Hades* signifies, was thereby intended." See also his views more at large in the Athenian Oracle, vol. iv., p. 390.—EDITOR.

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necessary distinction between justification and sanctification, but in effect confounds them, as did most of the writers in that and the preceding age. Nor have I met with the proper definition of each, and its description as a separate independent work, but in the writings of Mr. John Wesley and the Methodists. Justification, as implying an act of God's infinite mercy, blotting out the guilt of sin on account of the sacrificial offering of Jesus Christ; and sanctification, as implying the purification of the heart by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, must necessarily be distinct; and in no case does the pardon of guilt necessarily imply the total, nor indeed partial, destruction of the nature and in-being of sin.

From the conclusion of this exposition we find Mrs. Wesley adopting an article not in the creed itself, but which is in most people's creeds at present, viz., that "inward sin will not be destroyed till death." A more popular and a more uncomfortable article never entered into the composition of any creed. The Methodists believe and teach, that by the power of God sin may be destroyed in a moment; and there is no need of death to save from sin, when the blood of Jesus Christ our Lord cleanseth from all unrighteousness. Since the whole salvation of man comes through the blood of the cross, there can be no necessity to wait till death separates soul and body, to have sin separated from the soul. It is the duty of every man, at all times, "perfectly to love God, and worthily to magnify his name;" but this can never be done till the very thoughts of the heart are cleansed by the inspiration of God's Holy Spirit. God, therefore, who has made it our duty thus to love and magnify him, is every moment willing to confer on the justified soul that grace by which alone it can thus love and magnify him. There is not one text

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in the Bible, fairly and honestly understood, that says we cannot be cleansed from all sin till we come to die; and there is not one promise in the Bible that we shall be made holy in the article of death. But this is not the place to discuss doctrines; yet I thought it necessary to make a few remarks on the preceding articles, lest any should suppose that all the sentiments in this (in the main) excellent exposition of the creed were those of the Methodist body. In this respect also Mrs. Wesley saw clearer before she died.

In the conclusion, she promises her daughter a second part, on obedience to the laws of God, that a right faith might be accompanied with a suitable holy practice. This part I have not seen; but it was in part accomplished, as would appear from a MS. in Mrs. Wesley's hand-writing, said to be possessed by Mr. Moore, consisting of 60 quarto pages, with this title, "A Religious Conference, &c., written for the use of my children, 1711-12." Endorsed by Mr. John Wesley, "My Mother's Conference with her Daughter." I suppose her meditations and reflections contained the heads of it. Dr. Whitehead has preserved some of these in his Life of Mr. Wesley. I have several others in her own hand-writing, in my own collection, which I shall insert as the only substitute for the second part above promised.

Though Mrs. Wesley had always lived a strictly religious life, fearing God, and, according to her age and light, working righteousness, yet as she found family cares accumulating, she found also the necessity of more grace to enable her to act her part well in the new and trying relations of wife and mother. When she was thirty years of age, or about the year 1700, she formed the resolution to spend an hour morning and evening in private retirement and devotion. In this she acted from

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a deep sense both of its propriety and necessity, and was ever after faithful to her engagement; suffering nothing to break in on those consecrated hours, but what arose from absolute necessity, and was therefore unavoidable.

Those who imagine they can encounter the cares of life with just the same measure of grace which was sufficient for them in a single state will find themselves greatly mistaken. For to every situation in life peculiar and suitable grace is requisite. Most newly married people, even among those who are religious, think nothing of this. Hence it is often found that the newly married pair soon decline in the divine life; and instead of getting forward, either go halting in the heavenly road, or turn back to the world. Mrs. Wesley was fully aware of this, and provided timely against the evil.

Perhaps the reader, if personally concerned, will also lay the subject to heart.

From Mrs. Wesley's private papers I find that not only morning and evening, but noonday, had its time of private devotion. In her retirement, when the world and worldly cares were shut out, and her mind was at full liberty to converse with itself and with its Maker, she thought deeply on many subjects connected with her spiritual profiting, and often wrote down her thoughts. These, in several cases, she digested into discourses and letters for the benefit of her family. I shall make no apology for laying before the reader several examples taken from her own manual. In the original there are no dates.

MORNING.

"Such a time devoted. Whenever company or business inclines you to quit your retirement, and either to

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omit or cursorily perform accustomed exercises; and you, instead of resisting, comply with such inclinations, you may observe that you are always guilty of some sin or error, that upon reflection gives you more pain than the profit or pleasure gave you satisfaction. Therefore, make it your care to conquer your inclination to any company at such times; nor let any trivial business divert you; for no business, unless it cannot be laid aside or suspended without sin, can be of equal, much less of greater, importance, than caring for the soul."

EVENING.

"That man who will readily believe an ill report of you never was, or at least is not now, your friend. Seneca, a heathen, could say, 'In some cases I will not believe a man against himself. I will give him, however, time to recollect himself: nay, sometimes, I will allow him counsel too.' But Christians, bad Christians, are rarely so candid. He is a friend indeed who is proof against calumny; but he is a rare Christian that will not believe a man against himself.

"'This is eternal life to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.' But what is it to know God? Or, what is that knowledge of God on which eternal life depends?"

NOON.

"What can human reason do, or how far can the light of reason direct us to find out the knowledge of the Most High? From the primordials of the universe we collect that there is one Supreme, eternal, consequently self-existent, Being, who gave being to all things; since to act presupposes existence; for nothing can act before it be. That this Being must possess, by way of eminence,

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all the perfections we discern in the creatures, reason tells us; for nothing can impart that to another, which it has not to impart."

EVENING.

"And as creation demonstrates omnipotence; so that infers wisdom, justice, truth, purity, goodness, &c. For all these perfections are intellectual powers; and were God deficient in one, he could not be omnipotent. That he is a Spirit unbodied, undetermined, immense, filling heaven and earth, all the imaginary spaces beyond them; most simple (pure), uncompounded, and absolutely separated and free from whatever pollution a spirit is capable of being defiled with; immutable, incapable of change or alteration for the better or worse; perfectly free, knowing no superior, no equal, that may impel, allure, or persuade him, but acting always spontaneously according to the counsel of his own will,—we may discover by the light of nature."

MORNING.

"This is to know God as a man, as a reasonable creature; but this is not that knowledge that leadeth us to eternal life. That is a knowledge of another kind; the one we attain in a scientifical method, by a long train of arguments, for which the bulk of mankind want either capacity or leisure; the other, by frequent and fervent application to God in prayer. The one is an effect of reason assisted by human learning, peculiar to a few of more noble and refined sense; God perceived, known to the understanding as the creator, preserver, and governor of the universe. The other is reason acting by the influence and direction of the Holy Spirit; God known to the heart, the will, and the affections, not merely

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as the author of our being, but as he is exhibited to us under the character of the healer and repairer of the lapse and misery of human nature;—a Saviour, him whom our soul loveth."

NOON.

"To know God only as a philosopher; to have the most sublime and curious speculations concerning his essence, his attributes, his providence; to be able to demonstrate his being from all or any of the works of nature; and to discourse with the greatest elegancy and propriety of words, of his existence or operations, will avail us nothing, unless at the same time we know him experimentally; unless the heart perceive and know him to be its supreme good, its only happiness; unless the soul feel and acknowledge that she can find no repose, no peace, no joy, but in loving and being beloved by him; and does accordingly rest in him as the centre of her being, the fountain of her pleasure, the origin of all virtue and goodness, her light, her life, her strength, her all; every thing she wants or wishes in this world, and for ever! In a word, HER LORD, HER GOD!

"Thus, let me ever know thee, O God! I do not despise nor neglect the light of reason, nor that knowledge of thee which by her conduct may be collected from this goodly system of created beings; but this speculative knowledge is not the knowledge I want and wish for."

MORNING.

"It is very likely that your humour last night was rather the effect of fancy and passion than of a clear sound judgment. If otherwise, why did you feel uneasiness at another person being out of humour? Was

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it not pride made you resent contradiction? or from what other principle could that reluctance flow, which you felt in obeying a trivial command, which perhaps might proceed from peevishness; yet the matter being indifferent, obedience was unquestionably your duty. A wise person ought seldom, or indeed never when authority is not disputed or contemned, do acts of power, because they are shocking to human nature; which, if not fortified and strengthened by religion, is apt in such cases to throw off all subjection, and rebel against even lawful government. But though you should meet with high instances, which the pride of man will throw in your way; yet take care not to swerve from your duty. Look upon every such act as a call of Divine Providence, to exercise the virtues of meekness and humility.

"When you can bear severe reflections, unjust censures, contemptuous words, and unreasonable actions, without perturbation, without rendering evil for evil; but with an equal temper can clearly discern and cheerfully do your duty; you may hope that God hath given you some degree of humility and resignation."

EVENING.

"The philosophy of the whole world hath not sufficient force to conquer the propensions of corrupt nature. Appetites and passions will bear sway, maugre all our fine speculations; till our minds are enlightened by some higher principle, by virtue of which light it discerns the moral turpitude of those things in which before it placed its supreme happiness, and the beauty of that virtue and holiness that it was accustomed to despise."

MORNING.

"You commit your soul morning and evening to Jesus

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Christ, as he is the Saviour of the world; then, observe what he saith unto you, resolutely obey his precepts, and endeavour to follow his example in those things wherein he is exhibited to us as a pattern for our imitation. No circumstances or time of life can occur but you may find something either spoken by our Lord himself, or by his Spirit in the prophets or apostles, that will direct your conduct, if you are but faithful to God and your own soul."

EVENING.

"Two great obstacles in the way of Christian perfection: the first ——————. What says our Lord by his apostle St John? "Love not the world, nor the things that are in the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." That man will as certainly be damned whose affections are fixed on sensual pleasures, riches, or honours, though he never enjoy any, or a very inconsiderable proportion of them, as he that, having them all in his power, indulges himself in the satisfaction of his most criminal desires. For 'tis the heart God requires; and he that suffers his heart (his affection) to centre on anything but God, be the object of his passion innocent or otherwise, does actually make that thing his god, and in so doing forfeits his title and pretensions to eternal happiness."

MORNING.

"Another great impediment is deep adversity; which often affects the mind too much, and disposes to anxious, doubtful, and unbelieving thoughts. Though there be no direct murmurings, no repinings at the prosperity of others, no harsh reflections on providence, but a constant acknowledgment of the justice and goodness of God;

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that he punishes less than our iniquities deserve, and does always in the midst of judgment remember mercy; yet if you think severely or unjustly of men; if you are too much dejected, or disposed to peevishness, covetousness, or negligence in affairs; if you work too much or too little; are presumptuous or desponding; wholly omit to implore the divine blessing and assistance on honest prospects and endeavours; or are too solicitous and earnest in prayer for external blessings; if the thoughts of your circumstances invade your privacies, or disturb your rest; if any little access of trouble have power to ruffle your temper, and indispose or distract your mind in your addresses to Heaven, in reading, meditation, or any other spiritual exercise; you are certainly in the power of the world, guilty of immoderate anxious care.

"Then observe what your Lord saith by his apostle: 'Be careful (anxiously) for nothing.' And what he saith himself, 'Therefore I say unto you, take no thought,' &c., and remember that he ranks cares of this life with surfeitings and drunkenness, which are mortal damning sins."

MORNING.

"The great difficulty we find in restraining our appetites and passions from excess often arises from the liberties we take in indulging them in all those instances wherein there does not at first sight appear some moral evil. Occasions of sin frequently take their rise from lawful enjoyments; and he that will always venture to go to the utmost bounds of what he may, will not fail to step beyond them sometimes; and then he uses his liberty for a cloak of his licentiousness. He that habitually knows and abhors the sin of intemperance, will not stay too long in the company of such as are intem-

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perate; and because God is pleased to indulge us a glass for refreshment, will therefore take it when he really needs none: it is odds but this man will transgress; and though he should keep on his feet, and in his senses, yet he will perhaps raise more spirits than his reason can command; will injure his health, his reputation or estate; discompose his temper, violate his own peace, or that of his own family; all which are evils which ought carefully to be avoided.

"It holds the same in all other irregular appetites or passions; and there may be the same temptations in other instances from whence occasions of sin may arise; therefore be sure to keep a strict guard, and observe well lest you use lawful pleasures unlawfully. 'Fly from occasions of evil!'

NOON.

"The Christian religion is of so complicated a nature, that unless we give up ourselves entirely to its discipline, we cannot stedfastly adhere to any of its precepts. All virtues are closely bound together; and break but one link of the golden chain, you spoil the whole contexture. As vices are often made necessary supports to each other; so virtues do mutually strengthen and assist virtues. Thus temperance and chastity, fortitude and truth, humility and patience, divine charity and charity towards man; all virtues, of what denomination soever, reciprocally cherish and invigorate one another."

MORNING.

"Philosophy and morality are not sufficient to restrain us from those sins that our constitution of body, circumstances of life, or evil custom strongly dispose us to. Nature and appetite will be too hard for their precepts,

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unless a man be determined by *a law within himself.* They may teach him caution, and give check to his vicious inclinations in public, but will never carry him to an inward and universal purity. This is only to be effected by the power of religion, which will direct us to a serious application to God in fervent prayer. Upon which we shall feel a disengagement from the impressions sensual objects were wont to make on our minds, and an inward strength of disposition to resist them.

"Good men who felt, upon their frequent applications to God in prayer, a freedom from those ill impressions that formerly subdued them, an inward love to virtue and true goodness, an easiness and delight in all the parts of holiness, which was fed and cherished in them by a seriousness in prayer, and did languish as that went off, had as real a perception of an inward strength in their minds, that did rise and fall with true devotion, as they perceived the strength of their bodies increased or abated according as they had or wanted good nourishment.

"This replied to Lord R———'s objections against answers of prayer, which he supposes a fancy, and an effect of a heat in nature; that it had effect only by diverting the thoughts."

EVENING.

"The mind of man is naturally so corrupted, and all the powers thereof so weakened, that we cannot possibly aspire vigorously towards God, or have any clear perception of spiritual things, without his assistance. Nothing less than the same almighty power that raised Jesus Christ from the dead can raise our souls from the death of sin to a life of holiness. To know God experimentally is altogether supernatural, and what we can never

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attain to but by the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ. By virtue of what he has done and suffered, and is now doing in heaven for us, we obtain the Holy Spirit, who is the best instructor, the most powerful teacher, we can possibly have; without whose agency all other means of grace would be ineffectual. How evidently does the Holy Spirit concur with the means of grace! And how certainly does he assist and strengthen the soul, if it be but sincere and hearty in its endeavours to avoid any evil or perform any good! To have a good desire, a fervent aspiration towards God, shall not pass unregarded.

"I have found, by long experience, that it is of great use to accustom oneself to enter into solemn engagements with God against any particular sin; but then I would have them never made for a longer time than from morning till night, and from night till morning; that so the impression they make on the mind may be always fresh and lively. This was many years tried with good success in the case of ————. Glory be to thee, O Lord!"

EVENING.

"Give God the praise for any well-spent day. But I am yet unsatisfied, because I do not enjoy enough of God. I apprehend myself at too great a distance from him; I would have my soul more closely united to him by faith and love. I can appeal to his omniscience, that I would love him above all things. He that made me knows my desires, my expectations. My joys all centre in him, and that it is he himself that I desire; it is his favour, it is his acceptance, the communications of his grace, that I earnestly wish for more than anything in the world; and that I have no relish or delight in any

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thing when under apprehensions of his displeasure. I rejoice in his essential glory and blessedness; I rejoice in my relation to him, that he is my Father, my Lord, and my God. I rejoice that he has power over me, and desire to live in subjection to him; that he condescends to punish me when I transgress his laws, as a father chasteneth the son whom he loveth. I thank him that he has brought me so far; and will beware of despairing of his mercy for the time which is yet to come, but will give God the glory of his free grace."

MORNING.

"It is too common with me, upon receiving any light, or new supply of grace, to think, Now I have gained my point, and may say, 'Soul, take thine ease;' by which means I think not of going any farther, or else fall into dejection of spirit, upon a groundless fear that I shall soon lose what I have gained, and in a little time be never the better for it. Both these are sins. The first proceeds from immoderate love of present ease and spiritual sloth; the other, from want of faith in the all-sufficiency of my Saviour.

"We must never take up our rest on this side of heaven, nor think we have enough of God, till we are perfectly renewed and sanctified in body, soul, and spirit; till we are admitted into that blessed region of pure and happy spirits, where we shall enjoy the beatific vision according to the measure of our capacities! Nor must we, out of a pretended humility, because we are unworthy of the least mercy, dare to dispute or question the sufficiency of the merits of Jesus Christ. It was impossible for God incarnate to undertake more than he was able to perform."

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MORNING.

"Though man is born to trouble, yet I believe there is scarce a man to be found upon earth, but, take the whole course of his life, hath more mercies than afflictions, and much more pleasure than pain. I am sure it has been so in my case. I have many years suffered much pain, and great bodily infirmities; but I have likewise enjoyed great intervals of rest and ease. And those very sufferings have, by the blessing of God, been of excellent use, and proved the most proper means of reclaiming me from a vain and sinful conversation; insomuch that I cannot say, I had better have been without this affliction, this disease, this loss, want, contempt, or reproach. All my sufferings, by the admirable management of omnipotent goodness, have concurred to promote my spiritual and eternal good. And if I have not reaped that advantage by them which I might have done, it is merely owing to the perverseness of my own will, and frequent lapses into present things, and unfaithfulness to the good Spirit of God; who, notwithstanding all my prevarications, all the stupid opposition I have made, has never totally abandoned me. Glory be to Thee, O Lord!"

EVENING.

"If to esteem and have the highest reverence for THEE; if constantly and sincerely to acknowledge THEE the Supreme, the only desirable good, be to love thee;—I do love THEE!

"If comparatively to despise and undervalue all the world contains, which is esteemed great, fair, or good; if earnestly and constantly to desire thee, thy favour, thy acceptance, thyself, rather than any or all things thou hast created, be to love thee;—I do love THEE!

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"If to rejoice in thy essential majesty and glory; if to feel a vital joy overspread and cheer the heart at each perception of thy blessedness, at every thought that thou art God, and that all things are in thy power; that there is none superior or equal to thee; be to love thee—I do love THEE."

In these reflections and meditations the reader will see something of the mind, the spirit, the heart, and the piety of Mrs. Susanna Wesley.

In another of her meditations, she mentions the following among the many mercies which God had bestowed upon her.

"Born in a Christian country; early initiated and instructed in the first principles of the Christian religion; good example in parents, and in several of the family; good books and ingenious conversation; preserved from ill accidents, once from violent death; married to a religious, orthodox man; by him first drawn off from the Socinian heresy, and afterwards confirmed and strengthened by B. B——." Probably Bishop Bull.*

When Mr. Wesley was from home, Mrs. Wesley felt it her duty to keep up the worship of God in her own house. She not only prayed for, but with, her family. At such times she took the spiritual direction and care of the children and servants on herself; and sometimes even the neighbours shared the benefit of her instructions. This in one case led to consequences little ex-

* Query, Does it not rather refer to her sister, who resided at Harwich; from whom we find several letters, signed "B. B.," in Dunton's "Life and Errors," p. 83?—EDITOR.

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pected, which form a remarkable trait in the character of this extraordinary and excellent woman. The account was first published by Mr. John Wesley, who remarks that "his mother, as well as her father and grandfather, her husband, and her three sons, had been in her measure a preacher of righteousness." The whole account, as transcribed by Dr. Whitehead from the original letters, I shall give below.

Her husband sometimes attended the sittings of convocation; and on these occasions was obliged to reside in London for such a length of time as often to be injurious to his parish, and at an expense that was inconvenient to his family. From his own account we find that three years' attendance cost him £150; and as a curate cost him from £30 to £40, and the rectory was worth but about fourscore, the family in such years must have been greatly distressed, as the whole proceeds of the rectory must have been thus unnecessarily and unprofitably consumed. As there was no absolute necessity that Mr. W. should attend those convocations, his doing it in such circumstances was far from being prudent, as it was the cause of much family embarrassment. About the end of 1711, or the beginning of 1712, Mr. W. appears to have spent a considerable time in London on this business; and the care of the parish devolved on a person of the name of Inman, the curate, who appears to have been but indifferently qualified for his charge.

During her husband's absence, Mrs. Wesley felt it her duty, as has been observed, to pay more particular attention to her children, especially on the Lord's day in the evening, as there was then no service in the afternoon at the church. She read prayers to them, and also a sermon, and conversed with them on religious and devotional subjects. Some neighbours happening to come

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in during these exercises, being permitted to stay, were so pleased and profited as to desire permission to come again. This was granted; a good report of the meeting became general; many requested leave to attend, and the house was soon filled, more than two hundred at last attending; and many were obliged to go away for want of room. As she wished to do nothing without her husband's knowledge and approbation, she acquainted him with their meeting, and the circumstances out of which it arose. While he approved of her zeal and good sense, he stated several objections to the continuance of the meeting, which will be best seen in her answer, dated Epworth, Feb. 6th, 1712, in which she says:—

"I heartily thank you for dealing so plainly and faithfully with me in a matter of no common concern. The main of your objections against our Sunday evening meetings are, first, that it will look particular; secondly, my sex; and lastly, your being at present in a public station and character. To all which I shall answer briefly.

"As to its looking particular, I grant it does; and so does almost everything that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of a pulpit, or in the way of common conversation; because in our corrupt age the utmost care and diligence have been used to banish all discourse of God or spiritual concerns out of society, as if religion were never to appear out of the closet, and we were to be ashamed of nothing so much as of professing ourselves to be Christians.

"To your second, I reply, that as I am a woman, so I am also mistress of a large family. And though the

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superior charge of the souls contained in it lies upon you, as head of the family, and as their minister; yet in your absence I cannot but look upon every soul you leave under my care as a talent committed to me, under a trust, by the great Lord of all the families of heaven and earth. And if I am unfaithful to him, or to you, in neglecting to improve these talents, how shall I answer unto him, when he shall command me to render an account of my stewardship?

"As these and other such like thoughts made me at first take a more than ordinary care of the souls of my children and servants; so, knowing that our most holy religion requires a strict observation of the Lord's-day, and not thinking that we fully answered the end of the institution by only going to church, but that likewise we are obliged to fill up the intermediate spaces of that sacred time by other acts of piety and devotion; I thought it my duty to spend some part of the day in reading to and instructing my family, especially in your absence, when, having no afternoon's service, we have so much leisure for such exercises; and such time I esteemed spent in a way more acceptable to God, than if I had retired to my own private devotions.

"This was the beginning of my present practice: other people coming in and joining with us was purely accidental. Our lad told his parents—they first desired to be admitted; then others who heard of it begged leave also; so our company increased to about thirty, and seldom exceeded forty last winter; and why it increased since, I leave you to judge after you have read what follows.

"Soon after you went to London, Emily found in your study the account of the Danish missionaries, which having never seen, I ordered her to read it to me. I

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was never, I think, more affected with anything than with the relation of their travels; and was exceeding pleased with the noble design they were engaged in. Their labours refreshed my soul beyond measure; and I could not forbear spending good part of that evening in praising and adoring the divine goodness for inspiring those good men with such an ardent zeal for his glory, that they were willing to hazard their lives, and all that is esteemed dear to men in this world, to advance the honour of their master, Jesus. For several days I could think or speak of little else. At last it came into my mind, though I am not a man nor a minister of the gospel, and so cannot be employed in such a worthy employment as they were; yet, if my heart were sincerely devoted to God, and if I were inspired with a true zeal for his glory, and did really desire the salvation of souls, I might do somewhat more than I do. I thought I might live in a more exemplary manner in some things; I might pray more for the people, and speak with more warmth to those with whom I have an opportunity of conversing. However, I resolved to begin with my own children; and, accordingly, I proposed and observed the following method. I take such a proportion of time as I can best spare every night to discourse with each child by itself, on something that relates to its principal concerns. On Monday I talk with Molly; on Tuesday, with Hetty; Wednesday, with Nancy; Thursday, with Jacky; Friday, with Patty; Saturday, with Charles; and with Emily and Sukey together, on Sunday.

"With those few neighbours who then came to me I discoursed more freely and affectionately than before. I chose the best and most awakening sermons we had, and I spent more time with them in such exercises. Since

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this our company has increased every night, for I dare deny none that asks admittance. Last Sunday, I believe we had above 200, and yet many went away for want of room.

"But I never durst positively presume to hope that God would make use of me as an instrument in doing good; the farthest I ever durst go was, It may be: who can tell? With God all things are possible. I will resign myself to him: or, as Herbert better expresses it,

> Only since God doth often make
> Of *lowly matter* for *high uses* meet,
> I throw me at his feet;
> There will I lie until my Maker seek
> For some *mean stuff*, whereon to show his skill;
> Then is *my* time.

"And thus I rested, without passing any reflection on myself, or forming any judgment about the success or event of this undertaking.

"Your third objection I leave to be answered by your own judgment. We meet not on any worldly design. We banish all temporal concerns from our society: none is suffered to mingle any discourse about them with our reading or singing: we keep close to the business of the day; and as soon as it is over, they all go home. And where is the harm of this? If I and my children went a visiting on Sunday nights, or if we admitted of impertinent visits, as too many do who think themselves good Christians, perhaps it would be thought no scandalous practice, though in truth it would be so. Therefore, why any should reflect upon you, let your station be what it will, because your wife endeavours to draw people to the church, and to restrain them by reading, and other persuasions, from their profanation of God's most holy day, I cannot conceive. But if any should be so mad as to

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do it, I wish you would not regard it. For my part, I value no censure on this account. I have long since shook hands with the world, and I heartily wish I had never given them more reason to speak against me.

"As for your proposal of letting some other person read. Alas! you do not consider what a people these are. I do not think one man among them could read a sermon, without spelling a good part of it; and how would that edify the rest? Nor has any of our family a voice strong enough to be heard by such a number of people.

"But there is one thing about which I am much dissatisfied; that is, their being present at family prayers. I do not speak of any concern I am under, barely because so many are present; for those who have the honour of speaking to the Great and Holy God, need not be ashamed to speak before the whole world; but because of my sex. I doubt if it be proper for me to present the prayers of the people to God.

"Last Sunday, I fain would have dismissed them before prayers; but they begged so earnestly to stay, that I durst not deny them."

How forcible are right words! Who could overthrow or withstand this reasoning? The people were perishing for lack of knowledge; and it is most evident from the circumstances that a dispensation of the gospel was given to this eminent woman, to teach and instruct them in the absence of their legal pastor. She was faithful; and the consequence was, a number of people were edified, and perhaps not a few reclaimed, that long ere this have welcomed her into everlasting habitations, and will be her crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Mr. Wesley felt the power and the wisdom by which

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she spoke, and cordially gave his approbation to her conduct: she went on her way rejoicing, and great good was done. But the worthless curate, Inman, and a few like himself, filled with envy, and perhaps even a worse principle, wrote to Mr. Wesley, highly complaining of these transactions, and stating that Mrs. Wesley had turned the parsonage-house into a conventicle, &c.; that the church was likely to receive great scandal by these irregular proceedings; and that they ought not to be tolerated any longer. Mr. Wesley was alarmed; his high church principles rose up against his better judgment, and he wrote to his wife desiring her to discontinue the meetings. She received this high testimony of disapprobation with that firmness which belongs alone to conscious rectitude; and returned an answer to her husband, which bears all the marks of her energetic mind, deep piety, ardent zeal, and submissive respect to the authority of her spouse.

"*Epworth, Feb. 25th*, 1712.

"Some days since I received a letter from you, I suppose, dated the 16th instant, which I made no great haste to answer, because I judged it necessary for both of us to take some time to consider before you determine in a matter of such great importance.

"I shall not inquire how it was possible that you should be prevailed on, by the senseless clamours of two or three of the worst of your parish, to condemn what you so lately approved. But I shall tell you my thoughts in as few words as possible. I do not hear of more than three or four persons who are against our meeting, of whom Inman is the chief. He and Whitely, I believe, may call it a conventicle; but we hear no outcry here, nor has any one said a word against it to me. And

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what does their calling it a conventicle signify? Does it alter the nature of the thing? or do you think that what they say is a sufficient reason to forbear a thing that has already done much good, and by the blessing of God may do much more? If its being called a conventicle, by those who know in their conscience they misrepresent it, did really make it one, what you say would be somewhat to the purpose; but it is plain in fact that this one thing has brought more people to church, than ever anything did, in so short a time. We used not to have above twenty or twenty-five at evening service, whereas we have now between two and three hundred; which are more than ever came before to hear Inman* in the morning.

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* The following account related of Inman, will give the reader an insight into his character as a divine. On one of Mr. Wesley's returns from the metropolis, a complaint was urged against his curate, "that he preached nothing to his congregation except the duty of paying their debts, and behaving well among their neighbours." The complainants added, "We think, sir, there is more in religion than this." Mr. Wesley replied, "There certainly is; I will hear him myself." He accordingly sent for his curate, and told him, that he wished him to preach the next Lord's day, observing, "You could, I suppose, prepare a sermon upon any text that I should give you." He replied, "By all means, sir." "Then," said Mr. Wesley, "prepare a sermon on that text, Heb. ii. 6: 'WITHOUT FAITH *it is impossible to please God.*'" When the time arrived, Mr. Wesley read the prayers, and the curate ascended the pulpit. He read the text with great solemnity, and thus began:—"It must be confessed, friends, that faith is a most excellent virtue; and it produces other virtues also. In particular, it makes a man pay his debts as soon as he can." He went on in this way, enforcing the social duties for about a quarter of an hour, and then concluded. "So," said his son John, "my father saw it was a lost case."—EDITOR.

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"Besides the constant attendance on the public worship of God, our meeting has wonderfully conciliated the minds of this people towards us, so that we now live in the greatest amity imaginable; and what is still better, they are very much reformed in their behaviour on the Lord's day; and those who used to be playing in the streets now come to hear a good sermon read, which is surely more acceptable to Almighty God.

"Another reason for what I do is, that I have no other way of conversing with this people, and therefore have no other way of doing them good: but by this I have an opportunity of exercising the greatest and noblest charity, that is, charity to their souls.

"Some families who seldom went to church, now go constantly; and one person who had not been there for seven years, is now prevailed upon to go with the rest.

"There are many other good consequences of this meeting which I have not time to mention. Now, I beseech you, weigh all these things in an impartial balance: on the one side, the honour of Almighty God, the doing much good to many souls, and the friendship of the best among whom we live; on the other (if folly, impiety, and vanity may abide in the scale against so ponderous a weight), the senseless objections of a few scandalous persons, laughing at us, and censuring us as precise and hypocritical; and when you have duly considered all things, let me have your positive determination.

"I need not tell you the consequences, if you determine to put an end to our meeting. You may easily perceive what prejudice it may raise in the minds of these people against Inman especially, who has had so little wit as to speak publicly against it. I can now keep them to the church; but if it be laid aside, I doubt

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they will never go to hear him more, at least those who come from the lower end of the town. But if this be continued till you return, which now will not be long, it may please God that their hearts may be so changed by that time, that they may love and delight in his public worship, so as never to neglect it more.

"If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your positive command, in such full and express terms, as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment, for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our LORD JESUS CHRIST."

Though I find no farther record of these transactions, yet I take it for granted that this letter was decisive, and Mrs. Wesley's meetings continued till her husband returned to Epworth. They would then be given up in course; and when discontinued, it could be little cause of rejoicing to any serious mind; as it is most evident that God had done more in a few months by this irregular ministry than he had done by that of the rector and his curates for eighteen years before!*

It is worthy of remark that Mrs. Wesley terms the people that composed these meetings, our SOCIETY; and

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* This may appear strong language, after the testimony given in favour of Mr. Samuel Wesley's faithful ministry. And yet it is countenanced by Mr. John Wesley, on his visit to Epworth, in June, 1742. "O let none," he exclaims, "think his labour of love is lost because the fruit does not immediately appear! Near forty years did my father labour here; but he saw little fruit of all his labour." Works, Vol. I., p. 379.—EDITOR.

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the meetings were conducted much after the manner of the Methodists' Society Meetings at this day; especially those of the Sabbath evenings; when, after the preaching, the society, and often any other serious person, is permitted to stay to a second meeting, in which such exhortations are given relative to personal and family religion, as could not with propriety be brought before a mixed congregation, where perhaps the bulk of the people are unawakened, and consequently incapable of profiting by instructions relative to the life and power of godliness.

This is not the first instance in which the seeds of that great work, since called Methodism, were sown in and by the original members of this remarkable family.

For my own part, I should ever feel myself disposed to bow with profound respect to that rare dispensation or providence and grace which should, in similar circumstances, with as clear and distinct a call, raise up a woman of such talents and piety to labour in the gospel, where the people were perishing for lack of knowledge, and so snatch the brands from eternal burning.

Who so prejudiced as not to see that God put no honour on Inman the curate, but chose Susanna Wesley to do the work of an evangelist? The abundance of gracious fruit which sprang from this seed proved that the Master-sower was JESUS, the Lord of the harvest. Lord, thou wilt send by whomsoever thou pleasest; and wilt hide pride from man, in order to prove that the excellency of the power is in thee!

By these very means all those persons who had been soured against Mr. Wesley for the part that he had taken in an unpopular election, now became the friends of his family; so that, to use Mrs. Wesley's own words, they lived together in the greatest amity imaginable.

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The good sense, piety, observation, and experience of Mrs. Wesley, qualified her to be a wise counsellor in almost every affair in life, and a sound spiritual director in most things that concerned the salvation of the soul. Her sons, while at Oxford, continued to profit by her advices and directions, as they had done while more immediately under her care. They sought and had, not only her advice and counsel, but also her approbation, in the little society they had formed at the university, and that moral strictness of life which they had adopted. While she excited them to proceed and persevere, she taught them prudence and caution. The following letter to her son John, at Oxford, some time after he had paid them a visit at Epworth, cannot be read by any person without profit:—

"*Epworth, Oct.* 25, 1732.

"Dear Jacky,

"I was glad to hear you got safe to Oxford; and would have told you so sooner, had I been at liberty, from pain of body and other severer trials not convenient to mention. Let every one enjoy the present hour: age and successive troubles are sufficient to convince any reasonable man that it is a much wiser and safer way to deprecate great afflictions, than to pray for them; and that our Lord well knew what was in man when he directed us to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation.' I think heretic Clark, in an exposition on the Lord's Prayer, is more in the right than Castaniza, concerning temptations. His words are as follow:—'We are encouraged to glory in tribulation, and to count it all joy when we fall into diverse temptations, &c. Nevertheless, it is to be carefully observed, that when the Scripture speaks on this manner concerning rejoicing in

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temptations, it always considers them under this view, as being experienced, and already in great measure overcome. For otherwise, as to temptations in general, temptations unexperienced, of which we know the danger but not the success, our Saviour teaches us to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation:' and again, 'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.' Our nature is frail; our passions strong; our wills biassed; and our security, generally speaking, consists much more certainly in avoiding great temptations, than in conquering them. Wherefore we ought continually to pray that God would be pleased to order and direct things in this probation state, as not to suffer us to be tempted above what we are able; but that he would with the temptation also make a way to escape, that we may be able to bear it. Our Lord directed his disciples when they were persecuted in one city to flee into another; and they who refuse to do it when it is in their power, lead themselves into temptation, and tempt God.'"

At this time both the brothers, John and Charles, were in a bad state of health, owing to excessive study, and extraordinary abstinence. They had consulted Dr. Huntington on the subject, and transmitted his opinion to their mother. To this she refers in the following part of the above letter:—

"I don't know how you may have represented your case to Dr. Huntington; I have had occasion to make some observation in consumptions, and am pretty certain that several symptoms of that distemper are beginning upon you, and that unless you take more care than you do, you will put the matter past dispute in a little time. But take your own way; I have already given you up, as

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I have some before which once were very dear to me. Charles, tho' I believe not *in* a consumption, is in a fine state of health for a man of two or three-and-twenty, that can't eat a full meal, but he must presently throw it up again! It is a great pity that folks should be no wiser, and that they can't fit the mean in a case where it is so obvious to view that none can mistake it that do not do it on purpose."

They had also given their mother an account of their religious meetings, and of the society known afterwards by the name of *Methodists;* and that it had from the beginning her cordial approbation will appear by the following extract from the same letter:—

"I heartily join with your small society in all their pious and charitable actions, which are intended for God's glory; and am glad to hear that Mr. Clayton and Mr. Hall have met with desired success. May you still in such good works go on and prosper. Tho' absent in body, I am present with you in spirit; and daily recommend and commit you all to Divine Providence. You do well to wait on the bishop, because it is a point of prudence and civility; tho' (if he be a good man) I cannot think it in the power of any one to prejudice him against you.

"Your arguments against horse-races do certainly conclude against masquerades, balls, plays, operas, and all such light and vain diversions, which, whether the gay people of the world will own it or no, do strongly confirm and strengthen the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; all which we must renounce, or renounce our God and hope of eternal salvation. I will not say it is impossible for a person to have

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any sense of religion, who frequents those vile assemblies: but I never, throughout the course of my long life, knew so much as one serious Christian that did; nor can I see how a lover of God can have any relish for such vain amusements.

"'The Life of God in the Soul of Man,' is an excellent good book, and was an acquaintance of mine many years ago; but I have unfortunately lost it. There are many good things in Castaniza; more in Baxter; yet are neither without faults, which I overlook for the sake of their virtues. Nor can I say, of all the books of divinity I have read, which is the best; one is best at one time, one at another, according to the temper and disposition of the mind.

"Your father is in a very bad state of health; he sleeps little, and eats less. He seems not to have any apprehension of his approaching exit; but I fear he has but a short time to live. It is with much pain and difficulty that he performs divine service on the Lord's-day, which sometimes he is obliged to contract very much. Every body observes his decay but himself; and people really seem much concerned for him and his family.

"The two girls, being uneasy in their present situations, do not apprehend the sad consequences which in all appearance must attend his death, so much as I think they ought to do; for, as bad as they think their condition now, I doubt it will be far worse when his head is laid. Your sisters send their love to you and Charles; and my love and blessing to you both. Adieu."

Letters from Mrs. Wesley to others of her children will be noticed in their proper places; but there is one to a female friend, which for its piety and good sense it

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would be improper to omit, as well as the probability of its becoming useful to persons afflicted in body and depressed in spirit.

"*Wootton, Aug.* 5, 1737.

"Dear Madam,

"To your goodness I am obliged for the kind present sent by Charles, and return many thanks, particularly to good Mrs. Norman. I heartily sympathize with the young lady in her affliction, and wish it was in my power to speak a word in season, that might alleviate the trouble of her mind, which has such an influence on the weakness of her body. I am not apprised of her particular complaints, but am apt to believe that want of faith and a firm dependance on the merits of Christ is the cause of most, if not all, her sufferings. I am very well satisfied she doth not allow herself in wilful sin; and, surely, to afflict herself for mere infirmities, argues weakness of faith in the merits of our Redeemer. We can never be totally freed from infirmity till we put off mortality; and to be grieved at this, is just as if a man should afflict himself that he is a man, and not an angel. It is with relation to our manifold wants and weaknesses, and the discouragements and despondencies consequent thereupon, that the blessed Jesus hath undertaken to be our great high-priest, physician, advocate, and Saviour. His satisfaction related to the forfeiture of all the good we had in possession; and his intercession is with respect to our great distance from God, and unworthiness to approach him. His deep compassion supposes our misery; and his assistance, and the supplies of his grace, imply our wants, and the disadvantages we labour under. We are to be instructed, because we are ignorant; and healed, because we are sick; and disciplined, because so

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apt to wander and go astray; and succoured and supported, because we are so often tempted. We know there is but one living and true God, though revealed to us under three characters—that of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. In God the Father, we live, move, and have our natural being; in God the Son, as Redeemer of mankind, we have our spiritual being since the fall; and by the operation of his Holy Spirit the work of grace is begun and carried on in the soul; and there is no other name given under heaven by which men can be saved, but that of the Lord Jesus.

"And here, Madam, let me beseech you to join with me in admiring and adoring the infinite and incomprehensible love of God to fallen man, which he hath been pleased to manifest to us in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ. He is the great God, the God of the spirits of all flesh, the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, and created not angels and men because he wanted them; for he is Being itself, and as such must necessarily be infinitely happy in the glorious perfections of his nature from everlasting to everlasting; and as he did not create, so neither did he redeem, because he needed us; but he loved us, because he loved us; he would have mercy, because he would have mercy; he would show compassion, because he would show compassion. There was nothing in man that could merit anything but wrath from the Almighty. We are infinitely below his least regards; therefore this astonishing condescension can be resolved into nothing but his own essential goodness. And shall we, after all, undervalue or neglect this great salvation? Who should be so much concerned for our eternal happiness as ourselves? And shall we exclude ourselves from an interest in the merits of the blessed Jesus by our unbelief? God

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forbid! But you will say, "We are great sinners." Very true; but Christ came into the world to save sinners; he had never died if man had never sinned. If we were not sinners we should have had no need of a Saviour; but God commended his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. The greatest saints in heaven were once sinners upon earth; and the same redeeming love and free grace that brought them to glory are sufficient to bring us also thither. I verily think one great reason why Christians are so often subject to despond is, that they look more to themselves than to their Saviour; they would establish a righteousness of their own to rest on, without adverting enough to the sacrifice of Christ, by which alone we are justified before God. But I need not say more, considering to whom I am writing; only give me leave to add one request, which is, that you would commit your soul, in trust, to Jesus Christ, as God incarnate, in a full belief that he is able and willing to save you. Do this constantly, and I am sure he will never suffer you to perish.

"I shall be very glad to hear often from you. I thank God, I am somewhat better in health than when I wrote last; and I tell you because I know you will be pleased with it, that Mr. Hall and his wife are very good to me; he behaves like a gentleman and a Christian, and my daughter with as much duty and tenderness as can be expressed; so that on this account I am very easy. My humble service waits on your sister, and Mr. and Mrs. Norman. I heartily wish you all happiness, temporal, spiritual, and eternal. I earnestly recommend myself to all your prayers, who am, dear Madam,

"Your obliged

"and most obedient servant,

"SUSANNA WESLEY."

"To Mrs. Alice Peard, Tiverton."

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Mr. Wesley, though he had lately sunk much, was not so near death as Mrs. Wesley dreaded in one of the preceding letters. He lived about three years after the date of the one in which she complains of his illness.

It will be necessary to introduce some other letters of Mrs. Wesley on the subject of the doctrines and conduct of her sons, John and Charles; because the late Rev. Samuel Badcock, in a letter to Mr. John Nichols, dated South Moulton, Dec. 5, 1782, and published by Mr. N., first in No. XX. of the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, and afterwards in his *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. v., p. 217, &c., and since copied by others, speaking of Mrs. Wesley, says, "She lived long enough to deplore the extravagances of her two sons, John and Charles. She considered them as under strong delusion to believe a lie; and states her objections to their enthusiastic principles (particularly in the matter of assurance), with great strength of argument, in a correspondence with their brother Samuel." This calumny, for it is one, may be easily rebutted. Mr. John Wesley answers it thus, quoting the first paragraph about "deploring their extravagances," &c. "By vile misrepresentations she was deceived for a time; but she no sooner heard them speak for themselves, than she was thoroughly convinced they were in no delusion, but spoke the words of truth and soberness. She afterwards lived with me several years, and died rejoicing and praising God."

That what Mr. Wesley states here of his mother is true, I can prove by the most unexceptionable testimonies from under her own hand. Dr. Whitehead has treated the subject well. I shall give some extracts in his own words.

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"When her two sons, Mr. John and Charles Wesley, began to preach the doctrine of justification by faith, in 1738, and many professed to be so justified, and to know the time when this change in their state took place, she mentions their notions as new, in a letter she wrote to her son Samuel, in March this year (1738); though it must be acknowledged that she had not then conversed with them on the subject, and therefore did not know what doctrines they taught, but by report. It has indeed been said that 'she lived long enough to deplore the extravagances of her sons;' and this assertion was founded on the letter above-mentioned. But what she says on this subject has only a reference to dreams, visions, or some extraordinary revelation, which some persons pretended to have had, and in which they had received the knowledge of their justification; at least this was reported of several; but she nowhere charges her sons with teaching this as the way of justification.

"But as this letter has been both misrepresented and misunderstood, and it might be thought Mr. Wesley's friends wished to conceal it, because it speaks so pointedly against the conduct of her sons, I shall give the whole of it, and subjoin a few remarks.

'*Thursday, March* 8, 1738-9.

'Dear Son,

'Your two double letters came safe to me last Friday. I thank you for them, and have received much satisfaction in reading them. They are written with good spirit and judgment, sufficient, I should think, to satisfy any unprejudiced mind, that the reviving these pretensions to dreams, visions, &c., is not only vain and frivolous as

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to the matter of them, but also of dangerous consequence to the weaker sort of Christians. You have well observed, 'that it is not the method of Providence to use extraordinary means to bring about that for which ordinary ones are sufficient.' Therefore the very end for which they pretend that these new revelations are sent seems to me one of the best arguments against the truth of them. As far as I can see, they plead that these visions, &c., are given to assure some particular persons of their adoption and salvation. But this end is abundantly provided for in the Holy Scriptures, wherein all may find the rules by which we must live here and be judged hereafter, so plainly laid down, 'that he who runs may read;' and it is by these laws we should examine ourselves, which is a way of God's appointment, and therefore we may hope for his direction and assistance in such examination. And if, upon a serious review of our state, we find that in the tenor of our lives we have or do now sincerely desire and endeavour to perform the conditions of the gospel covenant required on our parts, then we may discern that the Holy Spirit hath laid in our minds a good foundation of a strong reasonable, and lively hope of God's mercy through Christ.

'This is the assurance we ought to aim at, which the apostle calls 'the full assurance of hope,' which he admonishes us to 'hold fast unto the end.' And the consequence of encouraging fanciful people in this new way of seeking assurance (as all do that hear them tell their silly stories without rebuke), I think, must be turning them out of God's way into one of their own devising. You have plainly proved that the Scripture examples, and that text in Joel, which they urge in their defence, will not answer their purpose, so that they are unsupported by any authority human or divine (which you

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have well observed); and the credit of their relations must therefore depend on their own single affirmation, which surely will not weigh much with the sober, judicious part of mankind.

'I began to write to Charles before I last wrote to you, but could not proceed, for my chimney smoked so exceedingly, that I almost lost my sight, and remained well nigh blind a considerable time. God's blessing on eye-water I make cured me of the soreness; but the weakness long remained. Since, I have been informed that Mr. Hall intends to remove his family to London, hath taken a house, and I must (if it please God I live) go with them, where I hope to see Charles; and then I can fully speak my sentiments of their new notions, more than I can do by writing; therefore I shall not finish my letter to him.

'You have heard, I suppose, that Mr. Whitfield is taking a progress through these parts to make a collection for a house in Georgia for Orphans, and such of the natives' children as they will part with to learn our language and religion. He came hither to see me, and we talked about your brothers. I told him I did not like their way of living, wished them in some place of their own, wherein they might regularly preach, &c. He replied, I could not conceive the good they did in London; that the greatest part of our clergy were asleep, and that there never was a greater need of itinerant preachers than now. Upon which a gentleman that came with him said that my son Charles had converted him, and that my sons spent all their time in doing good. I then asked Mr. Whitfield if my sons were not for making some innovations in the church; which I much feared. He assured me they were so far from it, that they endeavoured all they could to reconcile dissenters to our

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communion; that my son John had baptized five adult presbyterians in our own way on St. Paul's day, and he believed would bring over many to our communion. His stay was short, so I could not talk with him so much as I desired. He seems to be a very good man, and one who truly desires the salvation of mankind. God grant that the wisdom of the serpent may be joined to the innocence of the dove!

'My paper and sight are almost at an end; therefore I shall only add, that I send you and yours my hearty love and blessing.

'Service to Mrs. Berry. I had not an opportunity to send this till Saturday, the 17th ult. Love and blessing to Jacky Ellison.

'Pray let me hear from you soon. We go in April.'

From Mrs. WESLEY, Epworth.

'For the Rev^d. Mr. Wesley,
Tiverton, Devon.'

"1. I have now laid before the reader every word of this so celebrated letter; and beg him carefully to observe, that it is not against her sons, properly speaking, but against the persons who in dreams and visions professed to have received an assurance of God's love to their souls. Such are the persons whom she means when she says, they pretend—they plead—fanciful people—who tell their silly stories—and whose relations must depend on their own single affirmation, &c. &c. In none of these things does she refer to her sons at all; but she refers to them, when she blames those for not rebuking them, who hear them tell such stories.

"2. When Mrs. Wesley wrote this letter, she had had no interview with her sons, and had only heard of what were called extravagances which were produced under

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their preaching; and this she had from her prejudiced son Samuel, who had his information from the letter of a Mrs. Hutton, at whose house they had lodged at Westminster; and this letter is so perfectly weak and nonsensical, that it would be an insult to the reader to lay it seriously before him.

"On this most stupid and foolish letter Mr. Samuel founded all the philippics on the conduct of his brothers, which he detailed in his letter to his mother; and I am sorry to say, after looking over the whole of the evidence, that so bigoted was Mr. Samuel, that he readily caught at anything that appeared to vilify that part of the conduct of his brothers, because they preached extempore, and because, when excluded from the churches in London, they would dare to preach in any part of that diocese; which he roundly asserts was downright schism; and he might with as much reason have called it downright burglary. His prejudiced representations and misrepresentations should weigh nothing on the question. Besides, his expositions of the texts he quotes as the Scriptures adduced by his brothers to vindicate their ministry, and account for their effects, are far from being legitimate.

"3. At this time Mrs. Wesley's knowledge of the plan of salvation was by no means clear and distinct; of this, one passage in her letter is a sufficient proof. In the place where she shows the mode people should adopt in order to find a rational assurance of their salvation, she says, 'If, upon a serious review of our state, we find that in the tenor of our lives we have or do now sincerely desire and endeavour to perform the conditions of the gospel covenant required on our parts, then we may discern that the Holy Spirit hath laid in our minds a good foundation of a strong, reasonable, and lively hope of God's mercy through Christ.'"

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Now, who that knows properly the way in which a sinner is to come to God through Christ for the remission of his sins, can suppose that Mrs. W. was acquainted with that way when she wrote this? It simply amounts to salvation by works, through the merits of Christ. But suppose any man, examining the tenor of his life by Mrs. Wesley's rule, in order to infer salvation from it, finds that he has not fulfilled the conditions of the gospel covenant (and every man that makes the inquiry with an honest mind, in the fear of God, will find this), what is he then to do? His condition on this ground is hopeless. He has fulfilled no conditions; for he is and has been a sinner, and is under the curse of God's law. Where shall his trembling soul fly for mercy? To the blood of the covenant—to him who justifies the ungodly; and he is to seek for mercy through that blood alone. And what peace can his conscience feel, or what assurance can he have that his sins are blotted out—that he is passed from death unto life—till God adopts him into the heavenly family; and because he is then a son, God sends forth the Spirit of his Son into his heart, crying, Abba, Father! No salvation by induction or inference can satisfy a guilty conscience, which feels the wrath of God abiding on it; nothing but the witness from God's Spirit in our own spirit, that we are the children of God, can appease the terrors of an awakened sinner, give rest to a troubled heart, or be a foundation on which the soul can build a rational and scriptural hope of eternal life. Mrs. Wesley herself was obliged to come at last simply to the blood of Jesus Christ which was shed for her; and then she received, without any reference to her past righteousness, the full witness of God's Spirit that she was born from above. And though I conceive her to have been long before this in a state

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of favour with God, on the broad ground that he who feareth God and worketh righteousness, according to his light, is accepted of him; yet she had not the satisfying evidence of her own salvation, till she came, as above stated, to that sacrificial death by which pardon was purchased for a guilty world. As soon as she conversed with her sons, and heard them speak for themselves, she was convinced that their doctrine was both rational and scriptural, and saw the wickedness of the charges that were brought against them. At this very time in which she wrote the letter, she heard Mr. George Whitfield speak for himself; and though he was much less argumentative than her son John, and could not give that clear description of the hope that was in him as her son could have done, yet she was fully convinced that he was right—that he was a very good man—one who truly desired the salvation of mankind; and, satisfied of his dove-like innocence, prayed that he might have wisdom sufficient to guard it.

She had doubted and feared concerning her sons, because she was misled by her son Samuel, who was misled by Mrs. Hutton, who was misled by her total want of capacity to judge of such matters, and who was horribly offended with Mr. John Wesley, because she said he had converted two of her children; that is, he had become the instrument, in the hand of God, of awakening their consciences, and leading them to "the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world."

In reference to Mrs. Hutton, who wrote so virulently against his conduct to Mr. Samuel, representing him as little less than a maniac,—

> "The very head and front of his offending,
> Had this extent, no more.—"

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We shall probably see more on this subject when we come to the life of Mr. John Wesley.

"The following extracts from three of her letters to Mr. Charles Wesley will show us her opinion of the doctrine and conduct of her sons more clearly than any thing which has yet appeared in print.

'Oct. 19, 1738.

'It is with much pleasure I find your mind is somewhat easier than formerly, and I heartily thank God for it. The spirit of man may sustain his infirmity,—but a wounded spirit who can bear? If this hath been your case, it has been sad indeed. But blessed be God, who gave you convictions of the evil of sin, as contrary to the purity of the divine nature, and the perfect goodness of his law. Blessed be God, who showed you the necessity you were in of a Saviour to deliver you from the power of sin and Satan (for Christ will be no Saviour to such as see not their need of one), and directed you by faith to lay hold of that stupendous mercy offered us by redeeming love. Jesus is the only physician of souls; his blood, the only salve that can heal a wounded conscience.

'It is not in wealth, or honour, or sensual pleasure, to relieve a spirit heavy laden and weary of the burden of sin. These things have power to increase our guilt by alienating our hearts from God; but none to make our peace with him; to reconcile God to man, and man to God; and to renew the union between the divine and human nature.

'No, there is none but Christ, none but Christ, who is sufficient for these things. But, blessed be God, he is an all-sufficient Saviour! and blessed be his holy

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name, that thou hast found him a Saviour to thee, my son! O let us love him much, for we have much forgiven.

'I would gladly know what your notion is of justifying faith, because you speak of it as a thing you have but lately received.'

"The second letter is dated Dec. 6, 1738. In it she says:—

'I think you are fallen into an odd way of thinking. You say that till within a few months you had no spiritual life, nor any justifying faith.

"Now this is as if a man should affirm he was not alive in his infancy, because, when an infant, he did not know he was alive. All, then, that I can gather from your letter is, that till a little while ago you were not so well satisfied of your being a Christian as you are now. I heartily rejoice that you have now attained to a strong and lively hope in God's mercy through Christ. Not that I can think that you were totally without saving faith before: but it is one thing to have faith, and another thing to be sensible we have it. Faith is the fruit of the Spirit, and the gift of God; but to feel or be inwardly sensible that we have true faith, requires a farther operation of God's Holy Spirit. You say you have peace, but not joy in believing: Blessed be God for peace! May this peace rest with you! Joy will follow, perhaps not very closely; but it will follow faith and love. God's promises are sealed to us, but not dated: therefore patiently attend his pleasure; he will give you joy in believing. Amen.'

"From these letters we see that Mrs. Wesley was so

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far from deploring the extravagance of her sons, that she rejoiced in their Christian experience, and praised God for it. She thought them mistaken in judging of their former state, but not in their notions of justifying faith itself; for she says, in the letter last mentioned—

'My notion of justifying faith is the same with yours; for that trusting in Jesus Christ, or the promises made in him, is that special act of faith to which our justification or acceptance is so frequently ascribed in the gospel. This faith is certainly the gift of God, wrought in the mind of man by the Holy Spirit.'

"The two Mr. Wesleys professed to know the time when they received justifying faith; and they taught that others might know the time of their justification. On this head she observes:—

'I do not judge it necessary to know the exact time of our conversion.'

"From which it appears that she did not think this part of their doctrine erroneous or extravagant: she was only afraid lest this circumstance should be made a necessary criterion of conversion, which she thought might hurt the minds of weaker Christians.

"These letters, therefore, are a full confutation of Mr. Badcock's assertion.

"The third letter is dated Dec. 27, 1739, after she had come to reside chiefly in London. Here she enjoyed the conversation of her sons alternately; the one being always in town, while the other was in the country. She now attended on their ministry, conversed

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with the people of the Society, and became more perfectly acquainted with their whole doctrine, and seems heartily to have embraced it. Charles was in Bristol when she wrote this letter to him. She observes :—

'You cannot more desire to see me, than I do to see you. Your brother, whom I shall henceforth call Son Wesley, since my dear Sam is gone home, has just been with me, and much revived my spirits. Indeed, I have often found that he never speaks in my hearing without my receiving some spiritual benefit. But his visits are seldom and short; for which I never blame him, because I know he is well employed; and, blessed be God, hath great success in his ministry. But, my dear Charles, still I want either him or you; for, indeed, in the most literal sense, I am become a little child, and want continual succour. 'As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.' I feel much comfort and support from religious conversation when I can obtain it. Formerly I rejoiced in the absence of company, and found, the less I had of creature comforts, the more I had from God. But alas! I am fallen from that spiritual converse I once enjoyed. And why is it so? Because I want faith. God is an omnipresent, unchangeable Good, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning: the fault is in myself; and I attribute all mistakes in judgment, and all errors in practice, to want of faith in the blessed Jesus. O, my dear, when I consider the dignity of his person, the perfection of his purity, the greatness of his sufferings, but above all his boundless love, I am astonished and utterly confounded; I am lost in thought. I fall into nothing before him! O how inexcusable is that person who has

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knowledge of these things, and yet remains poor and low in faith and love! I speak as one guilty in this matter.

'I have been prevented from finishing my letter. I complained I had none to converse with me on spiritual things; but for these several days I have had the conversation of many good Christians, who have refreshed in some measure my fainting spirits; and though they hindered my writing, yet it was a pleasing, and I hope not an unprofitable interruption they gave me. I hope we shall shortly speak face to face; and I shall then, if God permit, impart my thoughts more fully. But then, alas! when you come, your brother leaves me! yet that is the will of God, in whose blessed service you are engaged; who has hitherto blessed your labours, and preserved your persons. That he may continue so to prosper your work, and protect you both from evil, and give you strength and courage to preach the true gospel in opposition to the united powers of evil men and evil angels, is the hearty prayer of, dear Charles,

'Your loving Mother,

'SUSANNA WESLEY.'

"This letter gives full evidence that Mrs. Wesley cordially approved of the conduct of her sons, and was animated with zeal for the success of their labours. She continued in the most perfect harmony with them till her death; attending on their ministry, and walking in the light of God's countenance, she rejoiced in the happy experience of the truths she heard them preach."

Dr. Whitehead's Life, vol. i., pp. 49—54.

It appears from all we have seen of Mrs. Wesley that she was a woman of real experience in the things of

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God. But it does not appear that she had a clear notion of justification, as distinct from sanctification; on the contrary, she seems to have confounded them together. The consequence was, that her knowledge of the doctrine of justification by faith alone, without the deeds of the law, was not so clear as it might have been; and this hindered her from enjoying that full assurance of her state, and the peace and joy consequent upon it, which otherwise she would have had.

To have denied the witness of God's Spirit, or the assurance of our adoption, Mrs. Wesley must have strangely forgotten herself; for it was one part of her creed, and one point in the apostles' creed, according to her own exposition, that believing in the Holy Ghost implies believing that he assures us of our adoption. See her letter to her daughter Susan, already inserted.

As to the doctrine of assurance (or the knowledge of our salvation by the remission of sins; or, in other words, that a man who is justified by faith in Christ Jesus knows that he is so, the Spirit bearing witness with his spirit, that he is a child of God), against which such a terrible outcry has been made, I would beg leave to ask, what is Christianity without it? A mere system of ethics; an authentic history; a dead letter. It is by the operations of the Holy Spirit in the souls of believers that the connexion is kept up between heaven and earth. The grand principle of the Christian religion is, to reconcile men to God by Christ Jesus; to bring them from a state of wrath to reconciliation and favour with God; to break the power, cancel the guilt, and destroy the very being of sin;—for Christ was manifested that he might destroy the work of the devil. And can this be done in any human soul, and it know nothing about it, except by inference and conjecture?

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Miserable state of Christianity indeed, where no man knows that he is born of God! This assurance of God's love is the birthright and common privilege of all his children. It is a general experience among truly religious people: they take rest, rise up, work, and live under its influence. By it they are carried comfortably through all the ills of life, bring forth the fruits of the Spirit, triumph in redeeming grace, and die exulting in him whom they know and feel to be the God of their salvation.

Nor is this confined to superannuated women, as Mr. Southey (vol. i., p. 291) charitably hopes Mrs. Wesley was, when she professed to receive the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. Men, also, as learned as Mr. Badcock, as philosophical as Mr. Southey, as deeply read in men and things as Bishop Lavington, and as sound divines, at least, as the rector of Manaccan, have exulted in the same testimony, walked in all good conscience before God, illustrated the doctrine by a suitable deportment, and died full of joyful anticipation of an eternal glory. Alas! what a dismal tale do those men tell, who not only strive to argue against the doctrine, but endeavour to turn it into ridicule! They tell us that they are not reconciled to God!

Mr. Badcock's sneers at the matter of assurance, as he calls it, and the *extravagances* of Mr. John and Charles Wesley, were little in character. He was a learned man, an able critic, and generally allowed to be mild and liberal. But who can reconcile this general, and probably well-deserved character, with the concluding part of the paragraph above referred to? "Their brother Samuel exerted his best powers to reclaim them from their wanderings, but in vain. The extravagant and erring spirit could not be reduced to its own confine. It

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had burst its bonds asunder, and ran violently down the steep."

This was still less in character, when we consider Mr. Badcock a dissenting minister, for such he was in 1782, when he wrote the above letter, and for many years before; though he afterwards conformed, and entered the church, in the year 1786; and his creed with respect to the doctrine of assurance, as existing in the Assembly's Catechism, must have been the same, in words at least, with that of Mr. Wesley.

For the reader's instruction I shall note the place:—

"Quest. 31. What are the benefits which in this life do either accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification?

"Answer. Assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein unto the end."

And the following Scriptures are quoted to establish these assertions: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. By whom also we have access by faith into this grace, wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us," Rom. xiv. 1, 2, 5. "For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," Rom. xiv. 17. "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know ye have eternal life," 1 John v. 13.

Here, then, is the "matter of assurance," which the Methodists *have* preached, *do* preach, and I hope *will* preach, as long as they have a name to live upon the earth. And these Scriptures are full to the point; and

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fully prove that every sinner, who by hearty repentance and true faith returns unto the Lord, through Christ Jesus, receives remission of sins, and has the witness in himself.

Perhaps the most irregular part of Mr. Wesley's conduct was his employing lay preachers—persons without any ordination by the imposition of hands; and the fullest proof that we can have of Mrs. Wesley's approving most heartily every thing in the doctrine and discipline of her sons, was her approval of lay preaching, or, to use the words of her father-in-law, John Wesley of Whitchurch, "The preaching of gifted men, without episcopal ordination." This began in her time; and she repeatedly sat under the ministry of the first man, Mr. Thomas Maxfield, who attempted to officiate among the Methodists in this hitherto unprecedented way.

It was in Mr. Wesley's absence that Mr. Maxfield began to preach. Being informed of this new and extraordinary thing, he hastened back to London to put a stop to it. Before he took any decisive step, he spoke to his mother on the subject, and informed her of his intention. She said (I have had the account from Mr. Wesley himself), "My son, I charge you before God, beware what you do; for Thomas Maxfield is as much called to preach the gospel as ever you were!" The unction of God that attended the preaching convinced her that the preacher's call was from heaven. This was one of the last things that a person of such high-church principles might be expected to accede to. And this fact, with what is related above, will for ever obliterate the calumny cast upon this blessed woman,—that she lived long enough to deplore the extravagances of her sons.

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Nor will the great body of the Methodist preachers forget that Mrs. Wesley, the mother of their founder, was the patroness and first encourager of the lay preachers.

Mr. Thomas Maxfield was the first lay preacher; Mr. Thomas Richards, the second; and Mr. Thomas Westall, the third. The former and latter I knew:—but who will be the last, who without any ordination by the imposition of hands, shall officiate as an itinerant preacher in the Methodist connexion? That they will soon have recourse to this scriptural rite may be safely conjectured; and that they should never have been without it may be successfully argued. Their mode of admission into the ministry, it must be granted, is sufficiently solemn and efficient; but they have no authority to dispense with a scriptural and apostolic rite.

After the death of Mr. Samuel Wesley, in 1735, the family were all scattered, and the household goods and property sold, as the premises had to be cleared for a new incumbent; a heavy and distressing inconvenience in the discipline of the Church of England, which extends from the lowest vicar to the metropolitan of the whole empire.

Previously to this, some of the sisters had been married; two were with their uncle Matthew; others were settled as governesses and teachers of youth, for which they appear to have been well qualified; and one (Emily) had taken up a school at Gainsborough. With her Mrs. Wesley appears to have sojourned awhile, before she went to live with her sons John and Charles; where, free from cares and worldly anxieties, with which she had long been unavoidably encumbered, she spent the evening of her life in comparative ease and comfort.

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Of her last moments her son John gives the following account :—

"I left Bristol on the evening of Sunday, July 18, 1742, and on Tuesday came to London. I found my mother on the borders of eternity; but she had no doubts nor fear; nor any desire, but as soon as God should call, 'to depart and be with Christ.'

"Friday, 23rd.—About three in the afternoon I went to see my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bed-side; she was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech, 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'

"Sunday, August 1.—Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon, I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterwards spoke was, "I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead small and great stand before God, and the books were opened. And the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works." It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see, on this side eternity.

"We set up a plain stone at the head of her grave, inscribed with the following words :—

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Here lies the body of Mrs. SUSANNA WESLEY, the youngest and last surviving daughter of Dr. SAMUEL ANNESLEY.

In sure and stedfast hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down
The cross exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction, she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourned a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years:

The Father then revealed his Son,
Him in the broken bread made known;
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of her heaven.

Meet for the fellowship above,
She heard the call, 'Arise, my love.'
'I come,' her dying looks replied,
And lamblike, as her Lord, she died."

The reader, who has carefully considered the preceding memoirs, is most certainly prepared for a widely different epitaph from the preceding. It is trite, bald, and inexpressive. Her passive character may be said to be given; she was a daughter of affliction, and suffered with the highest resignation to the will of God, and the dispensation of his providence: but, as she says herself, if she had much affliction and pain, she had still more intervals of ease and health; and she even adduces her own case, where afflictions and trials abounded, as a proof that the blessings of life are more numerous than its ills and disadvantages; and calculates that on a fair estimate this will be found to be the case with every individual.

The second and third stanzas are incautiously ex-

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pressed: they seem to intimate that she was not received into the divine favour till she was seventy years of age! For my own part, after having traced her through all the known periods of her life, and taking her spiritual state from her own nervous and honest pen, I can scarcely doubt that she was in the divine favour long before that time; according to that text, "He that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." And though she lived in a time when the spiritual privileges of the people of God were not so clearly defined nor so well understood as they are at present; yet she was not without large communications of the divine Spirit, heavenly light, and heavenly ardours, which often caused her to sit, "like cherub bright, some moments on a throne of love." She had the faith of God's elect; she acknowledged the truth which is according to godliness. Her spirit and life were conformed to this truth; and she *was* not, as she *could* not be, without the favour and approbation of God.

But there is a fact that seems to stand against this, which is alluded to in the second and third stanzas, viz., that "in receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, when her son-in-law, Mr. Hall, presented her the cup with these words, 'The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee,' she felt them strike through her heart; and she then knew that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven her all her sins." That Mrs. Wesley did then receive a powerful influence from the Holy Spirit, I can readily believe, by which she was mightily confirmed and strengthened, and had from it the clearest evidence of her reconciliation to God; but that she had been in a legal state, or, as some have understood that expression, was seeking "justification by the works of the law" until then, I have the most positive facts to disprove.

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Mr. Samuel Wesley's ministry was strong and faithful: but it was not clear on the point of justification by faith, and the witness of the Spirit. I can say this from the most direct evidence,—several of his own MS. sermons now before me. To "know that we are of God, by the Spirit which he has given us," he, and most in his time, believed to be the privilege of a few, and but of a few: hence the people were not exhorted to "follow on to know the Lord;" and although several, and among them most undoubtedly Mrs. Wesley, had a measure of the thing, felt its effects, and brought forth the fruits of it, yet they knew not its name. Mrs. Wesley had long before laid her burden at the foot of the cross; she had received Christ crucified as her only Saviour; she herself shows that she had trusted in nothing but the infinite merit of his sacrificial death and intercession; she was justified by faith, for she had "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," gloried even in tribulation, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God; for "the love of God was shed abroad in her heart by the Holy Ghost that was given to her:" but having little or no acquaintance with deeply religious people, and her husband not holding out this blessing as the privilege of all true believers, she knew not precisely her own state; and because she did not know how to hold fast the consolations which she had received, she often, like many others, fell into doubts and fears which brought her into temporary bondage. But, in general, her mountain stood strong.

After her husband's death, when she came to sit under the clear ministry of her sons John and Charles, and to converse with many pious and sensible members of the society, her mind became more enlightened in spiritual things; she saw the privileges of the people of

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God, expected much in the means of grace, and received a fresh, full, and clear evidence of her acceptance at the time mentioned above.

She had then what the Methodists rightly call the abiding witness of the Spirit, and very probably an application of that "blood which cleanses from all unrighteousness." That she had long served God as a master, under the spirit of fear, without that love which springs from a consciousness of his love ("We love him because he first loved us"), I am ready enough to grant. This is, less or more, the lot and experience of all: but that legal night did not last to her seventieth year. She was long before that in the divine favour, and felt her blessedness, though she could not give it its appropriate name; nor did she feel its fulness, because she had not the advantage of a clear ministry on the subject of salvation by faith.

I do not argue that a person may be justified, and not know it, or feel the alteration in his state. I think this is a dangerous doctrine; because I am satisfied that it is the privilege of every believer to know he is in the divine favour. But I contend, a person may be justified, have peace and joy in believing, and feel the burden of guilt taken away from the conscience, and for a time not know the precise name of that state of grace in which he stands. I have known a very striking case of this kind, where the person, having little acquaintance with religious people, after a long night of grief, darkness, and distress, felt and was astonished at the moral change which had taken place in his mind, but knew not by what name to call it. His burden of guilt, and he had felt it very heavy, was taken away; he felt no condemnation, he rejoiced in Christ Jesus, and had no confidence in the flesh, and brought forth all the fruits of

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faith; and it was a considerable time after this change had taken place before he knew what God had done for his soul, though he felt and exulted in the blessedness he had received.

But to return. What is an epitaph? or what should an epitaph be? A strongly condensed abridgment of the life of the deceased; and if a pious person be the subject, the epitaph should be a pointed exhibition of the grace that was in him, and his faithfulness to that grace; and all this so recommended that the living may lay it to heart, and be excited to a practical emulation. But how little of this is found in the above epitaph! We are not even told that she was the wife of Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth! Perhaps modesty in the sons prevented them from speaking in her praise: if so, it was very ill-judged. Had I a muse of the strongest pinion, I should not fear to indulge it in its highest flights in sketching out the character of this super-excellent woman. Mr. Southey has very properly criticised this epitaph; but he mistakes when he says, that "her sons represent her as if she had lived in ignorance of real Christianity during the life of her excellent husband." They do not, they could not, do it. They well knew she had a profound knowledge of Christianity, nor was she indebted to her husband's teaching for this: but the epitaph represents her as being to that time destitute of the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. A man may have a full knowledge of real Christianity without this; but he cannot without it have an experimental knowledge of its saving power. However, she had both, long before that time. And so fully acquainted was she with the Christian system, and the evidences of its divine origin, that she even taught wisdom among those that were perfect—those that were

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deeply instructed in all human learning. How Mr. John Wesley could consent to permit such an epitaph to be inscribed on her head-stone, I cannot comprehend. In the late edition of Mr. Wesley's Works the whole account is very reprehensibly omitted in the Journal, and only referred to as being entered in vol. i., p. 41; and in this place only the first verse of the epitaph is given.* Probably the editor was as much displeased with it as either Mr. Southey or myself.†

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* I find Mr. Moore, in his recent life of Mr. Wesley, defends this epitaph, and is severe on those who have found fault with it. He says, "The poetry of Mr. Charles Wesley is too high for them." I hope he does not refer to anything in this epitaph, as too high for any person who has common sense to understand. My objection is, it is too low for her who was its object; and I am fully satisfied that the epitaph has no merit, beyond a flat simplicity. I contend, that the last lines of the second stanza "are incautiously expressed," and are not a true representation of the state of Mrs. Wesley. This I have sufficiently proved to every unprejudiced mind, in my account of this super-excellent woman. That any soul of man, "not wholly unacquainted with the art of poetry," should ever call this epitaph "inexpressibly beautiful and highly characteristic," is to me, knowing as I do the learning, sound judgment, and good sense of the writer, a wonder of the first magnitude. What now stands on her head-stone may be found at the end of this account.

† In a subsequent edition of Mr. Wesley's works, published in 1829, the epitaph is inserted, vol. i., p. 384. It is also to be found in "Hymns and Sacred Poems. In two volumes. By Charles Wesley, M. A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford. Bristol: Printed and sold by Felix Farley."—Vol. i., p. 282. *First Edition.* Dr. Clarke, in his first edition of the "Wesley Family," p. 360, observes, in reference to the epitaph in question, that "he," that is, Mr. John Wesley, "certainly never composed it." Mr. Charles Wesley confirms the doctor's opinion, by inserting it among his own "Hymns and Sacred Poems;" and had the doctor been aware of this, he would not have expunged the passage, in preparing the work for a second edition.—EDITOR.

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Mrs. Wesley's character will be best seen in the preceding memoirs. She appears to have had the advantage of a liberal education, as far as Latin, Greek, and French enter into such an education. She had read much, and thought much; and thus her mind was cultivated. Both logic and metaphysics had formed a part of her studies; and these acquisitions, without appearing, for she studiously endeavours to conceal them, are felt to great advantage in all her writings.

She had a strong and vigorous mind, and an undaunted courage. She feared no difficulty; and in search of truth, at once looked the most formidable objections full in the face; and never hesitated to give any enemy all the vantage-ground he could gain, when she rose up to defend either the doctrines or precepts of the religion of the Bible. She was not only graceful but beautiful in her person. Her sister Judith, painted by Sir Peter Lely, is represented as a very beautiful woman. One who well knew both said, "Beautiful as Miss Annesley appears, she was far from being so beautiful as Mrs. Wesley."

As a wife she was affectionate and obedient, having a sacred respect for authority wherever lodged.* As the

* Her husband, in his Life of Christ, has drawn the following "picture of a good wife," which has been pointed out as exhibiting the living excellences he beheld in his own, p. 40, lines 258—276:

"She graced my humble roof, and blest my life,
Blest me by a far greater name than wife;*
Yet still I bore an undisputed sway,
Nor was't her task, but pleasure, to obey;
Scarce thought, much less could act, what I denied,
In our low house there was no room for pride:
Nor need I e'er direct what still was right,
She studied my convenience and delight.

* Friend.

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mistress of a large family, her management was exquisite in all its parts; and its success beyond comparison or former example. As a Christian, she was modest, humble, and pious. Her religion was as rational as it was scriptural and profound. In forming her creed she dug deep, and laid her foundation upon a rock; and the storms and adversities of life never shook it. Her faith carried her through life, and it was unimpaired in death. She was a tender mother, a wise and invaluable friend. Several of her children were eminent; and HE, who excelled all the rest, owed, under God, at least one half of his excellencies to the instructions of his mother. If it were not unusual to apply such an epithet to a woman, I would not hesitate to say she was an able divine!

I have traced her life with much pleasure, and received from it much instruction; and when I have seen her repeatedly grappling with gigantic adversities, I have adored the grace of God that was in her, and have not been able to repress my tears. I have been acquainted with many pious females; I have read the lives of several others, and composed memoirs of a few; but such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been ac-

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Nor did I for her care ungrateful prove,
But only used my power to show my love.
Whate'er she asked I gave, without reproach or grudge,
For still she reason asked, and I was judge;
All my commands, requests at her fair hands,
And her requests to me were all commands:
To other's thresholds rarely she'd incline,
Her house her pleasure was, and she was mine;
Rarely abroad, or never, but with me,
Or when by pity called, or charity."

EDITOR.

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quainted. Such an one Solomon has described in the last chapter of his Proverbs; and to her I can apply the summed-up character of his accomplished housewife: Many daughters have done virtuously; but SUSANNA WESLEY has excelled them all.

As neither Mr. Wesley nor any of his mother's biographers have mentioned the place of her interment, I shall just observe that it may be found in Bunhill Fields, where the numbers 42 and 17 intersect. A new stone has of late years been set up with the following inscription:—

Here lies the body of
MRS. SUSANNA WESLEY,
Widow of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, M. A.,
(late Rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire),
who died July 23, 1742,
Aged 73 years.
She was the youngest Daughter of the
Rev. Samuel Annesley, D. D., ejected by the Act
of Uniformity from the Rectory of St. Giles's
Cripplegate, Aug. 24, 1662.
She was the Mother of nineteen Children,
of whom the most eminent were the
REV. JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY;
the former of whom was under God the
Founder of the Societies of the People
called Methodists

In sure and certain hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.

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Where the male issue fails, the records of any private family may soon be lost; in most cases, neither public nor private interest is promoted by keeping up the memorial.

Though it is only about forty* years since the founder of the Methodists died, all knowledge of that part of the family that had no public eminence is almost obliterated. Out of the nineteen children of Mr. Samuel Wesley, the names of only thirteen can be recovered; and of most even of these little or nothing is known.

It is customary in many country parishes to keep the registers at the Parsonage-house, because of the damp of the church and vestry. This was the case at the Parsonage-house at Epworth; and when it was burnt down in 1709, all these records perished in the flames; so that the genealogy of all the children born in Epworth previously to this catastrophe is lost. I have inquired upon the spot, and also extended those inquiries to South Ormsby and Wroote; and all that I can collect will be given under each name.†

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* The second edition of this work was under Dr. Clarke's correcting hand in 1828-9.—EDITOR.

† The following is the order in which Dr. Clarke had left them: "Samuel Wesley; Susanna Wesley; Emilia Wesley; Annesley and Jedidiah, *twins;* Susannah, afterwards Mrs. Ellison; John Wesley; Martha Wesley; Charles Wesley; Mary Wesley; Anne Wesley; Mehetabel Wesley, or Hetty; and Kezziah Wesley." But this arrangement would in all probability have been altered; and the following, if it had not been adopted, will perhaps appear, after a minute attention to the different dates as

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SAMUEL WESLEY, JUN.

Of the eighteen or nineteen children which Mrs. Wesley had, Samuel was undoubtedly the eldest, as he was born in London or its vicinity before his father's removal to South Ormsby, which was in the beginning of 1691, as appears by his handwriting in the parish register still preserved, and already noticed. Mr. Wesley appears to have married Miss S. Annesley in 1689; and his son

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they turn up in the work, as correct a genealogical account as any that has hitherto been presented to the public :—

NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	TIME.	SOURCES OF INFORMATION, &c.
1. Samuel Wesley	London	1690	"Student's Library;" Epitaph; South Ormsby Register.
2. Susannah Wesley	S. Ormsby	1691	South Ormsby Register.
3. Emilia, afterwards Mrs. Harper	Do.	1692	Do.
4. Annesley and Jedidiah, *twins*	Do.	1694	Do.
5. Susannah, afterwards Mrs. Ellison	Do.	1696	"One year older" than Mary during the disturbances in the Parsonage House (see vol. i., p. 254).
6. Mary, afterwards Mrs. Whitelamb	Probably Epworth	1696	Was "about twenty years old," during the disturbances in the Parsonage House, in 1716 (see vol. i., p. 254).
7. Mehetabel, or Hetty, afterwards Mrs. Wright	Epworth	1697	Was "a year younger than Molly" (or Mary), during the same disturbances (see vol. i., p. 254).
— *Twins*, unnamed..	Do.	1701	See vol. i., p. 198, letter dated May 18, 1701.
8. Anne, afterwards Mrs. Lambert ..	Do.	1702	"About fifteen years old" during the disturbances (see vol. i., p. 258).
9. John Wesley	Do.	1703	See the different memoirs of him.
10. Martha, afterwards Mrs. Hall	Do.	1707	See her life.
11. Charles Wesley....	Do.	1708	See his biographers.
12. Kezziah Wesley ..	Do.	1710	See a note from her brother John, in her memoir.

The memoirs are inserted agreeably to this arrangement.—EDITOR

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Samuel was born on the 10th of February in the following year. This date may be collected from his epitaph, which states his death to have taken place, "Nov. 6, 1739, in the 49th year of his age." Whether he was baptized among the Dissenters, or in some parochial church in London, I cannot learn; the probability is, that he was dedicated to God by his grandfather, Dr. Annesley.

Mr. Samuel Wesley came into the world with a strange *mark*, which Mr. J. W. mentions, in his critique on Count de Buffon's Natural History, Armin. Mag., vol. v., p. 547. The Count, who denies that children are marked in consequence of the *longing* of their mothers, says, "The marks of fruit are always yellow, red, or black;" to which Mr. J. W. answers, "No; my own mother longed for *mulberries*. In consequence of this, my eldest brother had all his life a mulberry on his neck; and both the size and colour varied just like those of a real mulberry. Every spring it was small and white; it then grew larger, exactly as real mulberries do, being greenish, then red, then a deep purple, as large and of as deep a purple as any mulberry on the tree."

I have already mentioned, in the memoirs of Mrs. Wesley, that Samuel did not speak till he was between four and five years of age, which was a great grief to the family, as they feared he was born dumb. But one day, having retired out of sight, as was his frequent custom, to amuse himself with a favourite cat, hearing his mother anxiously calling him, he crept out from under a table, and said, "Here I am, mother," to the great surprise and comfort of all the family.

In 1704, when about fourteen years of age, he was sent to Westminster School; and was admitted King's scholar in 1707.

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This school, through the extraordinary abilities of Dr Busby, its late master, then only a few years dead, had acquired the highest celebrity of any school in Europe. In it Dr. Busby had his education; and, after completing his studies at Oxford, he became its head master in 1640. He superintended it for fifty-five years; during which time, by his skill, diligence, deep learning, and exact discipline, he bred up the greatest number of eminent men in church and state, that ever at one time adorned any age or nation. He died in 1695, when almost ninety years of age.

Where Dr. Busby found animation, he knew there was brain, and proper cultivation would produce and extend intellect; and the apparent stupidity or dulness of the subject was neither a bar to his expectations, nor a hinderance to his ultimate success. He had to operate on minds of various descriptions, from that of the flippant witling, down to that of the heavy lumpish lad, whose intellect seemed irrecoverably enveloped in hebetude. To Dr. Busby's plans, science, and discipline, every thing yielded; and no dunce nor unlearned man was ever turned out of Westminster School during his incumbency.

When Mr. Wesley entered this school, all Dr. Busby's plans were in full operation; and the elementary books which this great master had composed for this institution were of such a character as at once to smooth the path of learning, till then sufficiently rugged, and lay the foundation of a correct classical taste and profound literature. In the present age, humane and learned men have been endeavouring, so to speak, to find out a royal road to geometry; difficulties have been professedly lessened, till at last the foundations of science have been laid upon the sands. Profound literature is rarely to be

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met with. We have still, it is true, the splendour and brilliancy of gold; but on examination we frequently find a mass of inferior metal; and even the surface, though completely covered, yet not deeply gilt.

Mr. Wesley availed himself of the valuable advantages put within his reach, and became a thorough scholar. He had naturally a strong and discerning mind, which soon shone conspicuous for its correct classical taste. Of this these memoirs shall exhibit ample proof.

We have already seen what care Mrs. Wesley took to cultivate the minds of her children, and form them, as far as human influence and teaching can extend, to religion and piety. As the blessing of God will never be wanting to render such parental cares efficient, she saw in every case that her labour was not in vain. As Samuel was her first-born, she felt it her duty in a peculiar manner to dedicate him to the Lord. Hence she was especially concerned for his highest interest; and her anxious cares were not lessened on his removal to Westminster. Thoroughly apprehensive of the dangers to which he would be exposed in a public school, far removed from the eye of his parents, she endeavoured, by a very judicious and pious correspondence, to maintain the good impressions which had been made on his mind; and to show him that the new engagements into which he was proposing to enter required such a steadiness and purity of conduct as could not be obtained but by a heart decidedly fixed on God, and making him the end of all its operations and designs. As his parents had dedicated him to the work of the ministry, so it became the object of his own choice; and his literary pursuits were in the main directed to this end.

A letter, written to him by his mother in October, 1709,

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refers to all these circumstances, and contains such excellent counsels and advices, conceived with so much piety and judgment, and expressed with so much energy and dignity of language, as could not fail to make them profitable to the son; and must render them useful to all in similar circumstances, who may have the opportunity to read them.

"I hope that you retain the impressions of your education, nor have forgot that the vows of God are upon you. You know that the first-fruits are Heaven's by an unalienable right; and that as your parents devoted you to the service of the altar, so you yourself made it your choice when your father was offered another way of life for you. But have you duly considered what such a choice and such a dedication imports? Consider well, what separation from the world, what purity, what devotion, what exemplary virtue, are required in those who are to guide others to glory! I say exemplary, for low, common degrees of piety are not sufficient for those of the sacred function. You must not think to live like the rest of the world; your light must so shine before men that they may see your good works, and thereby be led to glorify your Father which is in heaven. For my part, I cannot see with what face clergymen can reprove sinners, or exhort men to lead a good life, when they themselves indulge their own corrupt inclinations, and by their practice contradict their doctrine. If the Holy Jesus be indeed their Master, and they are really his Ambassadors, surely it becomes them to live like his disciples; and if they do not, what a sad account must they give of their stewardship!

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"I would advise you, as much as possible, in your present circumstances, to throw your business into a certain method, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable facility in the performance of your respective duties. Begin and end the day with Him who is the Alpha and Omega; and if you really experience what it is to love God, you will redeem all the time you can for his more immediate service. I will tell you what rule I used to observe when I was in my father's house, and had as little, if not less liberty than you have now. I used to allow myself as much time for recreation as I spent in private devotion; not that I always spent so much, but I gave myself leave to go so far, but no farther. So in all things else; appoint so much time for sleep, eating, company, &c. But above all things, my dear Sammy, I command you, I beg, I beseech you, to be very strict in observing the Lord's day. In all things endeavour to act upon principle, and do not live like the rest of mankind, who pass through the world like straws upon a river, which are carried which way the stream or wind drives them. Often put this question to yourself, Why do I this or that? Why do I pray, read, study, or use devotion, &c.? By which means you will come to such a steadiness and consistency in your words and actions as becomes a reasonable creature, and a good Christian."

Such a mother at the head of a numerous family was a public blessing. I have before observed that Methodism is under the highest obligations to this excellent woman; and the extent of the obligations to the mother has not yet been duly estimated by the followers of the son.

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About this time an accident occurred, which, with the total destruction of the Parsonage-house at Epworth, and all the family property, had nearly proved fatal to the family itself, the whole of which had been saved almost by miracle. The fire (of which we shall see a particular account when we come to the life of Mr. John Wesley) took place on February 9, 1709. Samuel, who was then at Westminster School, had received only a confused account of this catastrophe: and, among other inaccurate intelligence, had heard that one of the children was either lost or had perished in the flames. On this occasion he wrote the following letter to his mother, which marks much solicitude and dutiful affection.

"Madam,

"Had not my grandmother told me, the last time I was there, that you were near lying-in, at which time I thought it would be in vain to write what you would not be able to read, I had sent you letters over and over again before this. I beg, therefore, you would not impute it to any negligence, which sure I never can be guilty of, while I enjoy what you gave me—life. My father lets me be in profound ignorance as to your circumstances at Epworth; and I have not heard a word from the country since the first letter you sent me after the fire, so that I am quite ashamed to go to any of my relations, for fear of being jeered out of my life. They ask me whether my father intends to leave Epworth? whether he is rebuilding his house? whether any contributions are to be expected? what was the lost child, a boy or a girl? what was its name? whether my father has lost all his books and papers? if nothing was saved?

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To all of which I am forced to answer, I can't tell—I don't know—I have not heard. I have asked my father some of these questions, but am still an ignoramus. If you think my Cowley and Hudibras worth accepting, I shall be very glad to send them to my mother, who gave them me. I hope you are all well, as all are in town.

"Your most affectionate Son,

"SAM. WESLEY."

"June 9, St. Peter's Coll. Westminster."

As he had the reputation of being a good and accurate scholar, he was taken occasionally by Dr. Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, and one of the Prebends of Westminster, to read to him in the evenings at his seat at Bromley, in Kent. Bishop Sprat had at that time the reputation of being one of the first scholars in England, learned in almost all arts and sciences, and a poet of the first order. To almost any young man of learning and genius the friendship and conversation of such a person as Bishop Sprat would have been invaluable. But Mr. Wesley was so intent on his own classical studies, and withal short-sighted, and of a feeble voice, that he esteemed this service rather as a bondage than a privilege. The Bishop's studies were nothing similar to his own; and he considered the time he was obliged to spend at Bromley as totally lost. From this place he wrote a Latin letter to his father, Aug. 1710 full of complaints, but ill justified by their cause. Dr. Whitehead has preserved a fragment, which I shall transcribe. Speaking of the Bishop, he says,—

"Ille mihi et in sacris, et in profanis rebus semper erit infestissimus: studia enim intermitti cogit, quibus pro

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virili incubueram. Ultimo anno in Collegio agendo, ubi non mihi seniori opus est amicorum hospitio, a studiis et a schola me detraxit, non modo nullam ad utilitatem sed ne ad minimam quidem vel utilitatis vel voluptatis speciem me vocavit. Ipse hodie foras est, aliter vix otium foret quo has scriberem. Me ex omnibus discipulis elegit ut perlegerum ei noctu libros: me raucum, me μυωπα. Gaudeo vos valetudine bonâ frui. Tuam et maternam benedictionam oro. Episcopus jussit me illius in literis mentionem facere. Da veniam subitis. Aviam ultimis festis vidi; his venientibus non possum, quia ab inimico amico detineor."

"He (the Bishop) will always be exceedingly troublesome to me both in sacred and profane learning; for he obliges me to interrupt those studies to which I had applied myself with all my might. Spending my last year in this college, where, being a senior, I do not need the hospitality of friends, he has taken me away both from my studies, and from school, not only without any benefit, but without even the appearance either of utility or pleasure. To-day he is from home, else I should not have had time to write this letter. He chose me from all the scholars; me, who am both hoarse and short-sighted, to read books to him by night! I am glad that you enjoy good health. I beg yours and my mother's blessing. I saw my grandmother* in the last holidays: in those that are approaching I cannot, because I am detained by an unfriendly friend."

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* The grandmother whom he mentions here was the widow of John Wesley, A. M., of Whitchurch, and niece of Dr. Thomas Fuller. See some account of this eminent historian and divine, in the Life of the Rev. J. Wesley, vicar of Whitchurch.

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Mr. Wesley was but young at this time, and might be said to have scarcely finished his common school exercises. He had hitherto conversed merely with school books, and had not read those authors by whose assistance he might have formed and ornamented his style: hence his Latinity in the preceding letter, though grammatically correct, is that of a school-boy who translates Latin into English, being governed simply by the idiom and phraseology of his mother tongue. He was now about twenty years of age, and was only beginning to study the Greek and Latin authors *critically*, and to relish their beauties. His Latin compositions, both in prose and verse, which were the fruits of his maturer age, show how solidly he had built on the good foundation which was laid at Westminster school.

That he retained both at Westminster and Oxford the good impressions he had received from his religious education, there is abundant proof. In December, 1710, he wrote to his mother. The following extract from his letter gives, as Dr. Whitehead justly observes, a pleasing view of his simplicity, and of his serious attention to the state of his own heart, and the first motions of evil.

"I received the sacrament (says he) the first Sunday of this month. I am unstable as water: I frequently make good resolutions, and keep them for a time; and then grow weary of restraint. I have one grand failing, which is, that having done my duty, I undervalue others; and think what wretches the rest of the college are, compared with me! Sometimes in my relapses I cry out, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, and the leopard his spots? then may you also do good who are accustomed to do evil." But I answer again, "With men

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this is impossible; but with God all things are possible. Amen."

Mrs. Wesley answered this letter in the same month. I shall lay the whole of her excellent letter before the reader.

"*Thursday, Dec.* 28, [1710.]

"Dear Sammy,

"I am much better pleased with the beginning of your letter than with what you used to send me; for I do not love distance or ceremony: there is more of love and tenderness in the name of *mother* than in all the complimental titles in the world.

"I intend to write to your father about your coming down; but yet it would not be amiss for you to speak of it too. Perhaps our united desires may sooner prevail upon him to grant our request; tho' I do not think he will be averse from it at all.

"I am heartily glad that you have already received, and that you design again to receive, the holy sacrament; for there is nothing more proper or effectual for the strengthening and refreshing the mind than the frequent partaking of that blessed ordinance.

"You complain that you are unstable and inconstant in the ways of virtue. Alas! what Christian is not so too? I am sure that I, above all others, am most unfit to advise in such a case; yet, since I cannot but speak something, since I love you as my own soul, I will endeavour to do as well as I can; and, perhaps, while I write I may learn, and by instructing you I may teach myself.

"*First.* Endeavour to get as deep an impression on your mind as is possible, of the awful and constant pre-

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sence of the great and holy God. Consider frequently, that wherever you are, or whatever you are about, he always adverts to your thoughts and actions, in order to a future retribution. He is about our beds, and about our paths, and spies out all our ways; and whenever you are tempted to the commission of any sin, or the omission of any duty, make a pause, and say to yourself,—What am I about to do? God sees me! Is this my avowed faithfulness to my Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier? Have I so soon forgot that the vows of God are upon me? Was it easier for the eternal Son of God to die for me, than it is for me to remember him? For what end came he into the world, but to satisfy the justice of God for us, and to reconcile us to God, and to plant good life among men in order to their eternal salvation? What! cannot I watch one hour with that Jesus who veiled his native glory with our nature, and condescended so low as to make himself of no reputation, by putting on the form of a servant, that he might be capable of conferring the greatest benefit upon us that man could receive, by his suffering such a shameful and cursed death upon the cross for our redemption? O Sammy, think but often and seriously on Jesus Christ, and you will experience what it is to have the heart purified by faith.

"*Secondly.* Consider often of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory that is prepared for those who persevere in the paths of virtue. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for such as love and serve him faithfully.' And when you have so long thought on this that you find your mind affected with it, then turn your view upon this present world, and see what vain inconsiderable trifles you practically prefer

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before a solid, rational, permanent state of everlasting tranquillity. Could we but once attain to a strong and lively sense of spiritual things, could we often abstract our minds from corporeal objects, and fix them on heaven, we should not waver and be so inconstant as we are in matters of the greatest moment; but the soul would be naturally aspiring towards a union with God, as the flame ascends; for He alone is the proper centre of the mind, and it is only the weight of our corrupt nature that retards its motions towards him.

"*Thirdly.* Meditate often and seriously on the shortness, uncertainty, and vanity of this present state of things. Alas! had we all that the most ambitious craving souls can desire; were we actually possessed of all the honour, wealth, strength, beauty, &c. that our carnal minds can fancy or delight in; what would it signify if God should say unto us, 'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee?' Look back upon your past hours, and tell me which of them afford you the most pleasing prospect; whether those spent in play or vanity, or those few that were employed in the service of God? Have you not, in your short experience, often found Solomon's observations on the world very true? Has not a great part of your little life proved, on reflection, nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit? How many persons on a death-bed have bitterly bewailed the sins of their past life, and made large promises of amendment if it would have pleased God to have spared them; but none that ever lived, or died, repented of a course of piety and virtue. Then, why should you not improve the experience of those who have gone before you, and your own also, to your advantage? And since it is past dispute that the ways of virtue are infinitely better than the practice of vice, and that life is only short at best,

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and uncertain, and that this little portion of time is all we have for working out our salvation;—for as the tree falls, so it must lie; as death leaves us, judgment will certainly find us;—have a good courage—eternity is at hand. Lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset you; and run with patience and vigour the race which is set before you: and if at any time present objects should make so great an impression on your senses as to endanger the alienating your mind from the spiritual life, then look up to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, and humbly beseech him, that since he for our sake suffered himself to be under the state of temptation, he would please to succour you when you are tempted; and in his strength you will find yourself enabled to encounter your spiritual enemies; nay, you will be more than a conqueror through HIM who hath loved us.

"I am sorry that you lie under a necessity of conversing with those that are none of the best: but we must take the world as we find it, since it is a happiness permitted to very few to choose their company. Yet, lest the comparing yourself with others that are worse may be an occasion of your falling into too much vanity, you would do well, sometimes, to entertain such thoughts as these:—

"'Though I know my own birth and education, and am conscious of having had great advantages, yet, how little do I know of the circumstances of others? Perhaps their parents were vicious, or did not take early care of their minds, to instil the principles of virtue into their tender years, but suffered them to follow their own inclinations till it was to late to reclaim them. Am I sure that they have had as many offers of grace, as many and strong impulses of the Holy Spirit, as I have had?

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Do they sin against as clear conviction as I do? Or are the vows of God upon them, as upon me? Were they so solemnly devoted to him at their birth as I was? You have had the example of a father who served God from his youth; and, though I cannot commend my own to you, for it is too bad to be imitated, yet, surely, earnest prayers for many years, and some little good advice, have not been wanting.

"But if, after all, self-love should incline you to partiality in your own case, seriously consider your own many failings, which the world cannot take notice of, because they were so private; and if still, upon comparison, you seem better than others are, then ask yourself, Who is it that makes you to differ? and let God have all the praise, since of ourselves we can do nothing. It is he that worketh in us both to will and to do of his own good pleasure; and if at any time you have vainly ascribed the glory of any good performance to yourself, humble yourself for it before God, and give him the glory of his grace for the future.

"I am straitened for paper and time, therefore must conclude. God Almighty bless you, and preserve you from all evil. Adieu."

The next year, 1711, he was elected to Christ's Church, Oxford; where his diligence was exemplary, and his profiting great.

The anonymous author of his Life, prefixed to the 12mo. edition of his Poems, 1743, says, "In both these places (Westminster and Oxford) by the sprightliness of his compositions, and his remarkable industry, he gained a reputation beyond most of his contemporaries, being thoroughly and critically skilled in the learned languages, and master of the classics, to a degree of perfec-

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tion perhaps not very common in this last mentioned society, so justly famous for polite learning. "With these qualifications he was sent for, from the university, to officiate as one of the ushers in Westminster School; and soon after, under the direction of Bishop Atterbury, then dean of Westminster, entered into holy orders. His attachment to this unfortunate prelate (who by his continual opposition to Sir Robert Walpole's measures became obnoxious to the Government, and was at last on frivolous pretences, whether true or false, banished for life) prevented his preferment in the church. And it proceeded further; for through this same attachment he was prevented from obtaining the vacant chair of Under-Master in Westminster School; for which he was eminently qualified by learning, judgment, habit, and experience, after he had officiated as Head Usher for about twenty years. It was denied him on the frivolous pretence, that he was a married man! This was to him a severe disappointment, as he fully expected the place. But though he quitted the school in disgust,* he made a very pious use of this dispensation of divine providence, as may be seen by the following verses, written on this occasion, dated January 22, 1732, and which, I believe, have never been published.

Oppressed, O Lord, in Thee I trust,
To Thee insulted flee:
Howe'er in mortals 'tis unjust,
'Tis righteousness in Thee.

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* That Mr. Wesley was much mortified, cannot for a moment be questioned; but that his mortified feelings amounted to "disgust" will, perhaps, admit of a doubt; for in the dedication of his poems, in 1736, he observes, "Westminster school is a place no power on earth can hinder me from loving." Whatever might be his feelings with regard to the *men*, the *place* at least gave rise to many endearing recollections.—EDITOR.

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To God why should the thankless call
His blessings to repeat?
Why should the unthankful for the small
Be trusted with the great?

To Thee my soul for mercy flies,
And pardon seeks on high;
For earth, its mercy I despise
And justice I defy.

Grant me, O Lord, with holier care,
And worthier Thee, to live!
Forgive my foes, and let them dare
The injured to forgive.

Thy grace, in death's decisive hour,
Though undeserved, bestow!
Oh, then, on me Thy mercies shower,
And welcome judgment now!

These verses fully express the disappointment, its injustice, and the feelings it produced. As he had reason to believe that the ministry was at the bottom of this transaction, we need not wonder at the severe epigrams with which he assailed the Walpolian administration. We shall have occasion to refer to these afterwards.

While at Oxford, he appears to have entered a good deal into biblical criticism; and particularly into the controversy excited by Mr. Whiston, who, having laboured himself into the Socinian scheme, endeavoured by writing and publishing to support it to the uttermost of his power.

Mr. S. Wesley had written a discourse on the larger epistle of Ignatius. This epistle Mr. Whiston had attacked, as interpolated by the Athanasians; and in his "Primitive Christianity Revived" (4 vols. 8vo.), had endeavoured, not only to weaken the evidence of our Lord's divinity, but to inundate the church with spurious writings which he wished to prove of equal authority with

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those of the New Testament, and necessary to complete the canon of the Christian Revelation.

How these things affected the mind of Mr. Wesley may be seen in a letter sent to Robert Nelson, Esq., author of the "Fasts and Festivals of the English Church," dated Oxford, June 3rd, 1713, when he had been about two years at the university. He says,—

"I hoped long ere this to have perfected, as well as I could, my dissertation on Ignatius, and gotten it ready for the press, when I came to town this year. But I found myself disappointed; at first, for some months by my affairs in the East India house; and since, by my charity hymns, and other matters. I think I told you some time since, that I had laid materials together for a second discourse on that subject, directly against Mr. Whiston's objections to the shorter and genuine copy of Ignatius; whereas my former was chiefly against the larger; because I then thought, if that were proved interpolated, it would be readily granted that the other was the genuine. But having found, when Mr. Whiston's four volumes came out, that he had in the first of them laid together many objections against the shorter epistles, I set myself to consider them; and having now got Archbishop Usher, Bishop Pearson, and Dr. Smith on that subject, and as carefully as I could perused them, I found that many of Mr. Whiston's objections were taken from Daillé, a few from the writings of the Socinians and modern Arians, though most of them from his own observations. These latter being new, and having not appeared when Bishop Pearson and the others wrote, could not be taken notice of then; and being now published in the English language, may seduce some well-meaning persons, and persuade them that the true Ignatius was of the same opinion with the

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Arians (whereas I am sure he was as far from it as light is from darkness), and that the rather, because there has been no answer, that I know of, published to them, though they were printed in the year 1711. I know many are of opinion that it is best still to slight him, and take no notice of him. This, I confess, is the most easy way; but cannot tell whether it will be safe in respect to the common people, or will tend so much to the honour of our church and nation. Of this, however, I am pretty confident, that I can prove all objections, whether general or particular, against the shorter copy, to be notoriously false. Such as that, p. 86, 87, 'That the smaller so frequently calls Christ God;' which, he says, was done to serve the turn of the Athanasians, and cannot in reason be supposed to be an omission in the larger, but must be an interpolation in the smaller; whereas I find that the smaller calls him God but fifteen times, the larger, eighteen; and if we take in those to Antioch and Tarsus, twenty-two times, for an obvious reason.

"Again, he says, p. 64, 'That serious exhortations to practical, especially domestic duties, are in the larger only, being to a surprising degree omitted in the small.' But I have collected above one hundred instances wherein these duties are most pressingly recommended in the smaller. But what he labours for most, is to prove that the first quotations in Eusebius and others of the ancients are agreeable to the larger, not the smaller. Whereas on my tracing and comparing them all, as far as I have had opportunity, I have found this assertion to be a palpable mistake, unless in one quotation from the Chronicon Alexandrinum, or Paschale. I would gladly see Montfaucon, Causa Marcelli, St. Basil contra Marcellum, Observations on Pearson's Vindiciæ, and

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some good account of the Jewish Sephiroth; because I think the Gnostics, Basilidians, and Valentinians borrowed many of their Æons from them, since they have the same names; and this might perhaps give further light to the famous ΣΙΓΗ of Ignatius; for the clearing whereof Bishop Pearson, Dr. Bull, and Grotius have so well laboured."

Mr. Wesley mentions two Dissertations here which he had drawn up, and at least made ready for publication, on the authenticity of the smaller, and interpolations of the larger epistles attributed to Ignatius. Whether these were ever put to press, I have not been able to learn.

He speaks also of charity hymns, which I have not seen; and of his business at the East India House, which I suppose was in the affairs of his uncle, Samuel Annesley, who was then in the Company's service at Surat, as we have already seen in the short memoir of his life.

If Mr. Wesley had any patron, it was Dr. Francis Atterbury, Dean of Westminster, and bishop of Rochester; who succeeded Dr. Thomas Sprat in that see, in the year 1713. The disgrace of this prelate blasted all his prospects of preferment in the Church. His history is so nearly connected with that of Mr. Wesley as to render it necessary to say a few words of a man whose quarrel with the ministry led to his own banishment, and agitated the whole nation.

Bishop Atterbury was a very high churchman; he was Prolocutor in the upper house of convocation, and determined in the support of the highest privileges of his order. During the rebellion in Scotland, when the Pretender's declaration was dispersed in England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the bishops in and near

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London, published "A Declaration of their abhorrence of the Rebellion; and an Exhortation to be zealous in the discharge of their duties to King George." This bishop Atterbury refused to sign, because of certain reflections cast on the high-church party in it. This, together with his general opposition to the measures of ministers, served to lay him under suspicion. In August, 1722, he was apprehended under an accusation of being concerned in a plot in favour of the Pretender, and committed to the Tower. A paper which one of the messengers who arrested him pretended to have found concealed in the bishop's premises, and which the bishop protested against as being forged, was the principal evidence against him. On the 23d of March, 1723, a bill was brought into the House of Commons, "for inflicting certain pains and penalties on Francis Lord Bishop of Rochester." As he reserved his opposition to the bill till it should come before the upper house, of which he was a member, it easily passed the Commons; and on the ninth of April it was sent up to the House of Lords, and on May the eleventh he was permitted to plead for himself. This he did in a masterly speech, in which he demonstrated the utter improbability and falsity of the accusation. It was in vain. The king did not like him, and the ministry were determined on his downfal; he was therefore condemned; for the bill was passed on the 16th by a majority of eighty-three to forty-three. On the 27th the king confirmed it; and on the 18th of June he was put on board of the Aldborough man of war, and conveyed to Calais under the sentence of perpetual banishment. He went afterwards to Paris, where he was obliged to live very privately, no Englishman being permitted to associate or converse with him without a special license from the Secretary

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of State, the fees of whose office were oppressively high. He died at Paris, February 15, 1732; and his body was brought over to England on May 12th following, and interred in Westminster Abbey.

Thus Mr. Wesley lost his chief friend and patron; whose cause, because he considered it the cause of truth, he continued invariably to support and vindicate, though he was satisfied, from the complexion of the times, that this would be an insuperable bar to his promotion.

The following extracts of letters from the bishop during his exile will show in what light he was viewed by his patron, now no longer able to do him service. They were occasioned by that fine poem which Mr. Wesley wrote and printed in his collection, on the death of Mrs. Morice, his lordship's daughter.

"*April* 24, 1730.

"I have rec^{d}. a poem from Mr. Morice, which I must be insensible not to thank you for—your elegy upon the death of Mrs. Morice. It is what I cannot help, an impulse upon me to thank you under my own hand; to express the satisfaction I feel, the approbation I give, the envy I bear you, for this good deed and good work. As a poet and as a man I thank you, I esteem you."

"*Paris, May* 27, 1730.

"I am obliged to Wesley for what he has written on my dear child; and take it the more kindly, because he could not hope for my being ever in a condition to reward him. Though if ever I am, I will; for he has shown an invariable regard for me all along, in all circumstances; and much more than some of his acquaintance, who had ten times greater obligations."

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"*Paris, June* 30, 1730.

"The verses you sent me touched me very nearly; and the Latin in the front of them as much as the English that followed.*

"There are a great many good lines in them; and they are written with as much affection as poetry. They came from the heart of the author, and he has a share of mine in return; and if ever I come back to my country with honour, he shall find it.'

This was no mean praise from so great a man, and so good a judge. The reflection made by the anonymous author of a Sketch of his Life, prefixed to the 12mo. edition of his poems, is worthy to be preserved here.

"It may be thought, and perhaps truly enough, that his attachment to this great unfortunate prelate hindered him from rising higher in the world: but as it was what he always gloried in, so it is obvious to remark, that it would be for the credit of human nature if such examples were more frequent, and that great men did oftener find upon the vicissitudes of fortune such firmness and fidelity from those they had obliged."

Mrs. Morice, on whom this elegy was written, was so affected at her father's troubles and disgrace, that she sunk into a lingering disorder, from which she never recovered. As she found her end approaching, she earnestly desired to be taken to France, to have one interview with her father before she died. She had her

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* —— Heu! nunc misero mihi demum
Exilium infelix! nunc alte vulnus adactum.

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desire, and survived the interview only a few hours! The sorrowful tale is thus pathetically related by Bishop Atterbury, in a letter to Mr. Pope:—

"The earnest desire of meeting one I dearly loved, called me to Montpelier; where, after continuing two months under the cruel torture of a sad and fruitless expectation, I was forced at last to take a long journey to Thoulouse; and even there I had missed the person I sought, had she not with great spirit and courage ventured all night up the Garonne to see me, which she had above all things desired to do before she died. By that means she was brought where I was, between seven and eight in the morning, and lived twenty hours afterwards; which time was not lost on either side, but passed in such a manner as gave great satisfaction to both, and such as on her part every way became her circumstances and character; for she had her senses to the very last gasp, and exerted them to give me in those few hours greater marks of duty and love than she had done in all her life-time, though she had never been wanting in either. The last words she said to me were the kindest of all; a reflection on 'the goodness of God, which had allowed us in this manner to meet once more before we parted for ever.' Not many minutes after that, she laid her head on her pillow in a sleeping posture—

Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.

Judge you, Sir, what I felt, and still feel, on this occasion; and spare me the trouble of describing it. At my age, under my infirmities, among utter strangers, how shall I find out proper reliefs and supports? I can have none but those which reason and religion furnish me;

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and those I hold on as fast as I can. I hope that He who laid the burden upon me, for wise and good purposes no doubt, will enable me to bear it."

Mrs. Morice died in 1729, and it was supposed that her dissolution hastened that of her persecuted father. All the preceding circumstances are admirably wrought up in the elegy mentioned above.

When all things are considered, we need not wonder at the severity of the following epigrams, with which Mr. Wesley assailed Sir Robert Walpole and his friends:

When patriots sent a bishop cross the seas,
They met to fix the pains and penalties;
While true-blue blood-hounds on his death were bent,
Thy mercy, Walpole, voted banishment!
Or, forced thy sovereign's orders to perform,
Or proud to govern, as to raise the storm,
Thy goodness, shown in such a dangerous day
He only who received it can repay:
Thou never justly recompensed canst be,
I'ill banished Francis do the same for thee.

Tho' some would give Sir Bob no quarter,
But long to hang him in his garter;
Yet sure he will deserve to have
Such mercy as in power he gave
Send him abroad to take his ease,
By act of pains and penalties:
But if he e'er comes here again,
Law, take thy course, and hang him then.

Four shillings in the pound we see
And well may rest contented,
Since war, *Bob* swore't should never be,
Is happily prevented.

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But he, now absolute become,
May plunder *every penny*;
Then blame him not for taking *some*,
But thank for leaving *any*.

Let H——— his treasure now confess,
Displayed to every eye:
'Twas base in H——— to sell a peace,
But great in Bob to buy.

Which most promotes Great Britain's gain
To all mankind is clear;
One sends our treasure 'cross the main
One brings the foreign here.

But if 'tis fit to give rewards
Or punishments to either,
Why, make them both together *lords*,
Or hang them both together.

At scribblers poor, who rail to eat,
Ye wags give over jeering;
Since, galled by *Harry*, *Bob* the Great
Has stooped to pamphleteering.

Would not one champion on his side
For love or money venture?
Must knighthood's mirror, spite of pride,
So mean a combat enter?

To take the field his weakness shows,
Though well he could maintain it;
Since H——— no honour has to lose,
Pray how can Robin gain it?

Worthy each other are the two:
Halloo, boys! fairly start ye;
Let those be hated worse than you
Whoever strive to part ye.

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A steward once, the Scripture says,
When ordered his accounts to pass,
To gain his master's debtors o'er,
Cried, For a *hundred* write *fourscore*.
Near as he could, Sir Robert, bent
To follow gospel precedent,
When told a *hundred* late would do,
Cried, I beseech you, Sir, take *two*.
In merit which should we prefer,
The *steward* or the *treasurer*?
Neither for justice cared a fig;
Too proud to beg, too old to dig;
Both bountiful themselves have shown,
In things that never were their own:
But here a difference we must grant,
One *robbed the rich* to keep off want;
T' other, vast treasures to secure,
Stole from the *public* and the *poor*.

Among the family papers a Latin ode has been found, with its translation, both by Mr. Wesley, and on the same subject. As I believe these have never been published, I shall insert them also:—

EPITAPHIUM VIVI.

Juxta quiescit, credite Posteri!
Contemptor auri, propositi tenax
Risûsque, vir severus, æquè
Dedecoris, Decorisque risor.

Quem nec Popelli nec Procerum favor
Perstrinxit unquam, quem neque percutit
Famæve mendacis susurrus,
Vel fremitus minitantis aulæ.

Curâ solutus, Rege beatior;
Motus per omnes invariabilis;
Amicus Harlæi cadentis,
W——i dominantis hostis.

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ANNAM parentem qui patriæ ratus,
Semperque eandem, semper amabilem;
Solvebit extinctæ *perennem*,
Parva, licet pia dona, laudem.

Non exulantis Præsulis immemor,
Qui lege latâ fugerat Angliam,
Utrâque fortunâ probati
Patris amans, et amatus illi.

Quos sprevit omnes, tutus ab hostibus,
Hic dormit infra, nec cineri nocet,
Seu, Lector, irredere malis
Seu tetricam caperare frontem.

S. WESLEY.

TRANSLATION.

A man who slighted gold lies here;
True to his laughter and his aim;
Yet even in his mirth severe,
He laughed at glory and at shame.

Who counted vulgar favour light,
And smiles of Lords; who held as sport
The whispers of defaming spite,
The thunder of a threatening court.

Stranger to care, than kings more blest,
Unmoved however parties go;
A friend to *Harley* in distress,
To *Walpole*, when in power, a foe.

Who ANNE (her country's parent) thought
Still, lovely princess! *still the same;*
And praises to her ashes brought,
An humble offering to her fame.

Not mindless of the *prelate* great,
By statute sent across the main;
A father, tried in either state,
He loved, and was beloved again.

Safe from the foes he ne'er could fear,
Unhurt in dust he lays him down;
Whether you praise him with a sneer,
Or sourly blame him with a frown.

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The fourth stanza relates to "Lines on the death of Queen Anne," which will be found at the end of this Memoir; and the fifth, to Bishop Atterbury. Both copies are in Mr. Wesley's own hand-writing, and undoubtedly were of his own composing.

The Bishop himself was not less severe on his persecutor than his friend Mr. S. Wesley was. Witness the following lines "On Sir Robert Walpole, by Bishop Atterbury:"

Three Frenchmen, grateful in their way,
Sir Robert's glory would display.
Studious by sister arts to advance
The honour of a friend to France;
They consecrate to Walpole's fame
Picture, and verse, and anagram.
With mottos quaint the print they dress,
With snakes, with rocks, with goddesses.
Their lines beneath the subject fit,
As well for quantity as wit.
Thy glory, Walpole, thus enrolled,
E'en foes delighted may behold.
For ever sacred be to *thee*,
Such sculpture, and such poetry!

"It is not a little to Mr. Wesley's honour that he was one of the projectors, and a careful and active promoter, of the first Infirmary set up at Westminster, for the relief of the sick and needy, in the year 1719; and he had the satisfaction to see it greatly flourish from a very small beginning, and to propagate by its example, under the prudent management of other good persons, many pious establishments of the same kind in distant parts of the nation."—*Account of Mr. S. Wesley, by a Friend.*

Among Mr. S. Wesley's letters I find one to his brother John, which contains some curious family matters;

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particularly respecting a project of the latter to draw the character of every branch of the family, the commencement of which he had submitted to his brother for his approbation. Whether this project was ever completed I cannot tell; or if so, whether the document exists; if it do, it is not in any place to which I have had access.

"*Dean's-yard, Nov.* 18, 1727.

"Dear Jack,

"I am obliged to you for the beginning of the portrait of our family; how I may judge when I see the whole, though I may guess nearly within myself, I cannot positively affirm to you. There is, I think, not above one particular in all the character which you have drawn at length that needs further explanation; when you say you can bring ear-witnesses to attest, whether that attestation relates only to—money sent—or to that bed. That bed too?—Jealousy naturally increases with age, of which I think one of the best uses we can make is, to guard against it betimes, before the habit grows strong.

"I hope your being in the country, as it is some inconvenience to you, so it will be a considerable help one way or other to friends at Wroote, else I shall be tempted to wish you at Oxford; as I heartily do my brother Charles, though it is too late to tell him so now, since he cannot possibly save this term unless he be there already.

"You send me no account of your negociation with the Dean for his absence; but I don't blame you, since you filled every corner of your own paper with much more important matters than anything his lordship can say or do, even though Charles's studentship were to depend upon it, as I hope it will not.

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"I hope I shall send a letter with your receipt and certificate this evening; and with orders once more to inquire of Mr. Tooke whether he has asked you leave to be absent the greater part of the quarter, or the whole, as it may happen.

"My wife and I join in love and duty, and beg my father's and mother's blessing. I would to God they were as easy in one another, and as little uneasy in their fortunes, as we are! In that sense perhaps you may say, I am *Tydides melior patris;* though I believe there is scarce more work to be done at Wroote than here, though we have fewer debts to discharge. Next Christmas I hope to be as clear as I have hoped to be these seven years. Charles is, I think, in debt for a letter; but I don't desire he should imagine it discharged by setting his name in your letter, or interlining a word or two. I must conclude, because my paper is done, and company come in.

"I am,

"Your affectionate Friend and Brother,

"S. WESLEY."

What all this letter relates to will be best seen by other parts of the general history.

Mr. Wesley being disappointed of the under-mastership at Westminster, to which he had every kind of title, we need not wonder that Dean's-yard could no longer have attractions for him. His health in it had been greatly impaired by a conscientious and rigorous fulfilment of his duties, and by his close and intense study; he was therefore the more easily persuaded to accept a situation in the country.

About the year 1732, there happened to be a vacancy in the head-mastership of the free-school at Tiverton in

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Devonshire. Without any solicitation on his part, he was invited thither. He accepted it, and held the situation till his death.

This school was founded by Mr. Peter Blundell, a clothier of that town, in 1619; who handsomely endowed it for a master and usher; and gave two fellowships and two scholarships to Sidney College, Cambridge, and one fellowship and two scholarships to Baliol College, Oxford, for scholars here educated. The founder of this institution Mr. Wesley has commemorated in the following lines:—

ON MR. PETER BLUNDELL,

FOUNDER OF THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL IN TIVERTON, DEVON.

—— Famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus.

Exempt from sordid and ambitious views,
Blest with the art to gain, and heart to use,
Not satisfied with life's poor span alone,
Blundell through ages sends his blessings down.
Since worth to raise, and learning to support,
A patriarch's lifetime had appeared too short;
While letters gain esteem in wisdom's eyes,
Till justice is extinct, and mercy dies
His alms perpetual, not by time confined,
Last with the world, and end but with mankind.

Mr. S. Wesley having correct information (much of it gained on the spot in a hasty visit to the University) of the extraordinary labours of his brothers, John and Charles, with their once fervent coadjutor, Mr. Morgan, in visiting the prisoners, relieving the sick, instructing the ignorant, and rendering themselves patterns of a strictly holy life and uncommon self-denial, wrote a poetic epistle to his brother Charles, then at Christ's

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Church, Oxford, encouraging them to go on, and endeavouring to guard them against such excess of labour as might be injurious to health and life. This epistle, which appears to have been written April 20, 1732, deserves, for its piety, and the strong fraternal affection manifested in it, to be recorded here; and particularly as it has not yet been given entire in any of the publications I have seen:—

"Though neither are o'erstocked with precious time—
If I can write it, you can read my rhyme:
And find an hour to answer, I suppose,
In verse harmonious, or in humble prose,
What I, when late at Oxford, could not say,
My friends so numerous, and so short my stay.
Let useless questions first aside be thrown,
Which all men may reply to, or that none:
As whether doctors doubt the D—— will die,
Or F—— still retains his courtesy?
Or I——n dies daily in conceit,—
Dies without death, and walks without his feet:
What time the library completes its shell?
What hand revives the discipline of Fell?
What house for learning shall rewards prepare,
Which orators and poets justly share,
And see a second Atterbury there?
Say, does your Christian purpose still proceed
To assist, in every shape, the wretch's need?
To free the prisoner from his anxious jail,
When friends forsake him, and relations fail?
Or yet, with nobler charity conspire,
To snatch the guilty from eternal fire?
Has your small squadron firm in trial stood,
Without preciseness, singularly good?
Safe march they on, 'twixt dangerous extremes
Of mad profaneness, and enthusiasts' dreams?
Constant in prayer, while God approves their pains,
His Spirit cheers them, and his blood sustains!

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Unmoved by pride or anger, can they fear
The foolish laughter, or the envious fleer?
No wonder wicked men blaspheme their care,
The Devil always dreads offensive war.
Where heavenly zeal the sons of night pursues,
Likely to gain, and certain not to lose;
The sleeping conscience wakes by dangers near,
And pours the light in, they so greatly fear.
But hold! perhaps this dry religious toil
May damp the genius, and the scholar spoil!
Perhaps facetious foes to meddling fools
Shine in the class, and sparkle in the schools
Your arts excel, your eloquence outgo;
And soar like Virgil, or like Tully flow!
Have brightest turns and deepest learning shown,
And proved your wit mistaken by their own?
If not, the wights should moderately rail,
Whose total merit, summed from fair detail,
Is, sauntering, sleep, and smoke, and wine, and ale!
How contraries may meet without design!
And pretty gentlemen and bigots join!
A pert young rake observes, with haughty airs,
That "none can know the world who say their prayers;"
And Rome, in middle ages, used to grant,
The most devout were still most ignorant.
So when old bloody Noll our ruin wrought,
Was ignorance the best devotion thought.
His crop-haired saints all marks of sense deface,
And preach that learning is a foe to grace:
English was spoke in schools, and Latin ceased;
They quite reformed the language of the beast.
One or two questions more, before I end,
That much concern a brother and a friend.
Does John beyond his strength presume to go,
To his frail carcase, literally a foe?
Lavish of health, as if in haste to die,
And shorten time to ensure eternity?
Does Morgan weakly think his time mispent?
Of his best actions can he now repent?

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Others, their sins with reason just deplore,
The guilt remaining, when the pleasure's o'er:
Shall he for virtue first himself upbraid,
Since the foundation of the world was laid?
Shall he (what most men to their sins deny)
Show pain for alms, remorse for piety?
Can he the sacred eucharist decline?
What Clement poisons here the bread and wine?
Or does his sad disease possess him whole,
And taint alike the body and the soul?
If to renounce his graces he decree,
Oh that he could transfer the stroke to me!
Alas! enough what mortal e'er can do
For Him that made him, and redeemed him too?
Zeal may to man, beyond desert, be showed;
No supererogation stands with God.
Does earth grow fairer to his parting eye?
Is heaven less lovely, as it seems more nigh?
Oh, wondrous preparation this—to die!

The unhappy case of Mr. Morgan, who, naturally weak, fell into a state of morbid melancholy, has been mentioned by most of Mr. John Wesley's biographers. The whole case, in original letters that passed between Mr. Wesley and Mr. Morgan's father, lies before me; but this is not the place to introduce it. Through his natural weakness he ran into many extravagances which his friend and tutor, Mr. John Wesley, did every thing in his power to guard him against; but all in vain. He fell, as might have been expected, an early victim, not to enthusiasm, but to morbid melancholy.

As to the conduct of his brothers, in visiting the sick, &c., Mr. S. Wesley approved of it most highly, and would have done so invariably had not his mind become warped on some doctrinal and other points afterwards.

Two or three extracts from letters which passed be-

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tween Samuel and his brother John about this time, embrace some excellent sentiments:—

Sept. 19*th*, 1730.

"Dear Brother,

"Your question, concerning the eternity of hell torments, may do me good in considering it, if not you in my answering; and therefore I would not have you be sparing on such occasions, provided you always remember how much it has lain out of my way to study.

"1. I own I think the *similis ratio* seems not strong enough to bear the weight of infinite punishment; yet, though the argument from thence be metaphysical, I know not how to answer it. If offences rise in guilt in proportion to the dignity of the person offended, shall we only deny it when against God? Or, because he is infinite, must there be no proportion, which there undeniably is in all other cases?

"2. Necessity of nature I think much stronger, and, indeed, sufficient to make the scale even, at least, if not to cast it. Every fault is not only in some sort, but in fact, infinite; that is, in duration: for guilt is indelible without atonement, as men have formerly universally acknowledged; which appears by their expiatory sacrifices.

"There is no regard, even in human punishments, to the continuance of suffering, or at least no proportion ever aimed at between the duration of the crime and of the punishment. A thief at fifty shall have ten years of life cut off for a felony done in a quarter of an hour, and a thief at twenty shall lose twenty or thirty years for a less theft. I own Draco's excuse comes in here: That the least deserved death, and he had no farther punishment for the greatest crime; yet still this shows

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there is a difference allowed between the two, merely because their punishments would be of a different length; which is of no concern to the lawgiver, though of very great to the offender.

"But there is one consideration which I think of great weight. Supposing it unjust to punish a short life of sin with eternal torments, it does not follow that eternal punishments are unjust in another world, because this short life is not the only ground of that punishment, since there is repetition of sin to all eternity, which must necessarily occasion repetition of sufferings. There is no preventing grace to hinder it beforehand, and no propitiation to atone for it afterwards.

"3. I own, I think immortality of both kinds was brought to light by the gospel, and therefore that natural reason is no further concerned, than to clear it from contradiction. The worm we may find out even by that reason; though revelation shows us the fire which is not quenched. Indeed, it is very remarkable in Virgil, that he puts an end to the joys of Elysium, but not to the torments of Tartarus. To those who do or may embrace the gospel, choice seems to be clear; and as for others, we have a general rule. Only we may argue, that as in heaven there are many mansions, so there are in hell likewise: and he who knew not his Lord's will shall be beaten with few (that is, comparatively few) stripes.

"I am,

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

"S. WESLEY."

From the same.

"Dear Brother,

"I think you are now in that state, wherein he who is not for you is against you. The interrupting your

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meeting is, doubtless, in order to letting it alone for good; and although I do not know how often you met together, yet I would rather straiten than slacken the string now, if it might be without breaking. I cannot say I thought you always in everything right; but I must now say, Rather than you and Charles should give over your whole course, especially what relates to the castle, I would choose to follow either of you, nay, both of you, to your graves. I cannot advise you better than in the words I proposed for a motto to a pamphlet, Στῆθι ἐδραῖος ὡς ἄκμων τυπτόμενος, καλοῦ γαρ ἀθλητοῦ δέρεσθαι καὶ νικᾶν, "Stand thou stedfast as a beaten anvil; for it is the part of a good champion to be flayed alive, and to conquer."

From the same.

"Dear Brother,

"Your last letter affected me much. I find by the very way of pronouncing, that you are not yet in a consumption, though there is apprehension and danger of your being so. Your life is of benefit and consequence to the world; and I would therefore willingly, for the sake of others, draw your days out to their utmost date. For yourself, indeed, the matter is not much, if you go well, whensoever called; as I don't question but you will. As to any faults I have to tell you of, I think you know already all I say and all I think too upon that subject. The main is what I have often repeated—Your soul is too great for your body; your watching and intention of thought for a long time; your speaking often and long, when wearied: in short, your spirit, though in a better sense than Dryden meant it, 'o'erinforms its tenement of clay.'"

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In the year 1733, having solicited his brother John to stand godfather for one of Mrs. Wright's children, and receiving a refusal, on the ground that it would be impossible for him to discharge the duties imposed on him in accepting that office, &c., he wrote again, pressing the subject. From this letter I shall make the following extract, as it is highly characteristic of the man, and his summary mode of reasoning.

"——— Your reasons for not standing for Hetty's child are good; and yet were they as good again, there is one against them that would make them good for nothing, viz., the child will hardly be christened at all, unless you and I stand. *E malis minimum.* The charge need not fright, for I'll lay down. Tell me as soon as you can your answer to this paragraph. Some in Johnson's hold the matter to be indifferent, and so excuse themselves. I'll find a representative for you, as well as pence, if you do but give me my commission. Write soon.

"I am, dear J.,

"Your affectionate, &c.,

"S. WESLEY."

June 21, 1733.

As the affairs of Georgia are in a certain way connected with all the branches of the Wesley family, it will be necessary here to give some account of that settlement.

Georgia is the most southern of the United States of America; bounded on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by the Floridas, on the west by the Mississippi, and on the north-east and north by South

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Carolina and Tenesse. The settlement of a colony there was first proposed in 1732, for the accommodation of poor people in Great Britain and Ireland, by several very humane and opulent men; and king George II. granted them letters patent, June 9, 1732, for legally carrying into execution their benevolent design; and the place was called Georgia in honour of the British king. In November, 1732, one hundred and sixteen settlers embarked for that colony, under the superintendance of Mr. James Oglethorpe, who chose Savannah for the place of settlement, where he built a fort, &c. Three years afterwards, Mr. Oglethorpe, having returned to England, re-embarked with five hundred and seventy adventurers, among whom were one hundred and thirty Highlanders, and one hundred and seventy Germans.

As a singular curiosity, I insert a list of the whole ship's crew and passengers, with their respective ages, written by Mr. Wesley, by which we may see who were his first companions, and the objects of his ministerial labours. With this list, I should gladly insert General Oglethorpe's original drawings and plans of his infant settlement in Georgia, but the engravings would make the work too expensive.*

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* List of the ship's crew and passengers that sailed with Messrs. John and Charles Wesley from Gravesend, for Georgia, Oct. 14, 1735, on board the ship Symmonds, James Oglethorpe, Esq., governor.

— Cornish, Captain.
Mr. Bailleul, First Mate.
Mr. Craig, Second Mate.

Mr. Oglethorpe.
Mr. Johnson.
Mr. Pury.
Mrs. Mackay.

1. Mr. Dempsey.
Louis De.
3. Francis Brooks, 18.
Alexander Grimaldi, 19.

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As there was an intimacy between Mr. Oglethorpe and the Wesley family, he proposed to Mr. John Wesley to accompany him as chaplain to the colony, and mis-

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James Billinghurst, 14.
John Hughes, 14.
4. Daniel Arthur, 17.
John Brownfield, 21.
5. David Tannerberger, 39.
John, his son, 9.
George Neifer, 20.
Augustin Neifer, 18.
6. David Seisburger, 39.
Rosina, his wife, 39.
7. Judith Telchigen, 29.
Catherine Raisdelin, 30.
Uliana Jeskin, 19.
David Nickman, 39.
Adolph Vonshermsdorf, 29.
Anne Waschin, 50.
9. Rosina Haverichden, 46.
Richina Demoulin, 31.
10. John Andreas Dover, 27.
Anna Catharina, his wife.
11. William Allen, 32.
Eliz. his wife, 32.
Frances, daughter of J. Hird, 13.
12. Richard White, 39.
William Waston, 20.
13. Samuel Davidson, 35.
Susanna, his wife, 25.
Susanna, his daughter, 7 months.
Benjamin Goldwire, 14.
14. William Heddon, 29.
John Robinson, 20.
15. Thomas Hird, 42.
Grace, his wife, 39.
Phebe, his daughter, 17.
16. Mark, his son, 21.
John, ditto, 12.
Mr. John Wesley.
Mr. Charles Wesley.
Mr. Ingham.
Mr. Delamotte
Martha Delgrace, 33.
Lewis, 8.
Solomon, 2.
Sarah Harness, her maid, 20.
William Taverner, 16.
Eliz. Wheeler, Mr. Horton's, 26.
Catharine, Mr. Hawkins's.
Anne Harris, Mr. Oglethorpe's.
Mary, ditto.
17. Thomas Proctor, 42.
Eliza, his wife, 32.
James, his son.
18. William, his son, 7½.
James, his son, 3.
Susannah, his daughter, 5.
19. Martha Tackner, 40
Eliz. Hazle, her daughter, 18.
John, her son, 12.
20. Ambrose Tackner, 30.
Charles Carter, servant to the trust, 14.
21. John Welch, 30.
Ann, his wife, 26.
James, his son, 5

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sionary to the Indians; and he took Mr. Charles Wesley as his secretary. It was in company with part of the above adventurers that the two brothers, with Mr. Ogle-

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John, his son, 3.
22. Robert Patterson, 31.
Mary Patterson, 27.
23. Samuel Parkins, 33.
Catherine Parkins, 26.
24. John Walker, his son, 19.
John Cooling, Dr. Triffiers, 17.
Thomas Proctor's son, 16.
25. Jacob Frank, 31.
Matthew Spainish, 31.
John Bainer, 23.
26. Matthew Seidbolt, 28.
Martin Maack, 23.
27. Gatlieb Demght, 19.
Jos. Fred. Tusher, 27.
Michael Meyer, 24.
Michael Fulmer, 65.
David Yaach, 25.
29. William Pennis, 21.
Thomas Burk, 33.
Claudius Vandorsten, 33.
Edmund Sexton, 21.
William Cooper, 19.
George Sunderland, 15.
30. Benjamin Ward, 28.
Margaret Ward, 21.
31. Mr. William Horton.
Mr. Joseph Tanner.
32. *Officers' Cabin.*
33. Francis Moore.
Mary Moore.
34. Thomas Hawkins.
Beata Hawkins.
35. Richard Lawley.
Anne Lawley.

IN THE MIDSHIP CABIN.

On the Larboard above.
Samuel Hodgkinson, 34.
William Moore, 39.
William Davy, 28.
Below.
John Moncrieff, Mr. Johnson's.
John Smith, Hodgkinson's, 21.
On the Starboard above.
William Chance, 10.
Jo. Cawtry, 10.
Jo. Cosins, 11.
George Frazier, Mrs. Mackay's, 22.
Walter Foley, Mr. Hawkins's, 29.
Below.
John Smalley, F. Brooks's, 29.
Thurston Haskar, J. Brownfield's, 23.
William Barbo, 14.
James Cole, Jo. Robinson's, 14.
Thos. Clyatt, T. Hird's, 19.
William Forster, William Heddon's.

In all, 124 men, women, and children; of whom 26 were Moravians.—See *Works*, vol. x., p. 424.

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thorpe, embarked on board the Symmonds at Gravesend, Oct. 14, 1735, and sailed for Georgia. See Mr. John Wesley's Journal for the full account.*

So accustomed was Mr. Wesley to do every thing according to rule, and to let no circumstance pass unnoticed which he might press into his project of being useful to all, that he took the preceding list, with all circumstances, that he might be the better able to direct his pious endeavours to promote the spiritual good of this naval congregation.

Several of the descendants of those persons may still be in existence, to whom this list cannot be unacceptable. Not a few of the above are referred to by name in Mr. Wesley's Journals and Life.

* Though Mr. Wesley has entered largely into the subject of his Georgian Mission, there are points of deep and curious interest, highly creditable to himself, which he has omitted. The writer of this note had the good fortune to meet with the MS. journal of Mr. Ingham, a few years ago, which has never yet appeared before the world, and in which a number of circumstances are detailed, illustrative of the character of the voyage, and of the mission. It appears, on a perusal of this document—a copy of which Dr. Clarke was anxious to possess, and which he was partly promised a little before his death,—

1. That Mr. Ingham, the companion of Mr. Wesley, kept a daily and distinct account of the voyage, the mission, &c.

2. That the two journalists were not aware of the nature and extent of each other's entries.

3. That the whole of Mr. Wesley's statements have been penned with a rigid adherence to truth.

Mr. Ingham was in some instances exposed to the same censures as Mr. Wesley, arising from the native opposition of the human heart to truth, which, in fact, gave rise to many of the remarks of the latter being opposed by designing men: but without even attempting to do it, or knowing the thing itself was necessary, he confirms all Mr. Wesley's printed statements, and wipes away all the aspersions of his Georgian slanderers.

4. That John is the hero of his tale; for though there are warm

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In a work entitled, "A Narrative of the Colony of Georgia," printed at Charlestown, South Carolina, 1741, 12mo., p. 176, the following lines are inserted, from a poem, entitled, "Georgia," and verses upon Mr. Oglethorpe's second voyage to Georgia, published by Rev. Samuel Wesley, in 1736. As I have not met with them elsewhere, I shall here present them to the reader:—

"See, where beyond the spacious ocean lies
A wide waste land, beneath the southern skies;
Where kindly suns for ages rolled in vain,
Nor e'er the vintage saw, or ripening grain;
Where all things into wild luxuriance ran,
And burdened nature asked the aid of man:
In this sweet climate and prolific soil,
He bids the eager swain indulge his toil;
In free possession to the planter's hand,
Consigns the rich, uncultivated land.
Go you, the monarch cries, go settle there,
Whom Britain from her plenitude can spare:
Go, your old wonted industry pursue,
Nor envy Spain the treasures of Peru.

But not content in council here to join,
A further labour, Oglethorpe, is thine;
In each great deed thou claim'st the foremost part,
And toil and danger charm thy generous heart:
But chief for this thy warm affections rise;
For, oh! thou view'st it with a parent's eyes:

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expressions of friendship towards Charles, yet he seems to move like one of the subordinate characters of a drama.

The first entry in the MS. is Oct. 10th, 1735, four days before embarkation. Some of the preparatory steps are detailed with great minuteness. Mr. Hall, Mr. Wesley's brother-in-law, was to have gone out to Georgia with them, together with his wife; but when just on the point of sailing, he wheeled off, and they saw him no more.—EDITOR.

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For this thou tempt'st the vast tremendous main,
And floods and storms oppose their threats in vain.

He comes, whose life, while absent from your view,
Was one continued ministry for you;
For you were laid out all his pains and art,
Won every will, and softened every heart.
With what paternal joy shall he relate
How views its mother isle your little state.
Think, while he strove your distant coast to gain,
How oft he sighed, and chid the tedious main!
Impatient to survey, by culture graced,
Your dreary woodland and your rugged waste.
Fair were the scenes he feigned, the prospects fair;
And sure, ye Georgians, all he feigned was there.
A thousand pleasures crowd into his breast;
But one, one mighty thought absorbs the rest,
And gives me heaven to see, the patriot cries,
Another BRITAIN in the desert rise.

Again,—

With nobler products see thy Georgia teems,
Cheered with the genial sun's directer beams;
There the wild vine to culture learns to yield,
And purple clusters ripen through the field.
Now bid thy merchants bring thy wine no more,
Or from the Iberian or the Tuscan shore:
No more they need the Hungarian vineyards drain,
And France herself may drink her best champaigne.
Behold! at last, and in a subject-land,
Nectar sufficient for thy large demand;
Delicious nectar, powerful to improve
Our hospitable mirth and social love:
This for thy jovial sons. Nor less the care
Of thy young province, to oblige the FAIR;
Here tend the silkworm, in the verdant shade,
The frugal matron and the blooming maid."

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General Oglethorpe, whose name has frequently occurred in connexion with that of Mr. Wesley, is said to have been a brave officer. When he was a young man he entered into the Austrian service, and was dining one day in company with a number of his brother officers, among whom was a French prince of the blood. The Frenchman, who sat opposite to Oglethorpe at table, looked with an air of contempt upon the British youth; and taking up his glass, drank his health, throwing at the same time, with a dash of his finger, some drops of wine in his face. Oglethorpe coolly replied, "That is a fine joke, prince; but we play it off better in my country," and instantly threw his glass of wine in the face of his insulter in return. The Gallic prince immediately arose, and began to prepare for deeds of honour, when the company insisted upon his sitting down, as having offered the first insult.

While John and Charles were in Georgia, Mr. Samuel Wesley kept up with them an affectionate and instructive correspondence.

To Charles, who began to feel himself out of his place by being in Frederica, where he had some most grievous crosses to bear, of which he bitterly complained to his brother, as well as of that want of regeneration of which he was now fully convinced, he wrote the following letter:—

"*Tiverton, Devon, Sept.* 21, 1736.

"Dear Charles,

"To make full amends for my not hearing from you at first, I have received four letters from you within this month, of each of which according to their dates. To that of April 8, Frederica, eight at night, I answer thus:—I own the will of God in your being in America, that is, the order of his providence: but I do not see

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that it was the will of God in another sense, as it is the rule of your action. Before I confess that, I must have a text either plainly or probably applied. You seem to be under severe trials; and I might, with full as much justice, quote, 'Let no man say, when he is tempted, I am tempted of God,' as ever you could do, 'He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' It was God's will too that I should come hither; —how else am I here? For who hath resisted his will in that sense? I am in a desert, as well as you, having no conversable creature but my wife, till my mother came last week; at which that I am no more grieved, is perhaps my fault. Your fearing a cure of souls is no argument against your fitness for it, but the contrary What 'indelible character' means, I do not thoroughly understand: but I plainly know what is said of him 'who putteth his hand to the plough, and looketh back.' Your wishing yourself out of the reach of temptation is but wishing yourself in heaven.

"That you had lived eighteen years without God, I either do not understand, or I absolutely deny. My wife loses none of your love, if repaying it in kind be putting it to the right use.

"To yours of April 28.—'You repent not of obedience to divine providence.' I hope not; and I hope I never persuaded you to disobedience. I am sure coming back to England will not be looking back from the plough, while you can exercise your ministry here. Jack's passions, if I know anything of him, never were of the same kind as yours. I advised him to go—not you; nor will ever consent to your staying.

"Never spare unburdening yourself to me: why you should have waited even years for that purpose—Jack can tell.

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"That 'sister Emily ever retracted her consent' she utterly denies, for she says she never gave it. By that I see I did no more than was absolutely necessary, when I used the strongest terms to express my meaning; lest I might have been brought in for being passive at least; though I never would, should, or could have consented.

"I own I cannot rejoice in your affliction any more than in my own: it is not for the present joyous but grievous. God grant a happy end and meeting! I use a holiday, St. Matthew's day, to converse with you. Why may not the same man be both publican and apostle!

"However, if you can get hither, you may keep your apostleship, though not your receipt of customs.

"To yours of May 5.—I heartily wish you joy of the danger being over. I would send what you write for; but your next letter gives me hopes of your being here, before the cargo could come to you. Allix I had sent for to London, before your letters reached me. Lawrence I do not altogether approve of, but begin to doubt; though that should be no reason against my sending it. What the books are, p. 100, I comprehend not: but I suppose they are recommended in some p. 100 I have not seen; perhaps in a journal that was to come to me by a safe hand, but has never arrived at all. I wish you joy of *amor sceleratus habendi*. I can say little of Phil, but that she wants you. Br. Hall's is a black story.* There was no great likelihood of his being a favourite with me: his tongue is too smooth for my roughness, and rather inclines me to suspect than believe. Indeed

* In the MS. journal of Mr. Ingham, there is a minute of disapprobation, which goes to support the prejudices of Mr. Samuel Wesley against Hall.—EDITOR.

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I little suspected the horrid truth: but finding him on the reserve, I thought he was something like Rivington, and feared me as a jester; which is a sure sign either of guilt on the one hand, or pride on the other. It is certainly true of that marriage; it will not and it cannot come to good. He is now at a curacy in Wiltshire, near Marlbro'. I have no correspondence with Kez: I did design it after reading yours; but the hearing she is gone to live with Patty and her husband made me drop my design.

"Yours from Savannah, May 15, is your last and best letter, because it brings news that you design to come back as soon as you can. The sooner the better, say I; for I know Mr. O. will not leave the place, till he thinks it for the public good so to do.

"September 28. So long have I been forced to stay for time to transcribe (most wretched work), and to go on, which is pleasant enough. I have had a sort of a ship-journal of Jack's, ending at his being upon the coast; but have had nothing of that kind since his landing. Glad shall I be of a full and authentic account, which I begin to perceive I shall hardly have till I see you.

"If Jack will continue Kezzy's allowance, should she come hither, she might pay me for her board, which I cannot afford to give her, be a great comfort to her mother, and avoid the hazard of strong temptations either to discontent on the one hand, or what is much worse on the other. If this comes to your hand before you sail for England, I wish you would bring Jack's resolution upon that point: but except he will engage to continue the stipend, I must not take her in; for I can do no more than I can do. Supposing that he intends to spend his life in India, which seems most probable,

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why or wherefore should he refuse the fifty-pounds? If he is not poor, does he know none that is? There appears much more danger of pride in refusing it, than there can be of avarice in accepting so small a sum.

"Michaelmas-day. This third time I am come to go on with my writing; but must be somewhat shorter than my paper would admit, because of going to church. My mother sends her love and blessing to you and Jack; and bids me to tell you she hopes to see you again in England, without any danger of a second separation.

"My wife and I join in love; and Phil, according to her years, in duty. I heartily pray God to prosper you in public and private where you are; and to give you a safe voyage back, and a long and happy abode here!

"I am, dear Charles,

"Your most affectionate and faithful

"friend and brother,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

"Blundell's School, Tiverton, Devon,

"*September* 29, 1736.

"My hearty love and service to Mrs. O—" [Oglethorpe].

Mr. Charles Wesley, according to the purpose referred to in the preceding letter, sailed from Boston, October 25, 1736, and landed at Deal on the 31st of December following. His brother John continued about a year longer; he arrived in England January 30, 1738. Being both fervent in spirit, they on their return powerfully proclaimed repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and strongly insisted on the necessity of being born again, and of having the witness of God's Spirit with theirs, that they were thus born of God. At first, all the churches in London were open to

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them; and the people flocked together to see and hear two weather-beaten missionaries, whose skin appeared as if tanned by their continual exposure to the suns and winds of summer and winter on the continent of America. God attended their preaching with the power and demonstration of the Holy Ghost. Multitudes were turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; and many obtained that faith in Christ by which the guilt of sin was removed, and the fear of death taken away; and had the Spirit of God witnessing with theirs that they were the sons and daughters of God Almighty. The crowds that attended the churches where they preached were so great that the clergy thought it proper to refuse them any farther use of their pulpits; and hence, being turned out of these, they went to the highways and hedges to compel sinners to come to the marriage-feast. For, as they had sufficiently learnt that nothing but the gospel could be the power of God unto salvation to them that believe, they boldly and zealously proclaimed Christ crucified wherever they found a crowd of sinners; using extempore prayer, and preaching without notes. This seemed a new thing in the earth; and while multitudes were awakened and turned to God, several who did not think that such extraordinary exertions were necessary, ridiculed their zeal; and others who imagined God could not give his approbation to any kind of spiritual service that was not performed within the walls of a church, became greatly offended: and it is a fact that not a few opposed and blasphemed.

Their eldest brother, Mr. Samuel Wesley, who was a very high churchman, considered their conduct as little less than a profanation of the Christian ministry; and as both the doctrines they preached, and their mode of

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acting, were grossly misrepresented to him, he conceived a violent prejudice against their proceedings, and went too far with their detractors in condemning them unheard.

Mr. Samuel Wesley, though a man of sound judgment and prudence, was too apt to conceive prejudice against anything that appeared contrary to his notions of the orthodox faith, and any churchman who in the slightest degree varied from established ecclesiastical order. On these grounds the conduct of his brothers was beheld by him with a jealous eye; and his mind at last became evil affected towards them by the ridiculous tales that some of his correspondents had been industrious to glean up; and especially by those of a Mrs. Hutton, at whose house Mr. Charles Wesley, and afterwards Mr. John, lodged after their return from Georgia.

By this lady's information, who was both weak and unawakened, having no knowledge whatever of experimental religion, he was led to consider his brothers full as erroneous in their doctrines as they were singular and irregular in their ministerial conduct; and in short, on her authority, to set down his brother John as a lunatic or madman!

Many letters passed between these two brothers in consequence of the letters of Mrs. Hutton; and as a good part of this correspondence has been published by the late Dr. Priestley, who by some means, not well accounted for, got possession of these family documents, on some parts of which, in his Address to the Methodists, he has made very exceptionable comments, I judge it necessary to lay the whole before the reader, supplying the deficiencies in Dr. Priestley's publication from documents in my own possession.

The points to which Mr. Samuel Wesley chiefly ob-

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jected were, the powerful effects produced under his brother's preaching,—the sudden convictions and instantaneous conversions, together with the professions of those who were thus converted, that they knew they were pardoned, having a clear evidence from the Holy Spirit in their own minds that they were passed from death to life. This experience he held to be utterly impossible; and all who professed to have it passed with him as hypocrites, enthusiasts, fanatics, shallow-pates, and madmen. Even his own brothers fell under this general censure. Added to this, Mr. Samuel found it difficult to believe that a regular performance of moral duties, attending the ministry of the church, and duly receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, were not the conditions of our acceptance with God. On some of these points he certainly had not a distinct and clear view of some of the most important doctrines of his own church. At the time of the controversy with his brother John he most assuredly had not a scriptural notion of the depth and extent of original corruption, of the necessity of the atonement, of justification by faith, nor of the influences of the Holy Spirit as exerted to convince the world of sin, righteousness, and judgment, and to enlighten, quicken, sanctify, and seal the souls of believers. All this is so evident from his letters, that there is no room left for the necessity of conjecture or surmise.

He did not like the singularity of his brother's conduct when in Oxford, before they went to America, though he had formerly greatly applauded their zeal; and still less their doctrines, and mode of proceeding, after their return. On all these subjects he expresses his mind in the following controversy with little ceremony; and often with a magisterial severity that savoured too much

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of intolerant principles, of the character of the schoolmaster, and the austerity of the elder brother. But we should make some allowance for the high notions of church authority and prerogative in which he was educated. Besides, he was eleven years older than the eldest of his two brothers concerned in this correspondence, and he did not like to be taught the first principles of religion by his juniors.

Mrs. Hutton's first letter is the following:—

"*June* 6, 1738.

"Dear Sir,

"You will be surprised to see a letter from me: but Mr. Hutton and I are really under a very great concern, and know not whom to apply to if you cannot help us. After you left London, and your brothers had lost the conveniency of your house, believing them good and pious Christians, we invited them to make the same use of our's, and thought such an offer would not be unacceptable to God or to them; which they received with signs of friendship, and took up with such accommodations as our house could afford, from time to time, as they had occasion. Mr. Charles, on his arrival in England, was received and treated with such tenderness and love as he could have been in your house; Mr. John the same; and as occasion has offered, at different times, ten or twelve of their friends. But your brother John seems to be turned a wild enthusiast, or fanatic; and to our very great affliction is drawing our two children into these wild notions, by their great opinion of Mr. John's sanctity and judgment. It would be a great charity to many other honest, well-meaning, simple souls, as well as to my children, if you could either confine or convert Mr. John when he is with you; for, after his behaviour on

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Sunday the 28th of May, when you hear it, you will think him not a quite right man.

"Without ever acquainting Mr. Hutton with any of his notions or designs, when Mr. Hutton had ended a sermon of Bishop Blackhall's, which he had been reading in his study to a great number of people, Mr. John got up and told the people that five days before he was not a Christian, and this he was as well assured of as that five days before he was not in that room; and the way for them all to be Christians was to believe and own that they were not now Christians. Mr. Hutton was much surprised at this unexpected injudicious speech: but only said, 'Have a care, Mr. Wesley, how you despise the benefits received by the two sacraments.' I, not being in the study when this speech was made, had heard nothing of it when he came into the parlour to supper; where were my two children, two or three other of his deluded followers, two or three ladies who boarded with me, my niece, and two or three gentlemen of Mr. John's acquaintance, though not got into his new notions. He made the same wild speech again; to which I made answer—'If you was not a Christian ever since I knew you, you was a great hypocrite; for you made us all believe you was one.' He said, 'when we had renounced everything but faith, and then got into Christ, then, and not till then, had we any reason to believe we were Christians; and when we had so got Christ, we might keep him, and so be kept from sin.'

"Mr. Hutton said, 'If faith only was necessary to save us, why did our Lord give us that divine sermon?' Mr. John said, 'That was the letter that killeth.' 'Hold,' says Mr. Hutton, 'you seem not to know what you say are our Lord's words the letter that killeth?' Mr John said, 'If we had no faith.' Mr. Hutton replied.

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'I did not ask you how we should receive it, but why our Lord gave it; as also the account of the judgment in the twenty-fifth of Matthew, if works are not what he expects, but faith only?'

"Now it is a most melancholy thing to have not only our two children, but many others, to disregard all teaching, but by such a spirit as comes to some in dreams, to others in such visions as will surprise you to hear of. If there cannot be some stop put to this, and unless he can be taught true humility, the mischief he will do wherever he goes among the ignorant but well-meaning Christians will be very great.

"Mr. Charles went from my son's, where he lay ill for some time; and would not come to our house, where I offered him the choice of two of my best rooms; but he would accept of neither, but chose to go to a poor brazier's in Little Britain, that that brazier might help him forward in his conversion, which was completed on May 22, as his brother John was praying. Mr. John was converted, or I know not what, or how, but made a Christian, May 25. A woman had besides a previous dream: a ball of fire fell upon her and burst, and fired her soul. Another young man, when he was in St. Dunstan's church, just as he was going to receive the sacrament, had God the Father come to him, but did not stay with him: but God the Son did stay, who came with him holding his cross in his hands.

"I cannot understand the use of these relations: but if you doubt the truth, or your brother denies them, I can produce undeniable proofs of the relations of such facts from the persons who related the facts, that they had received such appearances.

"Mr. John has abridged the life of one Haliburton, a Presbyterian teacher in Scotland. My son had designed

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to print it, to show the experiences of that holy man, of indwelling, &c. Mr. Hutton and I have forbid our son being concerned in handing such books into the world: but if your brother John or Charles think it will tend to promote God's glory, they will soon convince my son God's glory is to be preferred to his parents' commands. Then you will see what I never expected, my son promoting rank fanaticism.

"If you can, dear Sir, put a stop to such madness, which will be a work worthy of you, a singular charity, and very much oblige

"Your sincere and affectionate servant,

"E. HUTTON."

"To the Rev. Mr. Wesley,
Tiverton, Devon."

Such were the reports and reporters on which Mr. S. Wesley founded some of his most solemn objections to the doctrines and conduct of his brothers! Prejudice and bigotry alone could have recourse to such evidence in a case like this.

Mrs. Hutton most evidently knew little of the way of salvation. She had heard some idle tales which she received as truth; and she had heard true accounts, which, through her total ignorance of the work of God in the soul of man, she continually misrepresents.

Were it not for her ignorance, the serious reader must consider her as designedly sitting in the seat of the scorner, or wilfully uttering blasphemies.

To write a critique on her letter would be useless: it shows itself what it is. Mr. John Wesley, it appears, told them that "they must repent of their sins, and come to Christ crucified, not to their miserable works and obedience, for the remission of sins; and that

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demption in his blood was to be received by faith; and that a conformity, in their way, to our Lord's sermon on the mount, could not atone for sin that was past, or reconcile them to the offended justice of a holy God."

This, though the doctrine of their church, was to them a strange doctrine; for it seems it was not there duly inculcated. Of experimental religion they knew nothing; did not understand its language; and, as far as they could, turned it into ridicule.

Under the ministry of Mr. John and Charles Wesley, their children were convinced that they were sinners, and were flying to lay hold on the hope set before them in the gospel; and this the poor parents thought to be fanaticism and madness!

The truly rational, scriptural, and deeply impressive experience of Mr. Haliburton was, with Mrs. Hutton, rank fanaticism;* and she was overwhelmed with distress because her children were likely to be made partakers of the same grace!

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* If testimonies in favour of the life of Haliburton were necessary, in addition to those of Mr. Wesley and Dr. Clarke, they could easily be multiplied. Sir Richard Ellys, eminent for his knowledge of the classics—a correspondent of the first scholars of his age, both at home and abroad—the author of several learned works—a man to whom Horsley dedicated his "Britannia Romana"—to whom Boston dedicated his "Tractatus Stigmatologicus"—to whom Wetstein's edition of Suicer was dedicated—and to whom Sloss looked for patronage on the publication of his "Discourses on the Trinity;" yes, this eminent man preferred, with the exception of the Bible, the Life of Haliburton to all the books in his valuable and extensive library. Dr. Conyers of Deptford, too, once remarked to the Rev. D. Simpson, of Macclesfield, that if he were banished into a desert island, and had the choice of only four books, the Life of Haliburton should be one.—EDITOR.

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This one circumstance is sufficient to show in what state Mrs. Hutton was; and how utterly incapable she was of judging rightly in matters pertaining to vital religion.

That Mr. Samuel Wesley, a man of learning and of a sound judgment, could have entertained such representations; that he could not see, in this tissue of misrepresentations and confusion, the violent prejudice and total ignorance of his correspondent, is strange indeed! That he should have given her a serious answer in matters in which the honour and character of his brothers were concerned, whom he knew to be men of common sense and deep piety, is yet more strange! But he was himself at that time prejudiced and highly bigoted: and prejudice has neither eyes nor ears. I shall subjoin his answer.

"*Tiverton, Devon, June* 17, 1738.

"Dear Madam,

"I am sufficiently sensible of yours and Mr. Hutton's kindness to my brothers, and shall always acknowledge it; and cannot blame you either for your concern, or writing to me about it.

"Falling into enthusiasm, is being lost with a witness; and if you are troubled for two of your children, you may be sure I am so for two whom I may in some sense call mine; who, if once turned that way, will do a world of mischief, much more than even otherwise they would have done good; since men are much easier to be led into evil, than from it.

"What Jack means by 'not being a Christian till last month,' I understand not. Had he never been in covenant with God? Then, as Mr. Hutton observed, baptism was nothing. Had he totally apostatized from it?

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I dare say not; and yet he must be either unbaptized, or an apostate, to make his words true. Perhaps it might come into his crown that he was in a state of mortal sin, unrepented of; and had long lived in such a course. This I do not believe; however, he must answer for himself. But where is the sense of requiring every body else to confess that of themselves in order to commence Christians? Must they confess it, whether it be so or no? Besides, a sinful course is not an abolition of the covenant, for that very reason, because it is a breach of it. If it were not, it would not be broken.

"Renouncing everything but faith may be every evil, as the world, the flesh, and the devil: this is a very orthodox sense, but no great discovery. It may mean rejecting all merit of our own good works. What Protestant does not do so? Even Bellarmin, on his deathbed, is said to have renounced all merits but those of Christ. If this renouncing regards good works in any other sense, as being unnecessary or the like, it is wretchedly wicked; and to call our Saviour's words 'the letter that killeth' is no less than blasphemy against the Son of man. It is mere Quakerism, making the outward Christ an enemy to the Christ within.

"When the ball of fire fired the woman's soul (an odd sort of fire that), what reference had it to my two brothers? Was the youth that had the Father come to him told anything about them? Did he see anything, or only hear a voice? What were the words, if any? I suppose he will take shelter in their being unspeakable. In short, this looks like downright madness. I do not hold it at all unlikely that perpetual intenseness of thought and want of sleep may have disordered my brother. I have been told that the Quakers' introversion of thought has ended in madness. It is a studious

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stopping of every thought as fast as it arises, in order to receive the Spirit. I wish the canting fellows had never had any followers among us, who talk of indwellings, experiences, getting into Christ, &c., &c. As I remember assurances used to make a great noise, which were carried to such a height, that (as far as nonsense can be understood) they rose to fruition, in utter defiance of Christian hope, since the question is unanswerable, 'What a man hath why doth he yet hope for?' But I will believe none without a miracle, who shall pretend to be wrapped up into the third heaven.

"I hope your son does not think it as plainly revealed that he shall print an enthusiastic book, as it is that he shall obey his father and his mother. Suppose it were never so excellent, can that supersede your authority? God deliver us from visions that make the law of God vain.

"I pleased myself with the expectation of seeing Jack; but that is now over, and I am afraid of it. I know not where to direct to him, or where he is. Charles I will write to as soon as I can, and shall be glad to hear from you in the mean time.

"I heartily pray God to stop the progress of this lunacy.

"We join in service.

"I am, dear madam,

"Your sincere and affectionate friend and servant,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

"To Mrs. Hutton, College Street, Westminster."

I am truly sorry to be obliged to notice these letters, and had passed them by in silence, had they not been twice officiously obtruded on the attention of the public by men more eminent for various other excellencies than

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for candour; and used as means and arguments to discredit Mr. Wesley, and that great work of pure and undefiled religion which he was the means, in the hand of God, of diffusing throughout these lands.

Mr. Samuel Wesley seems to take almost every thing for granted that this very silly and prejudiced woman related to him, from words ill understood which she had heard, and miserable fabrications of misrepresented facts, of which she says, "I can produce undeniable proofs of the relation of such facts from the persons who related the facts, that they had received such appearances!" That is, she can bring proofs that the facts were related by the persons who related them! But honest truth dwells not in such confusion, nor veils itself with such disguises.

I need not say what Mr. Samuel Wesley's duty was when he heard such tales against his excellent brothers; men who were not at all inferior to himself in learning, who were at least his equals in judgment, and for the depth of whose piety he himself could vouch. He tells, however, some sad truths in his answer relative to himself. In unqualified terms, a man is with him a Christian if he be baptized! He is in the covenant of God, which even a course of sin cannot annul, though a life of that kind may be a breach of it; and that he must have entirely apostatized, that is, abjured Christianity and blasphemed Christ (for that is what is implied in total apostasy), or have never been baptized, in order not to be a Christian. With him water baptism, and regeneration by the Holy Spirit, are the same thing; an old and pernicious error, which is deceiving thousands even in the present day. As to his distinction between mortal sin, and what is its opposite, though unmen-

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tioned, venial sin, we know from what school it was derived.

At this time Mr. S. Wesley most undoubtedly knew not the doctrine of faith as laid down in the Articles and Homilies of the church; and he, in his zeal against assurance, of which he had a very inaccurate and confused idea, confounds the hope of everlasting life with the hope or expectation of the present favour and approbation of God, the consequence of being justified by faith!

The illiberal reflections on the Quakers were not called for. It is not true that they make the outward Christ an enemy to the Christ within; nor that their introversion of thought (what they call their silent waiting upon God) ends in madness.

To conclude: taking it for granted, from this Huttonian information, that both his brothers were run mad, he finishes with piously praying God to stop the progress of this lunacy! What a revolution of credulity in a person so difficult to be persuaded to believe any thing of which he could not have the most palpable evidence!

Mrs. Hutton is now encouraged to proceed with her gleanings, and in the next letter exceeds her former self.

"*June* 20, 1738.

"Dear Sir,

"I return you thanks for so obligingly answering my letter, for which I ought to beg your pardon, since I am sensible what I have related must afflict you, though it might not be in your power to lessen my affliction. For how can I expect more regard will be had to a

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brother than is had to parents? Though in reality your brothers are much more obligated to you than many children are to their parents; you doing for them as a most kind and judicious parent, when you had not the same obligation. I was in hopes mine to you would have met your brother John at Tiverton, where he said he was going. If so, he could have explained to you the meaning of the two visions I sent you word of.

"Every one of his converts are directed to get an assurance of their sins being all pardoned, and they sure of their salvation, which brings all joy and peace. And this is given them in an instant, so that every person so converted is able to describe the manner and time when they get it, as they call it. Your brother John writ his reflections on Mr. Hervey's paper in these words: 'Remission of sins, and peace with God.—The life of God, or love, in our souls.—The evidence of our weakness, and the power of Christ.'

"My son felt it on the 25th of April at the blessed sacrament, as the minister said, 'The body of our Lord Jesus Christ,' &c. Your brother Charles felt it at Mr. Bray's, as your brother John was praying for it for him on the 22nd of May. Your brother John felt it on the 25th of May, just as he awaked.

"These things they make no secrets; for good Mr. Baldwin told me he heard your brother Charles give a relation of a young man at Oxford, who had lived, as he himself thought, a very good and pious life; but he was first convinced it was nothing, before he could get this faith; upon which he threw himself upon his face, upon his chamber floor, and lay so (I suppose praying) an hour or two, and then rose up with great joy and peace of mind.

"This affected Mr. Baldwin so much, that the next

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opportunity he had to talk with my son, he put into his hands a sermon of Bishop Bull's upon the subject of the assistance we may expect from the Holy Spirit. But all authors and writings but the Bible are rejected; and every man, if he will practise what he knows, shall have all the light necessary for himself, taught him from God.

"They are, I think, aiming at something more; for my son told me that a woman, who is a dissenter, had three years and more, as she fancied, been under the seal of reprobation; and upon her coming to Mr. Bray's, where your brother Charles, Mr. Bray, and my son were praying for her, though she went home in the same melancholy, yet in an hour after she sent them word that she was delivered from the power of Satan, and desired them to return public thanks for the same in her behalf. I heard a poor simple barber, whose name was Wolfe, relate such a dream that a blacksmith had, as a sign of his being just getting into Christ, and of his own power, as put me beyond patience. My poor son lay ill of a fever at the same time, with such a number of these fancied saints about him, that I expected nothing but his weak brain would be quite turned. I think it is not far from it, that he will not give any, the most pious or judicious author his father recommends, a reading.

"Now your brother John is gone, who is my son's pope, it may please God, if you give yourself the trouble to try, he may hear some reason from you. If you could bring your brother Charles back, it would be a great step towards the reconversion of my poor son. Your two brothers are men of great parts and learning; my son is good humoured, and very undesigning; and sincerely honest, but of weak judgment; so fitted for any delusion. It would be the greatest charity you ever did, and your

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charity of all kinds is very extensive. If you can undeceive your brother Charles and my son, it would put a stop to this wildfire.

"I suppose you received a letter from your brother John that he came to London the 12th at night, set forward the 13th, without seeing your brother Charles, to make a visit to Count Zinzendorf. I know he looks upon his fancies as directions from the Holy Spirit. What carried him to Georgia I know not; but I can prove he brought that notion with him to Deal, when he landed from Georgia; and had Mr. Whitfield believed it, he had not proceeded on his voyage; John had brought him back by the direction of the Spirit. We do nothing but pray for our children, and all others under this strange delusion, since arguments from us, which to others seem reasonable, have no effect upon them. I doubt not of your prayers upon the same occasion, and all other means your good judgment shall enable you to use.

"I have been thus long, to give you all the light I can into this affair, as a help towards your finding out a cure; being, with the greatest value and respect for your real, not imaginary worth,

"Your most sincere humble servant,

"ELIZABETH HUTTON."

"To the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley,

"at Tiverton, Devon."

Poor Mrs. Hutton appears sadly tried because her son, in the point in question, relative to the remission of sins and the witness of the Spirit, will not receive the authority of Bishop Blackwall, Bull, and others, but that of the BIBLE *only!* Perhaps it will make the reader smile; but this brings to my recollection the case of the poor Roman Catholic woman, who, having lost her rosary,

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cried out, "Lord, have mercy upon me! Christ, have mercy upon me! I have lost my crucifix, and now have nothing but God Almighty to trust to!"

That both the Mr. Wesleys professed to have received the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, at the time specified by Mrs. Hutton, is a fact which they not only never denied, but exulted in to the day of their death.

The letter in which Mr. John Wesley defended himself against the misrepresentations of Mrs. Hutton, and his brother's charges founded on them, I cannot find; it is most probably lost; but that such a letter was written is evident from his brother Samuel's allusion to it in a letter dated December 13th of this year, which shall shortly be introduced. But a letter before me of the 30th of October must be inserted here, as it contains Mr. J. Wesley's explanation at large of his own state, the change that had passed upon his soul, and what he believed relative to such influences of God upon the hearts of men.

"*October* 30, 1738.

"Dear brother,

"That you will always receive kindly what is so intended I doubt not. Therefore I again recommend the character of Susurrus. O may God deliver both you and me from all bitterness and evil speaking, as well as from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism!

"1. With regard to my own character, and my doctrine likewise, I shall answer you very plainly. By a Christian, I mean one who so believes in Christ as that sin hath no more dominion over him; and in this obvious sense of the word, I was not a Christian till May 24th last past. For till then sin had the dominion over me,

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although I fought with it continually; but surely then, from that time to this, it hath not; such is the free grace of God in Christ! What sins they were which till then reigned over me, and from which, by the grace of God, I am now free, I am ready to declare on the house-top, if it may be for the glory of God.

"2. If you ask by what means I am made free (though not perfect, neither infallibly sure of my perseverance), I answer, by faith in Christ; by such a sort or degree of faith as I had not till that day. My want of this faith I knew long before, though not so clearly till Sunday, January 8th last, when, being in the midst of the great deep, I wrote a few lines in the bitterness of my soul, some of which I have transcribed; and may the good God sanctify them both to you and me.

"'By the most infallible of all proofs, inward feeling, I am convinced this day,

"'1. Of *unbelief;* having no such faith in Christ as will prevent by heart from being troubled, which it could not be if I believed in God, and rightly believed also in Him.

"'2. Of *pride*, throughout my life past; inasmuch as I thought I had what I find I have not. Lord, save, or I perish! Save me,

"'(1) By such a faith in thee and in thy Christ, as implies trust, confidence, peace in life and in death.

"'(2) By such humility as may fill my heart from this hour for ever with a piercing, uninterrupted sense, *Nihil est quod hactenus feci;* having evidently built without a foundation.

"'(3) By such a recollection as may cry to thee every moment, but more especially when all is calm (if it should so please thee), Give me faith, or I die! Give me a lowly

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spirit, otherwise, *Miki non sit suave vivere.* Amen! come, Lord Jesus! Υις Δαβιδ, ελεησον μου.'

"Some measure of this faith which bringeth salvation, or victory over sin, and which implies peace and trust in God through Christ, I now enjoy through his free mercy, though in very deed it is in me but as a grain of mustard seed; for the πληροφορια πιστως, the seal of the Spirit, the love of God shed abroad in my heart, and producing joy in the Holy Ghost, joy which no man taketh away, joy unspeakable and full of glory; this witness of the Spirit I have not, but I patiently wait for it. I know many who have already received it; more than one or two in the very hour we were praying for it. And having seen and spoken with a cloud of witnesses abroad, as well as in my own country, I cannot doubt that believers who wait and pray for it, will find these scriptures fulfilled in themselves. My hope is, that they will be fulfilled in me. I build upon Christ, the Rock of Ages, on his sure mercies described in his word, and on his promises, all which I know are yea and amen.

"Those who have not yet received joy in the Holy Ghost, the love of God, and the plerophory of faith (any or all of which I take to be the witness of the Spirit with our spirit that we are the sons of God), I believe to be Christians in that imperfect sense wherein I call myself such; and I exhort them to pray that God would give them also to rejoice in hope of the glory of God, and to feel his love shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto them.

"On men I build not; neither on Matilda Chapman's word, whom I have not talked with five minutes in my life; nor on any thing peculiar in the weak, well-meant relation of William Herbery, who yet is a serious,

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humble-acting Christian. But have you been believing on these? Yes: I find them more or less in almost every letter you have written on the subject. Yet were all that has been said on 'visions, dreams, and balls of fire,' to be fairly proposed in syllogisms, I believe it would prove not a jot more on one than on the other side of the question.

"O brother, would to God you would leave disputing of the things which you know not (if indeed you know them not), and beg of God to fill up what is yet wanting in you. Why should not you also seek till you receive that peace of God which passeth all understanding? Who shall hinder you, notwithstanding the manifold temptations, to rejoice with joy unspeakable, by reason of glory? Amen, Lord Jesus! May you, and all who are near of kin to you (if you have it not already), feel his love shed abroad in your hearts by his Spirit which dwelleth in you; and be sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of your inheritance.

"I am,

"Your and my sister's most affectionate brother,

"JOHN WESLEY."

"To the Rev^d. Mr. Wesley,
Tiverton, Devon."

To this admirable letter Mr. Samuel thus answered:—

"*Tiverton, Devon*, Nov^r. 15, 1738.

"Dear Jack,

"I have many remarks to make on your letter; but do not care to fight in the dark, or run my head against a stone wall.

"You need fear no controversy with me, unless you think it worth while to remove these three doubts:

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"1. Whether you will own or disown, in terms, the necessity of a sensible information from God of pardon? If you disown it, the matter is over as to you; if you own it, then—

"2. Whether you will not think me distracted to oppose you with the most infallible of all proofs, inward feeling in yourself, and positive evidence in your friends, while I myself produce neither?

"3. Whether you will release me from the horns of your dilemma, that I must either talk without knowledge like a fool, or against it like a knave? I conceive neither part strikes. For a man may reasonably argue against what he never felt, and may honestly deny what he has felt to be necessary to others.

"You build nothing on tales; but I do. I see what is manifestly built upon them; if you disclaim it, and warn poor shallow pates of their folly and danger, so much the better. They are counted signs or tokens, means or conveyances, proofs or evidences, of the sensible information, &c., calculated to turn fools into madmen; and put them, without a jest, into the condition of Oliver's pastor.

"When I hear visions, &c., reproved, discouraged, and ceased among the new brotherhood, I shall then say no more of them; but till then I will use my utmost strength that God shall give me to expose these bad branches of a bad root, and thus—

"Such doctrine as encourages and abets spiritual fire-balls, apparitions of the Father, &c., &c., is delusive and dangerous. But the sensible necessary information, &c., is such; ergo,——

"I mention not this to enter into any dispute with you, for you seem to disapprove, though not expressly disclaim; but to convince you I am not out of my way, though en-

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countering of windmills. I will do my best to make folks wiser.

"I will borrow from our Litany a prayer you will join in.

"'That it may please thee to strengthen such as do stand; to comfort and help the weak-hearted; to raise up those that fall; and finally to beat down Satan under our feet: *We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!*

"My wife joins with love; we are all pretty well.

"I am, dear Jack,

"Your sincere and affectionate friend and brother,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

"To the Rev^d. Mr. John Wesley."

I was about to make some severe strictures on this letter, because it is exceedingly disingenuous, and because it has been urged by some of the enemies of Mr. J. Wesley and Methodism as a triumph over their doctrine of assurance, &c. But on having recourse to Dr. Whitehead, who inserts a part of this letter, I adopt his reflections on it, which are full in point.

"This letter appears to me full of fallacy. To give one instance: Mr. John Wesley had said, the witness of the Spirit was the common privilege of believers; that he considered joy in the Holy Ghost, the love of God, and the plerophory of faith, as the witness of the Spirit with our spirit that we are the sons of God; that the whole of what had been said on 'visions, dreams, and balls of fire,' could not in his opinion either prove or disprove the point in question between them; that is, visions, dreams, and balls of fire were totally foreign to the witness of the Spirit for which he was contending. But his brother Samuel changes the term witness, and substitutes for it

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sensible information, by which he means something visible to the sight, or existing in the fancy; and then indeed visions, &c. were connected with the question; and he reasons on this supposition. But this was a mere sophism, of which Mr. J. Wesley would probably have taken notice, had he been writing to a stranger, or had he foreseen that any one would print the letters after his death." The doctor refers here to the publication of the original letters of the Wesley family, by Dr. Priestley.

To the foregoing letter Mr. J. Wesley replied thus:—

"*Nov.* 30, 1738.

"———— I believe every Christian who has not yet received it should pray for the witness of God's Spirit with his spirit that he is a child of God. In being a child of God, the pardon of his sins is included; therefore I believe the Spirit of God will witness this also. That this witness is from God the very terms imply; and this witness I believe is necessary for my salvation. How far invincible ignorance may excuse others I know not. But this you say is delusive and dangerous, because it encourages and abets idle visions and dreams. It encourages—true; accidentally, but not essentially. And that it does this accidentally, or that weak minds may pervert it to an idle use, is no objection against it; for so they may pervert every truth in the oracles of God; more especially that dangerous doctrine of Joel, cited by St. Peter, 'It shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.' Such visions indeed as you mention are given up; does it follow that visions and dreams in general

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'are bad branches of a bad root?' God forbid. This would prove more than you desire."

Mr. Samuel Wesley returns once more with objections raised on nearly the same grounds; changing the terms of the question in debate, and arguing on these changes.

"*Dec.* 13, 1738.

"Dear Jack,

"You own abundantly enough to clear Mrs. Hutton from any misrepresentations as to you, and me from any misunderstanding her. I was but too right in my judgment.

"1. You was not a Christian before May 24; but are so now, in a sense of the word you call obvious, which was so far from it, that it astonished all who heard you then, and which I deny to be so much as true.

"2. You hold the witness of the Spirit, a clear information of adoption, whereof pardon is a part, to be absolutely necessary to your salvation, and that of others, unless excused by invincible ignorance. Enough! enough! Yet,

"3. You apply Joel amazingly, though you give up such visions as I speak of, yet not allowing me to call such 'bad branches of a bad root.' That I may not be guilty of putting them more or less into every letter, I'll discuss that matter fully by itself, once for all, desiring you in the mean time to say, what other scripture dreams or visions you would insist on? Whether all between Genesis and the Revelations? I am afraid Ahab's lying spirit may be too pertinent.

"That you were not a Christian before May in your sense any one may allow; but have you ever since con-

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tinued sinless? Sin has not the dominion. Do you never then fall? Or do you mean no more than that you are free from presumptuous sins? If the former, I deny it; if the latter, who disputes?

"Your misapplication of the witness of the Spirit is so thoroughly cleared by Bishop Bull, that I shall not hold a candle to the sun. What portion of love, joy, &c. God may be pleased to bestow on Christians is in His hand, not ours. Those texts you quote no more prove them generally necessary, in what you call your imperfect state, than 'Rejoice in the Lord always' contradicts 'Blessed are they that mourn.' There is a time to weep, and a time to laugh, till that day comes when all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, which I take it will hardly be before death; to which happiness God of his infinite mercy, through Christ, bring us all!

"We join in love. As your last is dated from Oxford, I write thither, though you may be gone by this time.

"I am, dear Jack,

"Your affectionate and sincere friend and brother,

"S. WESLEY."

"I had much more to say; but it will keep, if ever it should be proper."

This letter may be thought proper or passable between brother and brother; but it is inexcusable in a logician, and completely proves that Mr. Samuel had not one show of argument farther to produce. The first part of Mr. J. Wesley's reply is lost; the following is all that remains:—

"I think Bishop Bull's sermon on the witness of the Spirit (against the witness of the Spirit it should rather be entitled) is full of gross perversions of Scripture, and

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manifest contradictions both to Scripture and experience. I find more persons day by day, who experience a clear evidence of their being in a state of salvation; but I never said this continues equally clear in all, as long as they continue in a state of salvation. Some indeed have testified, and the whole tenor of their life made their testimony unexceptionable, that from that hour they have felt no agonies at all, no anxious fears, no sense of dereliction, as others have.

"But much I fear we begin our dispute at the wrong end. I fear you dissent from the fundamental articles of the Church of England. I know Bishop Bull does. I doubt you do not hold justification by faith alone; if not, then neither do you hold what our articles teach concerning the extent and the guilt of original sin, neither do you feel yourself a lost sinner; and if we begin not here, we are building on the sand. O may the God of love, if my sister or you are otherwise minded, reveal even this unto you!"

Rem acu tetigit. This was most undoubtedly the state and feeling of Mr. Samuel Wesley at this time. That he came to a better state of mind at last, his brother fully believed.

The next year's correspondence is as follows:—

"*Tiverton, March* 29, 1738-9.

"Dear Jack,

"I might as well have wrote immediately after your last as now, for any new information I expected from my mother; I might as well have let it alone at present, for any effect it will have, farther than showing you I neither despise you on the one hand, nor am angry with you on the other.

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"I am hardly persuaded you will see me face to face in this world, though somewhat nearer that Count Zinzendorf. Charles has at last told me in terms, he believes no more of dreams or visions than I do. Had you said so, I believe I should have hardly spent any time upon them, though I find others credit them, whatever you may do.

"You make two degrees or kinds of assurance. That neither of them is necessary to a state of salvation I prove thus:—

"1. Because multitudes are saved without either. These are of three sorts:—1. All infants baptized, who die before actual sin. 2. All persons of a melancholy and gloomy constitution; who without a miracle cannot be changed. 3. All penitents [*backsliders*] who live a good life after their recovery, and yet never attain to their first state.

"2. The lowest assurance is an impression from God, who is infallible, that heaven shall be actually enjoyed by the person to whom it is made. How is this consistent with fears of miscarriage; with deep sorrow, and going on the way weeping? How can any doubt after such certificate? If they can, then there is an assurance whereby the person who has it is not sure.

"3. If this be essential to a state of salvation, it is utterly impossible any should fall from that state finally; since, how can anything be more fixed than what Truth and Power has said he will perform? Unless you will say of the matter here, as I observed of the person, that there may be assurance wherein the thing itself is not certain.

"I am

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

"S. WESLEY."

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The reader will observe, that in this letter Mr. S. Wesley confounds the assurance of being now in the favour of God, with that of being infallibly and eternally saved! The latter doctrine Mr. J. Wesley never taught.

The following is Mr. J. Wesley's reply :—

"*Bristol, April* 4, 1738-9.

"Dear Brother,

"I greatly rejoice at the temper with which you now write; and trust there is not only mildness, but love also in your heart: if so, you shall know of this doctrine whether it be of God, though perhaps not by my ministry.

"To this hour you have pursued an *ignoratio elenchi*. Your assurance and mine are as different as light and darkness. I mean an assurance that I am now in a state of salvation: you, an assurance that I shall persevere therein. The very definition of the term cuts off your second and third observation. As to the first, I would take notice—

"1. No kind of assurance (that I know), or of faith, or of repentance, is essential to their salvation who die infants.

"2. I believe God is ready to give all true penitents, who fly to his free grace in Christ, a fuller sense of pardon than they had before they fell. I know this to be true of several; whether there are exempt cases, I know not.

"3. Persons that were of a melancholy and gloomy constitution, even to some degree of madness, I have known in a moment (let it be called a miracle, I quarrel not), brought into a state of firm, lasting peace and joy.

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"My dear brother, the whole question turns chiefly, if not wholly, on matter of fact. You deny that God does now work these effects; at least, that he works them in such a manner. I affirm both; because I have heard those facts with my ears, and seen them with my eyes. I have seen (as far as it can be seen) many persons changed in a moment from the spirit of horror, fear, and despair, to the spirit of hope, joy, and peace; and from sinful desires, till then reigning over them, to a pure desire of doing the will of God. These are matters of fact, whereof I have been, and almost daily am, eye or ear witness.

"What (upon the same evidence as to the suddenness and reality of the change) I believe, or know, touching visions or dreams. This I know: several persons in whom this great change, from the power of Satan unto God, was wrought either in sleep, or during a strong representation to the eye of their minds, of Christ, either on the cross, or in glory. This is the fact: let any judge of it as they please. But that such a change was then wrought appears (not from their shedding tears only, or sighing or singing psalms, as your poor correspondent did by the woman at Oxford, but) from the whole tenor of their life, till then many ways wicked; from that time holy, just, and good. Saw you him who was a lion till then, and is now a lamb; he that was a drunkard, but now exemplarily sober; the whoremonger that was, who abhors the very lusts of the flesh? These are my living arguments for what I assert, that God now, as aforetime, gives remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost, which may be called visions: if it be not so, I am found a false-witness. But, however, I do and will testify the things I have both seen and heard.

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"I do not now expect to see your face in the flesh; not that I believe God will discharge you yet, but I believe I have nearly finished my course.* O may I be found in Him, not having my own righteousness!

When I thy promised Christ have seen,
And clasped Him in my soul's embrace;
Possessed of thy salvation—then,—
Then may I, Lord, depart in peace!

"The great blessing of God be upon you and yours.

"I am, dear brother,

"Your ever affectionate

"and obliged brother,

"JOHN WESLEY."

"P.S.—I expect to stay here some time; perhaps as long as I am in the body."

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* Under this mark Dr. Priestley has the following note—"How greatly was Mr. Wesley mistaken in this his full persuasion, when he lived fifty years after this." This very note is introduced designedly to discredit Mr. Wesley's doctrine of assurance: but the reflection is unfair and false. Mr. Wesley does not say, nor intimate, that he had a full persuasion that he had nearly finished his course. He says simply, "I do not expect to see your face in the flesh—I *believe* I have nearly finished my course;" and at the conclusion of the letter, "I expect to stay here some time: *perhaps* as long as I am in the body." Now, do these hypothetic terms—expect, believe, perhaps—amount to a full persuasion that he should shortly die? I trow not. But he had reason to suppose and believe, from the then state of his health, that death was at the door. And with respect to the continuance of human life every thing is problematical. In the midst of life we are in death.

See the conclusion of his next letter, May 10, 1739.

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This letter Mr. Samuel Wesley answered thus:—

"*April* 16, 1739.

"Dear Jack,

"I heartily pray God that we may meet each other with joy in the next life; and beg him to forgive either of us, as far as guilty, for our not meeting in this. I acknowledge his justice in making my friends stand afar off, and hiding my acquaintance out of my sight.

"I find brevity has made me obscure. I argue against assurance, in your or any sense, as part of the gospel covenant, because many are saved without it. You own you cannot deny exempt cases, which is giving up the dispute. Your assurance being a clear impression of God upon the soul, I say must be perpetual, must be irreversible; else it is not assurance from God, infallible and omnipotent.

"You say the cross is strongly represented to the eye of the mind. Do these words signify, in plain English, the fancy? Inward eyes, ears, and feelings, are nothing to other people. I am heartily sorry such alloy should be found among so much piety."

In the above letter Mr. S. Wesley lays down premises of his own, which he attributes to his brother; and which his brother never proposed, nor maintained. And, strange to tell, from these assumed premises he draws conclusions which they will not support! A clear impression of God upon the soul must be irreversible, because God is infallible and omnipotent! Was there ever such reasoning? He might as well have maintained that the divine image in the soul of man was, in his creation, a clear and full impression of God; therefore it was perpetual and irreversible. Consequently

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Adam never fell, and the history of that event is a fable! O how prejudice and religious bigotry blind the mind, and pervert the heart! Mr. Samuel Wesley thus proceeds :—

"The little reflection on my poor correspondent at Oxford is quite groundless. I do not remember he says singing (adding rolling, &c.) was the only sign of her new birth; it is brought as a fruit of it. May we not know the tree by the fruit? Such visions, I think, may fairly be concluded fallacious, only for being attended with so ridiculous an effect.

"My mother tells me she fears a formal schism is already begun among you, though you and Charles are ignorant of it. For God's sake take care of that, and banish extemporary expositions and extemporary prayers.

"I have got your abridgment of Haliburton, and have sent for Watts. If it please God to allow me life and strength, I shall by his help demonstrate that the Scot as little deserves preference to all Christians but our Saviour, as the book all writings but those you mention. There are two flagrant falsehoods in the very first chapter. But your eyes are so fixed upon one point, that you overlook every thing else. You overshoot: but Whitfield raves.

"I entreat you to let me know what reasons you have to think you shall not live long. I received yours, dated the 4th, on Sunday 14th. The post will reach me much sooner, and I shall want much to know what ails you. I should be very angry with you, if you cared for it, should you have broken your iron constitution already; as I was with the glorious Pascal for

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losing his health, and living almost twenty years in pain.

"Dear Jack,
"Your sincere and affectionate
"Friend and brother,
"S. WESLEY."

In answer to Mr. Samuel's argument, or rather assertion, that the assurance in question made no part of the gospel covenant, Mr. J. Wesley answers—

"*Bristol, May 10th*, 1739.

"Dear Brother,

"The having abundance of work upon my hands is only *a* cause of my not writing sooner: THE cause was rather my unwillingness to continue an unprofitable dispute.

"The gospel promises to you, and to me, and to our children, and to all that are afar off, even as many of those as the Lord our God shall call, as are not disobedient to the heavenly vision, the witness of God's Spirit with their spirit that they are the children of God; that they are now at this hour all accepted in the Beloved: but it witnesses not that they always shall be. It is an assurance of present salvation only; therefore not necessarily perpetual, neither irreversible.

"I am one of many witnesses of this matter of fact, that God does now make good this his promise daily, very frequently during a representation (how made I know not, but not to the outward eye) of Christ, either hanging on the cross, or standing on the right hand of God. This I know to be of God, because from that hour the person so affected is a new creature, both as

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to his inward tempers, and outward life. 'Old things are passed away, and all things become new.'

"A very late instance of this I will give you. While we were praying at a society here, on Tuesday the first instant, the power of God (so I call it) came so mightily among us, that one, and another, and another fell down as thunderstruck. In that hour, many that were in deep anguish of spirit were all filled with peace and joy. Ten persons, till then in sin, doubt, and fear, found such a change that sin had no more dominion over them; and instead of the spirit of fear, they are now filled with that of love, and joy, and a sound mind. A Quaker, who stood by, was very angry at them; and was biting his lips, and knitting his brows, when the Spirit of God came upon him also; so that he fell down as one dead. We prayed over him, and he soon lifted up his head with joy, and joined with us in thanksgiving.

"A bystander, one John Haydon, was quite enraged at this; and being unable to deny something supernatural in it, laboured beyond measure to convince all his acquaintance that it was a delusion of the devil. I was met in the street next day by one who informed me that John Haydon was fallen raving mad. It seems he had sat down to dinner, but wanted first to make an end of a sermon he was reading. At the last page he suddenly changed colour; fell off his chair; and began screaming terribly, and beating himself against the ground. I found him on the floor, the room being full of people, whom his wife would have kept away: but he cried out, 'No! let them all come; let all the world see the just judgment of God.' Two or three were holding him as well as they could. He immediately fixed his eyes on me, and said, 'Aye, this is he I said deceived the people: but God hath overtaken me. I said it was a

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delusion of the devil; this is no delusion!' Then he roared aloud, 'O thou devil; thou cursed devil! yea, thou legion of devils! thou canst not stay in me. Christ will cast thee out; I know his work is begun. Tear me to pieces if thou wilt: but thou canst not hurt me.'

He then beat himself again; and groaning again with violent sweats, and heaving of the breast, we prayed with him, and God put a new song in his mouth. The words were, which he pronounced with a clear strong voice,—'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from this time forth for evermore.' I called again an hour after. We found his body quite worn out, and his voice lost: but his soul was full of joy and love, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

"I am now in as good health (thanks be to God) as I ever was since I remember, and I believe shall be so as long as I live, for I do not expect to have a lingering death. The reasons that induce me to think I shall not live to be old are such as you would not apprehend to be of any weight. I am under no concern on this head: let my Master see to it. O may the God of love be with you and my sister more and more!

"Dear brother,

"Your ever affectionate brother,

"JOHN WESLEY."

About two months before his death Mr. Samuel Wesley wrote the following letter, which was probably the last he wrote on the subject; and appears to be an answer to the foregoing.

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"*Tiverton, Sept.* 3*d*, 1739.

"Dear Jack,

"It has pleased God to visit me with sickness, else I should not have been so backward in writing. Pray to him for us, 'That he would give us patience under our sufferings, and a happy issue out of all our afflictions; granting us in this world knowledge of his truth, and in the world to come life everlasting.'

"It is good news that you have built a Charity School, and better still that you have a second almost up, as I find by yours, that Mr. Wigginton brought me. I wish you could build not only a school, but a church too, for the colliers, if there is not any place at present for worship where they can meet; and I should heartily rejoice to have it endowed, tho' Mr. Whitfield were to be the minister of it, provided the bishop fully joined.

"Your distinction between the discipline and the doctrine of the church is, I think, not quite pertinent; for surely episcopacy is a matter of doctrine too: but granting it otherwise, you know there is no fear of being cast out of our synagogue for any tenets whatsoever. Did not Clarke die preferred? Were not Collins and Coward free from anathema? Are not Chubb and Gordon now caressed? My knowledge of this makes me suspect Whitfield, as if he designed to provoke persecution by his bodings of it. He has already personally disobliged the Bishops of Gloucester and London; and doubtless will do as much by all the rest, if they fall not down before his whimsies, and should offer to stand in his way. Now if he by his madness should lay himself open to the small remains of discipline among us, as by marrying without license, or any other way, and get excommunicated for his pains, I am very apprehensive you would still stick to him as your dear brother; and so,

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tho' the church would not excommunicate you, you would excommunicate the church. Then I suppose you would enlarge your censure, which now takes in most of the inferior clergy. But you have taught me to have the worse opinion of no man upon that account, till you have proved your charge against Bishop Bull. At present, I am inclined to think, that being blamed with him is glory.

"You yourself doubted at first, and inquired and examined about the ecstasies: the matter therefore is not so plain as motion to a man walking. But I have my own reason, as well as your authority, against the exceeding clearness of divine interposition there. Your followers fall into agonies. I confess it. They are freed from them after you have prayed over them;—Granted. They say it is God's doing. I own they say so. Dear Br. where is your ocular demonstration? Where indeed is the rational proof? Their living well afterwards, may be a probable and sufficient argument that they believe themselves. But it goes no farther. I must ask a few more questions. Did these agitations ever begin during the use of any collects of the church? or during the preaching of any sermon that had been preached within consecrated walls without that effect, or during the inculcating any other doctrine besides that of your new birth? Are the main body of these agents or patients good sort of people before hand, or loose and immoral?

"My wife joins in love to you and Charles, if he is with you, or indeed wherever he is; for you know best his motions, and he is likely to hear from you before me. Phill is very well; my wife indifferent; and I am on the mending hand in spite of foul weather.

"I am, dear Jack,

"Your sincere and affectionate friend and brother,

"SAMUEL WESLEY."

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The tone of this letter is greatly altered from that of most of the preceding. He no longer disputes against the doctrine of assurance: but the agitations he cannot conceive to be a work, or effect of the working, of the Divine Spirit. Mr. J. Wesley did not consider them as such; but simply asserted the fact, that many thus seized were delivered from them at the earnest prayers of believers, and at the same time received a sense of their acceptance with God; and this last was proved to be his work by the subsequent holiness of their lives.

The question,—Did any of these agitations take place while any of the collects of the church were read? might be answered by another,—Was Paul reading a rational dissertation on righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, when Felix trembled? Acts xxiv. 25. One of our artists, who attempted to paint this scene, did represent Paul reading out of a book to Felix: but, on being asked the question,—Was it likely that Paul read before Felix; and if so, was it likely that he trembled at that reading? was in a moment convinced of the absurdity, struck the book out of the apostle's hands, and directed both them and his eyes to the Roman governor.

The collects are for the worship of the church, the people of God, who come to perform their devotions to their God and Father; they were never designed to be instruments of awakening the profligate. That belongs to suitable discourses delivered from the pulpit. It requires strong and forcible addresses, varied and suited according to circumstances and occasions, to arrest and awaken the careless, and to cause them to turn their eyes in upon their hearts, and consider their ways. It was a very silly objection which Mr. Samuel made in a letter to his mother, against the field-preaching of his

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two brothers and Mr. Whitfield. "They leave off (says he) the liturgy in the fields. Tho' Mr. Whitfield expresses his value for it, he never once read it to his taterdemallions on a common." If he had, who would have attended to him or it?—a thing which they could hear in any church, or read themselves on their return home! No, it was the novelty of the thing that induced them to attend. They saw a man in the garb and attitude of a minister standing on the common, on the highways, or by the hedges;—and they ran together to hear what he had to say, and he preached unto them Jesus, and in such a scripture way as was then heard in few churches in the land. Thus they were awakened and converted to God. "Upon a review (says Dr. Whitehead) of the whole of this controversy, we may safely pronounce that the doctrine of assurance is in no respect invalidated or rendered doubtful by anything Mr. Samuel Wesley has said against it."

On the contrary we may assert, that it shines more illustrious; and that the very circumstance of such a very wise, learned, and able a logician as Mr. Samuel not having been able to bring one argument of any weight against it, though he availed himself, in the straits to which his brother had reduced him, of sophisms to support him, is a strong proof that it is founded on the sacred Scriptures, necessarily belongs to the New Covenant, and that there is neither divination nor enchantment against it. As to field-preaching, the vast and wondrous moral change that was made in the hearts and lives of the superlative sinners of Kingswood, to which Mr. Samuel Wesley in the letter above turns his attention with delight, was produced under God by out-of-door preaching, for at that time there was neither chapel nor church in all that district. And yet, with all this

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evidence before his eyes, so bigoted was he to forms and ecclesiastical order, that he says in the above letter to his mother, that he "would rather have his brothers picking straws within the walls of the university, than preaching in the area of Moorfields." Had they been of his mind, how many thousands of souls must in all likelihood have perished, to whom that kind of preaching became the means of salvation; and who are now exulting in the glory of God, because his faithful servants went out to the highways and to the hedges, and compelled them to come in, that his house might be filled!

For other matters relative to what was called Mr. Wesley's doctrine of assurance (or in other and better words, his strongly insisting on and applying to suitable subjects this apostolic doctrine, "God sent forth his Son to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons: And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father!"), see several observations at the close of the Memoir of Mrs. Susanna Wesley.

We find from Mr. Samuel Wesley's letter of Sept. 3, 1739, that he had been visited with sickness; from which I believe he did not fully recover, though he then fancied himself "on the mending hand." But the event showed that he was then on the confines of the grave. According to the statement of a friend, who wrote the short Memoir prefixed to the 12mo. edition of his poems, "continual application to various business, and an intense pursuit at the same time of his studies, had well nigh worn him out by the time he had reached little more than half the age of man; so that being advised to retire for air and gentle exercise, to recruit his constitution, he was easily prevailed upon to accept a country school in

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the West of England, where he soon fell into a lingering illness, which in a few years brought him to his end."

Dr. Whitehead observes: "Mr. Wesley had a bad state of health some time before he left Westminster, and his removal to Tiverton did not much mend it. On the night of the 5th of November, 1739, he went to bed seemingly as well as usual, was taken ill about three in the morning, and died at seven, after about four hours' illness."

The following letter from a particular friend, Mr. Amos Matthews, to Mr. Charles Wesley, states the circumstances more explicitly.

"*Tiverton, Nov.* 14, 1739.

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"Your brother, and my dear friend (for so you are sensible he was to me), on Monday, the 5th of November, went to bed, as he thought as well as he had been for some time before. He was seized about three o'clock in the morning very ill, when your sister immediately sent for Mr. Norman, and ordered the servant to call me. Mr. Norman came as quick as he possibly could; but said, as soon as he saw him, that he could not get over it, but would die in a few hours. He was not able to take anything, nor to speak to us; only yes, or no, to a question asked him; and that did not last half an hour. I never went from his bed-side till he expired, which was about seven the same morning. With a great deal of difficulty we persuaded your dear sister to leave the room before he died. I trembled to think how she would bear it, knowing the sincere affection and love she had for him. But, blessed be God, he hath heard and answered prayer on her behalf; and in a great measure calmed her spirit, though she has not yet been out of her

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chamber. Your brother was buried on Monday last, in the afternoon; and is gone to reap the fruit of his labours. I pray God we may imitate him in all his virtues, and be prepared to follow. I should enlarge much more, but have not time; for which reason I hope you will excuse him, who is under the greatest obligations to be, and really is, with the greatest sincerity,

"Yours in all things,

"AMOS MATTHEWS."

On receiving this intelligence, Mr. John and Charles Wesley set off to visit and comfort their widowed sister at Tiverton, which they reached on the 21st; and under this date Mr. J. Wesley makes the following entry in his Journal:—

"On Wednesday, 21st Nov. 1739, in the afternoon, we came to Tiverton. My poor sister was sorrowing almost as one without hope. Yet we could not but rejoice at hearing from one who had attended my brother in all his weakness, that several days before he went hence God had given him a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ. O may every one who opposes it be thus convinced that this doctrine is of God!"

Pray what does this imply? An earnest desire that the God of all grace may convince all opposers of this doctrine that it is of God; by giving them, before they go hence, a calm and full assurance of their interest in Christ. Can any wish be more humane, more charitable, or more merciful? But how has this entry been treated by a late biographer of Mr. Wesley? I am sorry to be obliged to mention Mr. Robert Southey with anything that seems like disrespect. But on this subject he has

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been illiberal; and I think I can set him right. "Wesley, says he, cannot be suspected of intentional deceit; yet who is there, who, upon reading this passage, would suppose that Samuel had died after an illness of four hours? Well might he protest against the apprehension or the charity of those who were so eager to hold him up to the world as their convert."

None of his brothers, nor of the Methodists of that time, ever was eager to hold up Mr. Samuel Wesley as their convert. His brothers laboured to bring him from the errors under which he lay; and most certainly there were articles in his creed that were neither in his Church nor in his Bible, as the preceding letters prove. That he ceased his opposition to the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit, without which religion is little better than a shadow, is evident from his letter of Sept. 3, which was two months before he died. That Mr. Wesley does not even insinuate that he received a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ in his last four hours, is most evident. He says, it was several days before he went hence; and he says this on the authority of one who had attended him in all his weakness,—and he had weakness for several years, as we have seen; but he was particularly weak and afflicted some months before he died; and surely several days before he died, when his particular weakness must have led him to conclude that death might be at the door, was ample time for the mercy of God in Christ Jesus to be manifested to his soul, that he might not die in the dark. May we not retort, and say, "Southey cannot be suspected of intentional deceit; yet who is there, who, upon reading this passage, would not suppose that Mr. J. Wesley states, that his brother Samuel got a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ, in the last four hours of

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his life?" "But he died," says Mr. Southey, "in that essential faith which has been common to all Christians in all ages." I believe he did. But Mr. Southey seems not to understand the distinction between THE FAITH,—that is, the system of doctrines, duties, privileges, &c., which constitute the Christian Revelation; and the *faith* that *justifies the ungodly*. He who does not know this distinction knows little of Christianity for his own personal salvation. Mr. Southey is also an opposer of the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit. So essential do I think this to Mr. Southey's salvation, that I heartily pray to God that not only several days, but several years (for I wish him a very long life), before he goes hence, he may receive from God a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ; and be thus convinced that the doctrine is of God. In this case, as in many others, relative to Mr. Wesley and Methodism, Mr. Southey has spoken against what he does not understand.* I may tell him, and all who are of his mind, that the Methodists never refer to Mr. Samuel Wesley as a proof of the truth of this doctrine. They refer to no man, not to Mr. John Wesley himself; they appeal to none:—they appeal to the Bible, where this doctrine stands as inexpugnable as the pillars of Heaven. Nor do they need solitary instances as facts, to prove that on this point they have not mistaken the Bible, while they, by the mercy of God, have thousands of testimonies every year of its truth; and they know it to be the common birthright of all

* Most of Mr. Southey's errors will be found corrected by the Rev. James Everett, in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for 1818, p. 260, 340, 419; and subsequently by the Rev. Richard Watson, in his "Observations" on Mr. Southey's Life of Mr. Wesley.

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the sons and daughters of God. Without it, the whole life of faith would be hypothetical. And if a man have not the consolations of the Holy Spirit, and a scriptural and satisfactory evidence of his own interest in Christ, and of his title, through him, to the kingdom of heaven, the Koran, for ought he knows, may be as true as the Bible. No man can inherit unless he be a son: "For if sons, then heirs;" and to them that are sons, "GOD sends the Spirit of his Son into their hearts, crying, Abba, Father." These are the true sayings of God, and all his people know them.

Before I quit that collection of letters published by Dr. Priestley, where Mr. Samuel Wesley's opposition to his brothers is principally recorded, I must say a word on the gratulatory appeal which the doctor makes to the Methodists, in his address prefixed to those letters.

"This very publication," says he, "will convince you that you who are now called Methodists are a very different set of people, and much more rational, than those who were first distinguished by that name." I answer, we are not a very different people, nor different at all, either in one article of our essential doctrines, or in one tittle of our Church discipline. That our people grow wiser and better, and become more useful, we acknowledge with gratitude to the Author of every good and perfect gift; and this is naturally to be expected when they have the advantages of a pure and enlightened ministry, where they are in the constant habit of hearing that gospel-trumpet which emits no uncertain sounds. The doctor goes on: "We do not now hear of those sudden and miraculous conversions." Whether the doctor did or did not hear of what he calls sudden and miraculous conversions, WE, thank God, do hear of and see them almost daily in different parts of our connexion;

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yea, and in several cases, accompanied with what he calls "convulsions, falling down," &c., though we do not think that these circumstances are at all essential to the thing, for we find in numerous cases the instantaneous work effected without them. They are neither looked for, sought for, nor encouraged. They are adventitious circumstances; in most cases of their occurrence unavoidable, for the very reasons which Mr. J. Wesley gave at the time they were most frequent, under his own ministry. "For," says he, "how easy is it to suppose that a strong, lively, and sudden apprehension of the heinousness of sin, the wrath of God, and the bitter pains of eternal death, should affect the body as well as the soul, during the present laws of vital union; should interrupt or disturb the ordinary circulations, and put nature out of its course. Yea, we may question whether, while this union subsists, it be possible for the mind to be affected in so violent a degree, without some or other of those bodily symptoms following. It is also remarkable that there is plain Scripture precedent of every symptom which has lately appeared. So that we cannot allow even the conviction attended with these to be madness, without giving up both reason and Scripture." Dr. Priestley goes on, and says, "Nor will many of you, I presume, at this day pretend to date your new-birth with as much precision as your natural birth." The inaccuracy of these expressions I leave undisturbed. "But you will here find the day, the hour, and the minute, when both Mr. John and Mr. Charles Wesley first received, or imagined they first received, their divine light; and, as they say, became Christians, from being before that moment no Christians." More inaccuracy! Hour and minute are added here by Dr. Priestley, none of which appear in the letters in this publication; but I

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let that pass also, though inexcusable in an experimental philosopher; for although these things are not mentioned, yet they were doubtless as determinable as the day. I must also say here, that Methodism is in this respect also the same. God does his own work in the same way now that he did then. And there is nothing more usual among even the best educated and enlightened of the members of the Methodists' Society than a distinct knowledge of the time, place, and circumstances, when, where, and in which, they were deeply convinced of sin, and afterwards had a clear sense of God's mercy to their souls, in forgiving their sins, and giving them the witness in themselves that they were born of God; so that, in this sense also, the Methodists not only continue to preach, believe, and be what they formerly were, but differ *toto cœlo* from Doctor Priestley, and the religious tenets he held. And let this be an answer to his question in p. xxv., "In what then, my brethren, do we differ?" In almost every article of our creed, the being of a God and the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures excepted. And if we ever change our creed into that to which the doctor wishes to lead us, may our name be blotted out from the earth, and our memorial perish from among the children of men! *Selah.*

I shall now proceed to take a general view of the writings and character of this eminent man.

It is said of Mr. Samuel Wesley, by those who knew him well, that "he possessed an open benevolent temper, which he had from nature, which he had so cultivated on principle, and was so intent upon it as a duty to help every body as he could, that the number and continual success of his good offices was astonishing even to his friends, who saw with what pleasure and zeal he did them; and he was an instance how exceedingly service-

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able in life a person of a very inferior station may be, who sets his heart upon it. As his diligence on such occasions was never tired out, so he had a singular address and dexterity in soliciting them. His own little income was liberally made use of; and as his acquaintance whom he applied to were always confident of his care and integrity, he never wanted means to carry on his good purposes; so that his life was a series of useful charity."

Mr. Wesley's wit was keen, and his sense strong. As a poet, he stands entitled to a very distinguished niche in the Temple of Fame; and it has long appeared to me strange that his poetical works have not found a place either in Johnson's, Anderson's, or Chalmers' collection of the British poets. To say that those collectors did not think them entitled to a place there would be a gross reflection on their judgment; as in the last and best collection, consisting of one hundred and twenty-seven poets, it would be easy to prove that Samuel Wesley is equal to most, and certainly superior to one half, of that number. But the *name!* the name would have scared many superficial and fantastic readers, as they would have been sadly afraid of meeting in some corner or other with Methodism, which is so intimately connected with the name of Wesley. With multitudes a name is the omen of good or bad luck, according to their fancies or prepossessions.

But though he has not been brought before the public in any of the above collections, it must not be forgotten that Dr. Johnson has given a quotation from him in the grammar prefixed to his Dictionary as the best specimen of that kind of poetry to which he refers. The lines are generally known; but many are ignorant of their author.

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EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Beneath, a sleeping infant lies,
To earth whose ashes lent,
More glorious shall hereafter rise,
Though not more innocent.
When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
What crowds will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine!

The truth and beauty of these lines will be felt as well as seen; therefore every one is a judge of their merit. Mr. Southey too, in his "Specimens of the later English Poets," published in 1807, has noticed him, and given us specimens of his poetical productions. The verses on the setting up of Mr. Butler's monument, which I shall hereafter introduce; and "Advice to One who was about to write, to avoid the Immoralities of the antient and modern Poets," are introduced into his pages.

In 1736, Mr. Samuel Wesley published "A Collection of Poems on several Occasions," in 4to., for which it appears he got a handsome list of subscribers. Before this, several of them had been published separately, or in other collections, without the name of the author. One of these poems, indeed the largest in the collection, is entitled "The Battle of the Sexes." It contains fifty verses, in the stanza of Spencer. It had been published by itself, without the author's knowledge;* and produced

* Samuel Wesley remarks, in his "Preface to the second edition" of this poem, that "the first was printed more correctly than could have been reasonably expected, since it was published without the writer's knowledge, and a great many undeserved compliments

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a handsome compliment from Mr. Christopher Pitt, "To the unknown author of The Battle of the Sexes." It is too long to transcribe; but I cannot withhold the following lines:

> What muse but yours so justly could display
> Th' embattled Passions marshalled in array?
> To airy notions solid forms dispense,
> And make our thoughts the images of sense?
> Discover all the rational machine,
> And show the movements, springs, and wheels within?

His personification and description of Religion in this poem has been admired by all readers,—

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were passed upon him." The person alluded to was Thomas Cooke, the translator of "Hesiod," with notes, and the author of some dramatic pieces and poems, for one of which Pope gave him a place in his "Dunciad." The "Battle of the Sexes" appears to have been published in Dublin, with the following motto,—

"Bella, horrida bella!" VIRG.

A new title-page was added in 1738. In subsequent editions the motto is,—

——— "Paribus se legibus ambæ
Invictæ Gentes æterna in fœdera mittant." VIRG.

The second edition, which, as has just been stated, was published by Samuel Wesley himself, appeared in 1736. A literary friend, to whom the "Wesley Family is deeply indebted for his contributions, and who is honourably noticed by Dr. Clarke in his preface to the work, has suggested a query to the writer of this note,—Whether the first edition of the poem was not published in London in 1733-4, and reprinted in Dublin from the edition in 1738? The gentleman who gave it to Cooke, told him, he "met with it by accident from a friend abroad." See the preface. The poem contains four stanzas less than in the edition by the author, and is in many places different. Cooke states the poem to have been inscribed to his friend and his mistress; but in the second line of Mr. Wesley's edition, we find "HAMILTON," instead of "patiently."—EDITOR.

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"Mild, sweet, serene, and cheerful was her mood;
Nor grave with sternness, nor with lightness free:
Against example resolutely good,
Fervent in zeal, and warm in charity."

In this work there are four Tales admirable for their humour, and for their appropriate and instructive moral; though in some instances the descriptions are rather coarse: "The Cobler;" "The Pig;" "The Mastiff;" and "The Basket."

As the work is in the hands of few of those under whose notice these Memoirs are likely to fall, I shall insert "The Pig" as a specimen, in an Appendix at the end of these Memoirs.

Mr. S. Wesley had the highest reverence for divine revelation. He considered its detractors, whom he generally found to be profligates, unworthy of the name of men; and they received the severest lashes of his satirical muse. Some specimens of his mode of thinking and feeling on this point, as well as on subjects of less gravity, will be found among the Appendices.

Mr. Duncombe, in a letter to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, to which I shall have occasion again to refer, speaking of this work, says, "We have a volume of poems in quarto by Samuel Wesley, which are ingenious and entertaining. He had an excellent knack of telling a tale in verse."

The verses already alluded to, on setting up Mr. Butler's monument in Westminster Abbey, have been attributed to another author; but we have Mr. Wesley's hand and name claiming them as his own; and though well known, I shall introduce them here because of an important variation in the second line in the MS. from that in the printed copy.

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"While Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No purse-proud printer would a dinner give:
See him, when starved to death, and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The Poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He asked for *bread*, and he received a *stone*."

In the printed copies, "no generous patron" is found instead of "*purse-proud printer*."

There are many poems by Samuel Wesley not found in his Collection. Among these may be mentioned, "The Song of the Three Children, paraphrased by M. de la Pla, and published by S. Wesley in 1724, *anonymous*. See Bibliotheca Britannica, p. 957. Also "Georgia," a poem, in 1736, from which extracts have been given. My readers may find three others in Bishop Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence, vol. iii., pp. 301, 310, and 312, together with some I shall hereafter notice.

The Methodists should know that the Hymns which begin with the following lines were composed by Mr. Samuel Wesley:

"The morning flowers display their sweets," &c.

"From whence these dire portents around," &c.

"The Sun of righteousness appears," &c.

"The Lord of Sabbath let us praise," &c.

"Hail, Father, whose creating call," &c.

"Hail, God the Son, in glory crowned," &c.

"Hail, Holy Ghost! Jehovah! third," &c.

"Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord," &c.

I do not recollect to have seen in print the following lines to Mr. Pope:—

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" Depend not upon verse for fame
(Though none can equal thine);
Our language never rests the same,
'Twill rise, or 'twill decline.

Thy wreaths, in some few fleeting hours,
Too soon will be decayed;
But History lasts, though modern flowers
Of poetry must fade.

A surer way, then, wouldst thou find
Thy glory to prolong,
While there remains amongst mankind
A sense of right and wrong?

Thy fame with nature's self shall end,
Let future times but know
That Atterbury was thy friend,
And Bentley was thy foe."

His verses on forms of prayer, against Dr. Watts, who made forms of praise, by turning the psalms into a sort of Christian hymns, are strong and pointed:—

" Form stints the spirit, Watts has said,
And therefore oft is wrong;
At best a *crutch* the weak to aid,
A *cumbrance* to the strong.

Of human liturgies the load
Perfection scorns to bear;
The apostles were but weak, when God
Prescribed his Form of Prayer.

Old David both in prayer and praise
A form for *crutches* brings;
But Watts has dignified his lays,
And furnished him with *wings*.

Even Watts a form for praise can choose,
For prayer who throws it by
Crutches to *walk* he can refuse,
But uses them to *fly*!"

Mr. Wesley was highly esteemed by Lord Oxford, to whom, as before noticed, he dedicated his quarto volume

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of poems; and also by Mr. Pope, Dean Swift, and Prior, the latter of whom has made honourable mention of him. With Addison, also, he was intimately acquainted, as well as with some others of the greatest men of his time. From the two former, the following letters may be introduced.

"*Dover Street, Aug.* 7, 1734.

"Reverend Sir,

"I am sorry and ashamed to say it, but the truth must come out, that I have had a letter of yours dated June 8, and this is August 7, and I have but now set pen to paper to answer it.

"I assure you I was very glad to hear from you; and since that you are much mended in your health, change of air will certainly be of great service to you, and I hope you will use some other exercise than that of the school. I hear you have had an increase of above forty boys since you have been down there. I am very glad for your sake that you are so well approved of. I hope it will in every respect answer your expectation. If your health be established, I make no doubt that all parts will prove to your mind, which will be a great pleasure to me.

"There is very little news stirring. They all agree that the Bishop of Winchester is dying. They say Hoadley is to succeed him, and Potter, Hoadley; but how farther I cannot tell, nor does the town pretend, which is a wonderful thing. I am very glad you was reduced to read over Hudibras three times with care; and I find you are perfectly of my mind, that it much wants notes, and that it will be a great work. Certainly it will be, to do it as it should be. I do not know one so capable of doing this as yourself. I speak this very sincerely. Lilly's life I have; and any books that I have you shall

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see, and have the perusal of them, and any other part that I can assist. I own I am very fond of the work, and it would be of excellent use and entertainment.

"The news you read in the papers of a match with my daughter and the Duke of Portland was completed at Mary-le-bonne Chapel. I think there is the greatest prospect of happiness to them both. I think it must be mutual; one part cannot be happy without the other. There is a great harmony of temper, a liking to each other, which I think is a true foundation for happiness. Compliments from all here attend you.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most affectionate humble servant,

"OXFORD."

"The two boys are very well. Pray let me hear from you soon; and let me know from under your own hand how you do."

This letter shows that much familiarity and confidence subsisted between his lordship and Mr. Wesley; and it is most likely that it was by Lord Oxford's influence that he obtained the mastership of Blundell's school; a place for which he was every way qualified, except in health, but, in his infirm state, the most improper situation in which he could have been placed. A church preferment would have suited his habits much better; and as he had naturally a robust constitution, he might have lived many years longer, and his latter days might have been more useful than his first. To a person of impaired health and infirm constitution, the office of public schoolmaster is as deleterious as the bottom of a coal-mine.

The following letter from Mr. Pope is without the date of the year; and we scarcely know to what it refers; but

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I suppose to the subscription for Mr. Wesley's Collection of Poems; and if so, it must have been written about 1735.

"Dear Sir,

"Your letter had not been so long unanswered, but that I was not returned from a journey of some weeks, when it arrived at this place. You may depend on the money for the Earl of Peterborow, Mr. Bethel, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Eckershall; which I will pay beforehand to any one you shall direct; and I think you may set down Dr. Delaney, whom I will write to. I desired my Lord Oxford, some months since, to tell you this. It was just upon my going to take a last leave of Lord Peterborow, in so much hurry, that I had not time to write; and my Lord Oxford undertook to tell it to you for me. I agree with you in the opinion of Savage's strange performance, which does not deserve the benefit of the clergy. Mrs. Wesley has my sincere thanks for her good wishes in favour of this wretched tabernacle, my body. The soul that is so unhappy as to inhabit it deserves her regard something better, because it harbours much goodwill for her husband and herself; no man being more truly,

"Dear Sir,

"Your faithful and affectionate servant,

"A. Pope."

Though both this letter and that of Lord Oxford be in the main excessively flat, and carelessly composed, yet the last paragraph here contains some fine ideas, expressed with the utmost felicity of language.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1809, p. 609, is the fac-simile of a poetical epistle from Mr. Pope, accu-

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rately copied from the original, which requires no further illustration than to observe, that "Father Francis cross the sea," was Dr. Atterbury, the then exiled bishop of Rochester.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF OXFORD,

UPON A PIECE OF NEWS IN A MIST;—THE REV. MR. WESLEY REFUSED TO WRITE AGAINST MR. POPE, BECAUSE HIS BEST PATRON HAD A FRIENDSHIP FOR THE SAID POPE.

1.

Wesley, if Wesley 'tis they mean,
They say on Pope would fall,
Would his best patron let his pen
Discharge his inward gall.

2.

What patron this, a doubt must be
Which none but you can clear,
Or Father Francis cross the sea,
Or else Earl Edward here.

3.

That both were good must be confess'd,
And much to both he owes,
But which to him will be the best
The Lord of Oxford knows.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Oxford, Dover Street.

The Bishop of Winchester, mentioned by Lord Oxford, was Richard Willis, formerly of All Souls' College, Oxford, and military chaplain to King William, who raised him first to the bishopric of Salisbury; after which he was translated in 1723 to the see of Winchester. He died in August 1734, and was succeeded by Dr. Benjamin Hoadley in the September following. One thing was peculiarly remarkable in Bishop Willis; he generally preached extempore, with ease, correctness, and fluency; a thing most singular among the clergy in those days;

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a thing which Mr. S. Wesley execrated in his brothers; and which, with extempore prayer, he said, "was enough to bring in all confusion."

To this extempore preaching Dr. Willis was at first led no doubt by the temper of his master King William, who was accustomed to hear such kind of preaching in Holland, and could scarcely have borne to hear doctor or prelate read a sermon out of the pulpit at the congregation. When Willis became a bishop he continued the practice. Some thought he wrote his sermons first, and then committed them to memory. What Bishop Godwin, De Præsulibus Angliæ, p. 245, says of Bishop Willis, I shall subjoin; the substance I have given before.

"Richardus Willis, Collegii Omnium Animarum non item pridem socius, à rege Gulielmo præcipuè eâ de causâ ascitus qui in castris militaribus sibi à sacris adesset, quod singulari quâdam facultate *extempore concionandi*, vel conciones memoriter recitandi polleret."

So, Mr. John Wesley was not the first extempore preacher in the church; nor did extempore preaching bring in all or any confusion, as Mr. Samuel Wesley thought it must do.

Mr. Wesley had not only the friendship of Lord Oxford, but his intimacy also; and frequently dined at his house. But this was an honour for which he was obliged to pay a grievous tax, ill suited to the narrowness of his circumstances. Vales to servants, that sovereign disgrace to their masters, were in those days quite common, and in some instances, seem to have stood in the place of wages. A whole range of livery-men generally stood in the lobby with eager expectation and rapacity, when any gentleman came out from dining at a

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nobleman's table; so that no person who was not affluent could afford to enjoy the privilege of a nobleman's entertainment.

Mr. Wesley, who was a frequent visitor at Lord Oxford's, having paid this tax oftener than well suited his circumstances, thought it high time either to come to some compromise with these cormorants, or else to discontinue his visits. One day, on returning from his lordship's table, and seeing the usual range of greedy expectants, he addressed them thus: "My friends, I must make an agreement with you, suited to my purse; and shall distribute so much (naming the sum) once in the month, and no more." This becoming generally known, was not only the means of checking that troublesome importunity, but also of redressing the evil; for their master, whose honour was concerned, commanded them to "stand back in their ranks when a gentleman retired;" and prohibited their begging! Many eminent men have endeavoured to bring this vile custom into deserved disgrace; Dryden, Addison, Swift, &c.; but it still continues, though under another form; leaving taverns out of the question (where the lowest menial expects to be paid, if he condescends to answer a civil question), cooks, chamber-maids, waiters, errand-boys, &c., &c., all expect money, if you lodge in their master's house but a single night! And they expect to be paid too in proportion to the treatment you have received from their master, and in proportion to his credit and respectability, and not to your means or purse. The gentry of the land should rise up as one man against this disgraceful custom, as the board of excise have done against the bribes taken by their officers. Let a servant, on being hired, hear, "Your wages for which you agree shall be duly and faithfully paid; I shall not require the aid of

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my friends to make up the deficiencies of my servants. The day on which I am informed you receive any thing from my guests, you shall be dismissed from my service." If all agree to act thus, this grievous tax upon our friends will soon be abolished. There are few cases where the friendly visit does not cost him who pays it five times more than his maintenance would have done at his own house.

I have already referred to Mr. Wesley's lines on the death of Queen Anne, to which allusion is made in the fourth stanza of his Epitaphium Vivi, p. 162. But I can find none but the following, which he has altered from Prior's Ode, presented to King William on his return from Holland after the Queen's death, in 1695. I insert them because of a circumstance that shall be mentioned below.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE.

1.

At Anna's tomb (sad sacred place!),
The Virtues shall their vigils keep,
And every muse and every grace
In solemn silent state shall weep

2.

For her the great, the good, shall mourn,
When late records her deeds repeat;
Ages to come, and men unborn,
Shall bless her name, so truly great!

3.

Fair Albion shall with grateful trust
Our sacred Anna's relics guard;
'Till heaven awake the precious dust,
And gives the saint her full reward.

These verses have been set to music by that eminent performer and honest man, Charles Wesley, Esq., son to the late Rev. Charles Wesley, and nephew to Mr. Samuel

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Wesley; and applied to the late Queen Charlotte, changing nothing but the name *Charlotte* for *Anna;* and if the private and domestic character of both be considered, we shall find them at least as truly applicable to the queen of George III., as to the illustrious spouse of the Prince of Denmark. They were certainly very appropriate in their application to the good Queen Mary.

In his compositions, letters, and friendships, we have already seen much of the character of Mr. Samuel Wesley, and relative to this point little needs to be added. A part of his character, of which the world knew nothing, was the brightest, and most worthy of the imitation of every son and every brother. From the time he became usher in Westminster School, he divided his income with his parents and family. Through him, principally, were his brothers John and Charles maintained at the university; and in all straits of the family, his purse was not only opened, but emptied, if found necessary. And all this was done with so much affection and deep sense of duty, that it took off and almost prevented the burden of gratitude which otherwise must have been felt. These acts of filial kindness were done so secretly, that although they were very numerous, and extended through many years, no note of them is to be found in his correspondence; his right hand never knew what his left hand did. Those alone knew his bounty who were its principal objects, and they were not permitted to record it. Indirect hints we frequently find in the letters of old Mr. and Mrs. Wesley, and sometimes in those of his brothers; and those hints were all they dared mention in their correspondence with a man who wished to forget every act of kindness he had done. His brothers always spoke of him with the highest reverence, respect, and affection.

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Mr. Badcock, it seems, possessed a letter of acknowledgment from old Samuel Wesley, written not long before his death, to this dutiful and affectionate son. I have not been so fortunate as to see this letter, and cannot tell whether it now exists; but the reader will be highly pleased at what Mr. Badcock says of it:—

"I have in my possession a letter of this poor and aged parent addressed to his son Samuel, in which he gratefully acknowledges his filial duty, in terms so affecting, that I am at a loss which to admire most, the gratitude of the parent, or the affection and generosity of the child. It was written when the good old man was nearly fourscore, and so weakened by a palsy as to be incapable of directing a pen, unless with his left hand. I preserve it as a curious memorial of what will make Wesley applauded, when his wit is forgotten."

Yes, filial affection is one of the first duties man owes upon earth; only his duty to God is paramount. There cannot be a nearer representative of an impoverished Christ to the eye of a child, than a parent in distress; nor will the approbation of God be more strongly expressed in the day of final retribution, than to that child who has honoured the Lord with his substance, in supplying the wants of those from whom, under God, he has derived his being. And those who have ministered to the necessities of their parents will be found at the top of the list of those of whom the Fountain of Justice and Father of Mercies speaks, when he says, "I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked, and ye clothed me; sick and in prison, and ye ministered unto me!" A sound creed is a good thing; but we know that it may be entertained where little of

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the practice of piety and mercy is to be found. And there may be in some respects a deficient creed, where nevertheless all the great truths of religion are found; and where it even is not so, there are many cases where the conformity of the life to the purest principles of truth, justice, and mercy, sufficiently evidences the law of God written in the heart by the finger of the Almighty himself.

The man who acted thus towards his parents, and contributed to the utmost of his power to the support and education of his brothers and sisters, and whose whole conduct was irreproachable, has been styled by certain gentlemen who ought to have inquired, if they did not know better, "a worldly priest, who hated all pretence to more religion than our neighbours, as an infallible mark of a dissenter." This slander is too thin, too barefaced, and too malevolent, to deserve notice. Mr. Southey has duly exposed it by a fine irony. "The *amiable spirit* which is displayed in this sentence, its *liberality*, its *charity*, and its *regard to truth*, require no comment."—Life of Wesley, vol. i., p. 294.

I can say, on the best authority, that such was the amiableness, benevolence, and excellence of his public and private character, that during the seven years he resided at Tiverton, where he was best known, he was nearly idolized. His diligence and able method of teaching in his school was so evident and successful, that in the first year upwards of forty boys were added to it. And such confidence had the public in him, that children were sent from all quarters to be placed under his tuition. His memory was dear to all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. And while my page shall live, his eminent abilities, his steady attachment to his friends, whom he invariably cleaved to in adversity, and

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his uncommon filial piety, and various other excellencies, shall not be forgotten.

Mr. Samuel Wesley was a member of the philosophical society at Spalding, and gave to their museum an amulet that had touched the heads of the three kings of Cologne, whose names were in black letters within.

He married a Miss Berry, whose character he has drawn in the following poem, in which he ingeniously introduces her name in the first line:

Her hair and skin are as the *Berry*,—brown;
Soft is her smile, and graceful is her frown;
Her stature low, 'tis something less than mine;
Her shape, though good, not exquisitely fine;
Though round her hazle eyes some sadness lies,
Their sprightly glances can sometimes surprise;
But greater beauties to her mind belong,
Well can she speak, and wisely hold her tongue;
In her, plain sense and humble sweetness meet:
Though gay, religious; and though young, discreet.
Such is the maid, if I can judge aright,
If love or favour hinder not my sight.
Perhaps you'll ask me how so well I know?
I've studied her, and I confess it too.
I've sought each inmost failing to explore,
Though still the more I sought, I liked the more.

This lady was daughter of a clergyman of the established church, and rector of Watton, in Norfolk. Her grandfather, John Berry, M. A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, was presented to the rectory of East Down, Devonshire, by the protector, Richard Cromwell, in 1658, from which he was ejected in 1662, by the Act of Uniformity. When ejected he had ten children, and scarcely anything for their subsistence; but God took care of them, and most of them afterwards lived in comfortable circumstances. He continued to preach in

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several places as he had opportunity; and once, if not oftener, was cast into Exeter common gaol, where he lay for several months. Of him Mr. Baxter says, "He was an extraordinary, humble, tender-conscienced, serious, godly, able minister." He died happy in God, December, 1704, aged nearly 80.

It appears that Mr. Berry, the son of this venerable man, was a clergyman of great worth and unshaken integrity. It was on the decease of this clergyman, that Mr. Wesley wrote his poem entitled the "Parish Priest," which several of Mr. J. Wesley's biographers, and indeed some of the family, supposed to have been written on the rector of Epworth. I was also led away by the common opinion, but saw my mistake before the first edition of this work went to the press, and wrote to the editor to examine the subject; but owing to his press of business and my absence from the kingdom, the mistake was perpetuated. On a careful examination, I find the character is that of his wife's father, the Rev. John Berry; for it was first presented to the public five years prior to the volume of poems being published. In proof of this, in the first volume of the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1731, p. 504, it is thus advertised: "No. 9, The Parish Priest, a poem upon a clergyman lately deceased, price 6*d*." In the minutes of the Spalding Society, which may be found in the 3rd volume of the Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica, this poem is described as "the character of his wife's father, the Rev. Jno. Berry, M.A., vicar of Watton, in Norfolk." This is placed beyond all doubt by the original publication, thus dated: The Parish Priest, a poem upon a clergyman, lately deceased: London, printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick Lane, 1731; price sixpence. There was a second edition in 1732; so that this poem, supposed to

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be on the death of the Rector of Epworth, was made and printed four or five years before his death. I find that Mr. Nichols, in his Literary Anecdotes, and also Chalmers, in his Biographical Dictionary, make the same statement from these authorities. In the History of Norfolk, 6 vols. fol., vol. iii., p. 590, it will be seen, "John Berry, M. A., was appointed to the living of Watton, Aug. 26, 1691, which he held till his death, which was in 1730. His successor was appointed Sept. 30, 1730. Thus we find he held the living upwards of forty years. The poem, therefore, even in its letter, more correctly applies to him than to Samuel Wesley, who was only thirty-nine years rector of Epworth; and the poet sings of his subject,—

"While *forty years* his heavenly doctrine charms."

The poem then will be found, in many instances, inapplicable to Mr. Wesley. Mr. Berry's widow seems to have survived him many years, and to have resided with Mr. Samuel Wesley, as appears by a letter of Mrs. Susannah Wesley, dated March 8, 1732. See p. 111.

But although this poem has been improperly supposed to refer to the rector of Epworth, the father, instead of the vicar of Watton, the father-in-law, yet the major part of it applies equally to the former. The hospitality, indeed, is described in it on a scale which the circumstances of the rector of Epworth could not allow; yet there are many proofs—proofs, too, the most convincing, that he was not only the friend but the feeder of the poor. At stated times, he also feasted the poor of his parish; and the children of his own family actually served them while at their repast, and vied with each other, who should perform this labour of love with the greater cheerfulness and alacrity.

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That Samuel Wesley was liberal, according to his power, the records we have of him sufficiently prove.*

With Miss Berry, the daughter of the rector of Watton, Mr. Samuel Wesley became acquainted at Westminster, where her parents then resided, and boarded young gentlemen belonging to the school. He was a most indulgent husband, and passionately fond of his wife, which is proved by his frequent poetical addresses to her after marriage. Though he was accustomed to boast of his authority as a husband, yet she had sense enough to rule under the appearance of submission. Mrs. Hall, who knew her, spoke of her as one who

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* In a sermon preached at Bow Church, before the trustees of Georgia, by J. Burton, D. D., March 15, 1732, to which is appended an account of monies and effects received and expended by the trustees, we find the following items :—

	£	s.	d.
"1731. Nov. 26. Rev. Samuel Wesley (sub.) .	1	1	0
Rev. Samuel Wesley (don.) .	5	5	0

"Nov. 20. Rev. Samuel Wesley, a pewter chalice and patine for present use in Georgia, until silver ones are had. N. B.—Sent on board the Volente, Capt. Smyter, in December, 1732."

"1733. April 18. An unknown benefactor, by the hands of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, two silver chalices, and two patines for the use of the first church in the town of Savannah. Sent on board the Susannah, Capt. Bailey, May, 1733."

He could not afford to give silver vessels to the temple; but he gave what he could, vessels of pewter. His zeal provoked some unknown person, of greater ability, to present silver vessels for the sanctuary, and who sought the honour that cometh from God only; and therefore, hiding himself from public view, made the good rector the instrument of presenting them to the society, and of transmitting them afterwards to that infant church.

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was well described in her husband's poetic tale, called "The Pig:"

> "She made her little wisdom go
> Farther than wiser women do."

He had several children; but only one daughter, called Phill in the preceding letters, lived to woman's estate. She married an apothecary, named Earle, in Barnstaple; whose chief motive in his marriage with her appeared to have been the expectation of succeeding to the title of Earl of Anglesea, which he imagined to be nearly extinct, and only recoverable through his wife, the daughter of Mr. Samuel Wesley; and this even while John and Charles were alive, the latter having male issue! This couple have been dead upwards of forty years.

He had an only son, Samuel, who died young, but at what age I have not learned. His death appears to have been a heavy stroke to all the family; and was particularly so to his grandfather, for the reasons which he alleges in the following consolatory letter, written to his son on the occasion; and which appears to have been the answer to that in which he received the news of his death. A part of this letter contains some curious particulars relative to his Dissertations on the Book of Job, which some of my readers at least will be pleased to see.

"Letter to my son Sam, on the death of his only son Sam.

"*June* 18, 1731.

"Dear Son,

"Yes, this is a thunderbolt indeed to your whole family; but especially to me, who now am not likely to see any of my name in the third generation (tho' Job

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did in the fourth) to stand before God. However, this is a new demonstration to me that there must be a hereafter; because when the truest piety and filial duty have been showed, it has been followed by the loss of children, which therefore must be restored and met with again, as Job's first ten were in another world. As I resolve from hence, as he directs, to stir up myself against the hypocrite, I trust I shall walk on my way, and grow stronger and stronger, as well as that God will support you both under this heavy and unspeakable affliction. But when and how did he die? and where is his epitaph? Tho' if sending this now, will too much *refricare vulnus*, I will stay longer for it. And now for the two letters.

"First, that of May 27, from London; sum is, 1st, As to the placing the Dissertations, wherein, as you say, the prolegomena are something of aguish, tho' that and all the rest I leave (as often before) to your judgment, for my memory is near gone; neither have I the papers in any order by me.

"2. The Poetica Descriptio Monstri, I think, would come in most naturally after all the Dissertations of the Behemoth and Leviathan; but you, having the whole before you, will be the most proper judge.

"3. Do with the De Carmine Pastoritio as you please.

"4. Periplus Rubri Maris comes with the geography, when Mr. Hoole has finished it.

"5. I remember no extracts but that from the Catena, which is 616 folio pages; but I think I have got the main of it into thirty quartos, which I finished yesterday, though there is no haste in sending it, for I design it for the appendix. This to May 27.

"Now to yours from the Isle of Ely, June 3, which relates to the children, and my last ——— I leave to your mother, who writes this post if she has time; tho'

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something I have writ you already in my ult. or penult. on the subject.

As for the Testimonia Arianorum, περι του Λογου, it happens well that I have a pretty good copy, though not so perfect as that which is lost, and will get Mr. Horberry to transcribe it as soon as he returns from Oxford; tho' I think it will not come in till towards the latter end of the work, as must your collation at the very end, only before the appendix; and I shall begin to revise it to-morrow.

"Blessing on you and yours, from your loving father,
"S. W."

I believe the collation mentioned here is that at the end of the dissertations, and which I have described in another place.

The appendix, of which I have a considerable portion in the author's MS. before me, does not appear to have been ever printed. It should have succeeded the collation as stated above.

It may be seen, from the accounts which have been written of the Rev. John Wesley, how earnestly his father wished him to succeed him in the rectory of Epworth; and how strongly this was pressed upon him by his elder brother Samuel. But it is not so well known that Mr. Samuel was the first object of his father's choice; however, this is sufficiently evident from the following letter, which I transcribe from the original; and Mr. Samuel had evidently endeavoured to divert his father's wish, and to cause him to fix it on his brother John. The offer of Epworth to Samuel was made February, 1732; the offer of it to John, some time in the end of 1734; the letter, as referring to several family matters, is interesting and curious.

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"*Feb.* 28, 1732-3.

"Dear son Samuel,

"For several reasons I have earnestly desired, especially in and since my last sickness, that you might succeed me in Epworth; in order to which I am willing and determined to resign the living, provided you could make an interest to have it in my room.

"My first and best reason for it is, because I am persuaded you would serve God and his people here better than I have done. Tho', thanks be to God, after near forty years' labour among them, they grow better, I having had above one hundred at my last sacrament, whereas I have had less than twenty formerly. My second reason relates to yourself, taken from gratitude, or rather from plain honesty. You have been a father to your brothers and sisters; especially to the former, who have cost you great sums in their education, both before and since they went to the University. Neither have you stopped here; but have showed your pity to your mother and me in a very liberal manner, wherein your wife joined with you when you did not overmuch abound yourselves, and have even done noble charities to my children's children. Now what should I be if I did not endeavour to make you easy to the utmost of my power, especially when I know that neither of you have your health at London. My third is from honest interest; I mean that of our family. You know our circumstances. As for your aged and infirm mother, as soon as I drop she must turn out, unless you succeed me; which if you do, and she survives me, I know you'll immediately take her then to your own house, or rather continue her there; where your wife and you will nourish her, till we meet again in heaven; and you will be a guide and a stay to the rest of the family.

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"There are a few things more which may seem to be tolerable reasons to me for desiring you to be my successor, whatever they may appear to others. I have been at very great and uncommon expense on this living—have rebuilt from the ground the parsonage-barn and dovecote; leaded, and planked, and roofed a great part of my chancel; rebuilt the parsonage-house twice when it had been burnt, the first time one wing, the second down to the ground, wherein I lost all my books and MSS., a considerable sum of money, all our linen, wearing apparel, and household stuff, except a little old iron, my wife and I being scorched with the flames, and all of us very narrowly escaping with life. This, by God's help, I built again, digging up the old foundations and laying new ones: it cost me above 400*l*., little or nothing of the old materials being left; besides new furniture from top to bottom; for we had now very little more than what Adam and Eve had when they first set up house-keeping. I then planted the two fronts of my house with wall-fruit the second time, as I had done the old, for the former all perished by the fire. I have before set mulberries in my garden, which bear plentifully, as lately cherries, pears, &c., and in the adjoining croft walnuts, and am planting more every day. And this I solemnly declare, not with any manner of view, or so much as hopes, that any of mine should enjoy any of the fruit of my labour, when I have so long since outlived all my friends; but my prospect was for some unknown person, that I might do what became me, and leave the living better than I found it.

"And yet I might own I could not help wishing, as 'twas natural, that all my care and charge might not be utterly sunk and lost to my family, but that some of them might be the better for it; tho' yet I despaired of

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it for the reason above-mentioned, till some time since the best of my parishioners pressed me earnestly to try if I could do anything in it: tho' all I can do is to resign it to you; which I am ready frankly and gladly to do; scorning to make any conditions, for I know you better.

"I commend this affair, and you and yours, to God, as becomes

"Your affectionate father,
"S. WESLEY."

Strong characters will have enemies. Mr. S. Wesley, Jun., had such; and that he treated them with contempt, not silent, his works show: but his uprightness, steady friendship, benevolence, and charity, even those enemies confessed. In those times party ran, or rather raged, high. Those who loved him were persecuted; and he manfully espoused their cause, and shared their reproach.

His high-church principles may have amounted to bigotry, but never to intolerance; for there were many among the dissenters whom he cordially esteemed, and with whom he lived in habits of friendship. See his poem "On the death of a female friend, a dissenter from the Church of England." By this piece he appears displeased rather with the doctrines of unconditional reprobation and election; and especially as held by those who considered all others in a state of the utmost danger who did not hold their creed, and who thought sour godliness a test of saving grace. Such persons he certainly met with; and such he points out in the following lines of the above-mentioned poem:—

'Wretches of every glimpse of day afraid,
Souls under cloaks, and minds in masquerade:

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As if each look displayed its owner's fate;
And all that smiled were sealed for reprobate:
As awkward sourness were a sign of grace;
And sure election blest an ugly face:
As if hell-fire were always placed in view,
Ordained for all men but the gloomy few.

He knew that hypocrisy and fanaticism had mingled themselves with pure religion, in days comparatively recent; and he was afraid of their revival. It was this fear that caused him to oppose his brothers as he did, when he found them going so far out of the beaten path of church regularity. Had it pleased God to have spared his life but a little longer, the reader may naturally suppose, from the evidence that has been already adduced, that he would have thought and spoken differently both of their manner of preaching, and the success of their ministry. We have already seen from indisputable evidence, that in these respects, as well as in reference to the doctrines they preached, his mind was considerably changed before he died; and that he died not only in "the faith which had been common to all Christians in all ages," but in that faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, through which he had, not a hypothetical hope, but an assurance of his personal and eternal salvation. This subject has already been discussed. Several of his poems, written to his sisters, will be found in the memoirs of their lives: and some more of his letters in the life of his brother John.

For a due character of his poetic excellence, see Mr. Pitt's ode "To the unknown author of the BATTLE OF THE SEXES."

Mr. Samuel Wesley lies buried in Tiverton Churchyard, with the following inscription on his grave-stone.

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Here lye interred
The remains of the Rev. Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY, A. M.
Sometime student of Christ-Church, Oxon:
A man, for his uncommon wit and learning,
For the benevolence of his temper,
And simplicity of manners,
Deservedly beloved and esteemed by all:
An excellent preacher:
But whose best sermon
Was the constant example of an edifying life.

So continually and zealously employed
In acts of beneficence and charity,
That he truly followed
His blessed Master's example
In going about doing good:

Of such scrupulous integrity,
That he declined occasions of advancement in the world,
Through fear of being involved in dangerous compliances;
And avoided the usual ways to preferment
As studiously as many others seek them.

Therefore, after a life spent
In the laborious employment of teaching youth,
First for near twenty years
As one of the ushers in Westminster School,
Afterwards for seven years
As head master of the free-school at Tiverton,
He resigned his soul to God
November 6th, 1739, in the 49th year of his age.

MISS SUSANNA WESLEY,—the *first*.

Mr. S. WESLEY had two daughters named Susanna. The first, who was certainly his eldest female child, was born at South Ormsby, in 1691. In the register of South Ormsby, her baptism is entered thus:—"Susanna, the Daughter of Samuel Wesley, Clerk, and Susanna his wife, was baptized the 31st of March, 1691. Samuel Wesley, Rector." She died when about two years of

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age, as I learn from the following entry in the same church. "Susanna, Daughter of Samuel Wesley, and Susanna his wife, was buried April 17, 1693."

MISS EMILIA WESLEY—MRS. HARPER.

Of Emily Wesley little is known; she seems to have been the eldest of the seven daughters of the rector of Epworth, who survived their father, and came to woman's estate. She was born at South Ormsby, and was baptized in the church of that village, by her father, then its rector, Jan. 13, 1692, the entry being still extant in the church register, and signed, "Samuel Wesley, Rector." She is reported to have been the favourite daughter of her mother (though this has been disputed in favour of Patty); and to have had strong sense, much wit, a prodigious memory, and a talent for poetry. She was a good classical scholar, and wrote a beautiful hand. I have not been able positively to ascertain any of her poetical compositions, as no verses remain to which her name is affixed.

The following lines, describing Mr. John Wesley, are said to be hers; and the late Miss Wesley, who gave them to me, was of opinion that she was the author, though her name is not affixed; and for this opinion she gave me this reason, that "Emily Wesley was known to have written some encomiastic verses upon her brother John."

WRITTEN UNDER A PORTRAIT OF JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

"His eyes diffuse a venerable grace
And charity itself is in his face.
Humble and meek, learn'd, pious, prudent, just,
Of good report, and faithful to his trust:
Vigilant, sober, watchful of his charge,
Who feeds his sheep, and doth their folds enlarge."

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She married an apothecary at Epworth, of the name of Harper, who left her a young widow. What proportion the intellect of Mr. Harper bore to that of his wife, we know not; but in politics they were ill-suited, as he was a violent whig, and she an unbending tory.

Her mother took much pains for the improvement of her mind, and the welfare of her soul, as may be seen by a MS. still preserved, consisting of sixty 4to. pages, entitled, "A Religious Conference between M. and E.;" with this motto, "'I write unto you, little children, of whom I travail in birth again, until Christ be formed in you,' Gal. iv. 19. May what is sown in weakness be raised in power! Written for the use of my children, 1711-12." See p. 75. Indorsed by Mr. John Wesley as follows, "My mother's conference with her daughter."

A letter of hers to her brother John, dated February 16th, 1750, has already been inserted at the conclusion of the account of the disturbances in the parsonage-house at Epworth: it proves that Jeffrey continued his operations at least thirty-four or thirty-five years after he retired from Epworth.

It appears, from the education given to Miss Emily, and some others of her sisters, that their parents designed them for governesses. About the year 1730, Emily became teacher at the boarding-school of a Mrs. Taylor, in Lincoln, where, though she had the whole care of the school, she was not well used, and was worse paid. Having borne this usage as long as reason would dictate forbearance, she laid the case before her brothers, with a resolution to set up school on her own account at Gainsborough. She had their approbation; gave Mrs. Taylor warning, and went to Gainsborough; where she

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continued at least till 1735, as she was there at the time of her father's death.

Several of these particulars we learn from the following letter, written to her brother John, when she had made up her mind to leave Lincoln, and go to Gainsborough.

"Dearest Brother,

"Your last letter comforted and settled my mind wonderfully. O continue to talk to me of the reasonableness of resignation to the divine will, to enable me to bear cheerfully the ills of life, the lot appointed me; and never to suffer grief so far to prevail, as to injure my health, or long to cloud the natural cheerfulness of my temper. I had writ long since, but had a mind to see first how my small affairs would be settled; and now can assure you, that at lady-day I leave Lincoln certainly. You was of opinion, you may remember, that my leaving Mrs. Taylor would not only prove prejudicial to her affairs (and so far all the town agrees with you), but would be a great affliction to her. I own I thought so too; but we both were a little mistaken. She received the news of my going with an indifference I did not expect. Never was such a teacher, as I may justly say I have been, so foolishly lost, so unnecessarily disobliged. Had she paid my last year's wages but the day before Martinmas, I still had staid: instead of that, she has received one hundred and twenty pounds within these three months, and yet never would spare one six or seven pounds for me, which I am sure no teacher will ever bear. The jest is, she fancies I never knew of any money she received; when, alas! she can never have one five pounds but I know of it. I have so satisfied brother Sam, that he wishes me good success at Gains-

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bro', and says he can no longer oppose my resolution; which pleases me much, for I would gladly live civilly with him, and friendly with you.

"I have a fairer prospect at Gainsbro' even than I could hope for; my greatest difficulty will be want of money at my first entrance. I shall furnish my school with canvas, worsteds, silks, &c., &c., and am much afraid of being dipt in debt at first: but God's will be done! Troubles of that kind are what I have been used to. Will you lend me the other 3*l.*, which you designed for me at lady-day? it would help me much: you will if you can, I am sure,—for so would I do by you. I am half-starved with cold, which hinders me from writing longer. Emery is no better. Mrs. Taylor and Kitty give their service. Pray send soon to me. Kez is gone home for good and all. I am knitting Bro. Charles a fine purse; pray my love to him.

"I am, dear Brother,

"Your loving Sister and constant Friend,

"EMILIA WESLEY."

As Mrs. Harper makes no mention of her husband in her letter to Mr. Wesley in 1750, it is likely he was dead before that time. She had one child, whom she calls Tetty: but whether she survived her mother we do not know.

Mrs. Harper is represented as a fine woman; of a noble, yet affable countenance, and of a kind and affectionate disposition. She was left without property: but in her widowhood, for many years, till her death, she was maintained entirely by her brothers, and lived at the preachers' house adjoining to the chapel in West Street, Seven Dials, London.

Mr. John Wesley has been stated by some of his

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biographers to have had no family affections. This is any thing but truth: almost the whole family were cast upon his care after his father's death; and were wholly, kindly, and affectionately supported by him. A proof of his kindness is seen in the case of Mrs. Harper. She had a maid to whom she was greatly attached. This woman also Mr. Wesley supported, that she might attend upon her mistress, though there was a regular servant, whose business it was to wait on the family in that house.

This slander, of the want of family affections, of which certain persons have made so uncandid a use, might have arisen from one of Emily's letters to her brother, which, in a petulant humour, she wrote some time in the year 1743; against which, in a pointed letter, Mr. Wesley answers from Newcastle, in the same year. That of Miss Emily I have not seen; but its leading features are sufficiently evident in the following answer:—

"*Newcastle, June* 30, 1743.

"Dear Emmy,

"Once, I think, I told you my mind freely before: I am constrained to do so once again. You say, 'From the time of my coming to London, till last Christmas, you would not do me the least kindness.' Do I dream, or you? Whose house was you in for three months, and upwards? By whose money was you sustained? It is a poor case, that I am forced to mention these things. But 'I would not take you lodgings in fifteen weeks.' No, nor should I have done in fifteen years. I never once imagined that you expected *me* to do this! Shall I leave the word of God to serve tables? You should know I have quite other things to mind: tem-

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poral things I shall regard less and less. 'When I was removed, you never concerned yourself about me.' That is not the fact. What my brother does, I do. Besides, I myself spoke to you abundance of times, before Christmas last. 'When at preaching, you would scarce speak to me.' Yes; at least as much as to my sister Wright, or, indeed, as I did to any one else at those times. 'I impute all your unkindness to one principle you hold, that natural affection is a great weakness, if not a sin.' What is this principle I hold? That natural affection is a sin? or that adultery is a virtue? or that Mahomet was a prophet of God? And that Jesus Christ was a son of Belial? You may as well impute all these principles to me as *one*. I hold one just as much as the other. O Emmy, never let that idle, senseless accusation come out of your mouth.

"Do *you* hold that principle, 'That we ought to be just (i. e., pay our debts) before we are merciful?' If I held it, I should not give one shilling for these two years, either to you, or any other. And, indeed, I have for some time stayed my hand; so that I give next to nothing, except what I give to my relations. And I am often in doubt with regard to that. Not, whether natural affection be not a sin? But, whether it ought to supersede common justice? You know nothing of my temporal circumstances, and the straits I am in, almost continually; so that were it not for the reputation of my great riches, I could not stand one week.* I have now done with myself, and now have only a few words to

* For a considerable time, Mr. Wesley was responsible for the debts, not only on several chapels and houses, but also for support of the preachers and their families. To these oppressive responsibilities he refers in the above sentence.

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add concerning you. You are of all creatures the most unthankful to God and man. I stand amazed at you. How little have you profited under such means of improvement! Surely whenever your eyes are opened, whenever you see your own tempers, with the advantages you have enjoyed, you will make no scruple to pronounce yourself (whores and murderers not excepted) the very chief of sinners.

"I am, &c.

"J. WESLEY."

Before Mrs. Harper became a resident in the preachers' house at West Street, she was a constant attendant on the ministry of her brothers at the Old Foundry, by which she considerably profited. After she came to West Street, her privileges became greater, as her opportunities of attending the means of grace were multiplied; and for this attendance she had every facility, as the apartments of the family opened into the chapel from the first-floor; and by throwing up some sashes that separated the house and the chapel, behind the pulpit, every convenience was afforded for hearing, without the trouble of ever going out of doors. In this comfortable retreat, in the very bosom of the church, Mrs. Harper terminated her earthly existence at a very advanced age, some time between the years 1770 and 1772.

Though she survived the major part of her incomparable memory, which was much impaired previously to her death, yet her peculiarly benevolent and even temper never forsook her. That her mind was highly cultivated, and her taste exquisite, we have some proof in the assertion of her brother, Mr. John Wesley: "My sister Harper was the best reader of Milton I ever heard." The life of such a woman must have furnished innu-

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merable anecdotes of the most instructive kind: but, alas! for want of a collector, they have been borne away long since on the gale that never returns, and buried in the viewless regions of endless oblivion.

The following nervous lines, addressed to her some time before her marriage, were written by her sister, Mrs. Wright:—

My fortunes often bid me flee
So light a thing as Poetry:
But stronger inclination draws,
To follow Wit and Nature's laws.—
Virtue, Form, and Wit in thee
Move in perfect harmony:
For thee my tuneful voice I'll raise,
For thee compose my softest lays;
My youthful muse shall take her flight,
And crown thy beauteous head with radiant beams of light.

True Wit and sprightly Genius shine
In every turn, in every line:—
To these, O skilful Nine, annex
The native sweetness of my sex;
And that peculiar talent let me show
Which Providence divine doth oft bestow
On spirits that are high, with fortunes that are low.

Thy virtues and thy graces all,
How simple, free, and natural!
Thy graceful form with pleasure I survey;
It charms the eye,—the heart, away.—
Malicious Fortune did repine,
To grant her gifts to worth like thine!

To all thy outward majesty and grace,
To all the blooming features of thy face,
To all the heavenly sweetness of thy mind,
A noble, generous, equal soul is joined,
By reason polished, and by arts refined.

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Thy even, steady eye can see
Dame Fortune smile, or frown at thee;
At every varied change can say, It moves not me!

Fortune has fixed thee in a place
Debarred of Wisdom, Wit, and Grace.
High births and Virtue equally they scorn,
As asses dull, on dunghills born:
Impervious as the stones, their heads are found;
Their rage and hatred stedfast as the ground.
With these unpolished wights thy youthful days
Glide slow and dull, and Nature's lamp decays:
O what a lamp is hid, 'midst such a sordid race!

But though thy brilliant virtues are obscured,
And in a noxious, irksome den immured;
My numbers shall thy trophies rear,
And lovely as she is, my Emily appear.
Still thy transcendent praise I will rehearse,
And form this faint description into verse;
And when the Poet's head lies low in clay,
Thy name shall shine in worlds which never can decay.

Wroote was the place of which Mrs. Wright speaks so degradingly; and on which her brother Samuel wrote a mock heroic poem, which he inscribed to his sister Hetty. The parsonage-house at that place he thus describes:—

The House is good, and strong, and clean,
Though there no battlements are seen,
But humble roof of thatch, I ween
Low rooms from rain to cover.
Where safe from poverty (sore ill!)
All may live happy if they will,
As any that St. James's fill,
Th' Escurial, or the Louvre.

What happiness! then to be driven
Where powers of saving may be given!
To hope for unmolested heaven
While here on earth—too soon is:

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But this is certain, if you're wise,
Wroote is the seat of Paradise,
As much as any place that lies
On earth beside the moon is.

'Tis true no fairy lands are there;
No spring to flourish all the year;
No bushes that perfumes will bear,
Flowers, fruits, together springing;
Where Phœbus, with perpetual beams,
Glitters from gently gliding streams,
And Nymphs are lulled to pleasing dreams
By Philomela singing.

There was scarcely a bush in the place: for Wroote was situated in the low levels of Lincolnshire, and often covered with water, and the produce of the ground swept away!

ANNESLEY AND JEDEDIAH WESLEY.
(PROBABLY TWINS.)

Of these, nothing beyond what is contained in the church register of South Ormsby is known. The entries relative to them are as follow: "Annesley and Jedediah, the sons of Samuel Wesley, and Susannah his wife, were baptized Dec. 3, 1694."

They were both short-lived, probably the former not more than a month and a few days; for immediately after his baptism is the following entry of his death: "Annesley Wesley was buried Jan." No date is given; but from the connexion in which it stands, it must have been Jan., 1695. Jedediah's death is registered thus: "Jedediah, the son of Samuel Wesley, and Susannah his wife, was buried Jan. 31," probably in the same year; though, from other entries in the same page of the register, it might appear to be the following year, 1696.

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MISS SUSANNA THE SECOND—MRS. ELLISON.

She was born in 1795, and was the third daughter of Mr. S. Wesley. Of her youth I find but little. She is reported to have been good-natured, very facetious, and a little romantic, but behaved herself with the strictest moral correctness. She was married in or before the year 1721, to Richard Ellison, Esq., a gentleman of good family, who farmed his own estate, and had a very respectable establishment. Of this man, Mrs. Wesley, sen., gives a most unfavourable character, as we have already seen, in a letter to her brother in the East Indies: "My second daughter, Sukey, a pretty woman, and worthy a better fate, when by your last unkind letters she perceived that all her hopes in you were frustrated, rashly threw herself upon a man (if a man he may be called that is little inferior to the apostate angels in wickedness) that is not only her plague, but a constant affliction to the family." She bore him several children; but the marriage, as might be expected from such a man, like some others in the Wesley family, was an unhappy one. She had a mind naturally strong and vivacious, and well refined by a good education: his was common, coarse, and uncultivated; morose, and too much inclined to despotic sway; which prevented conjugal happiness. Unfitness of minds, more than circumstances, is what in general mars the marriage union. Where minds are suited, means of happiness and contentment are ever within reach; but where coarseness, brutality, and profligacy are united in the same person, all hope of happiness, in married life, is necessarily cut off.

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Susan was much beloved by her sister Hetty (Mrs. Wright), and with her Mr. Ellison, for a time, was a high favourite.

What little domestic happiness could be derived from easy circumstances was not only interrupted, but finally destroyed, by a distressing accident. A fire took place in their dwelling-house, by which it, and all their property, were destroyed: the family alone escaped with their lives, and in consequence were all scattered among different relations. What the cause of this fire was, I cannot learn; but from that time Mrs. Ellison would never more live with her husband! She went to London, and hid herself among some of her children, who were established there, and had considerable helps from her brother John, the common almoner of the family. Mr. Ellison used many means to get her to return; but she utterly refused either to see him, or to have any intercourse with him.

As he knew her affectionate disposition, in order to bring her down to Lincolnshire, he advertised an account of his death! When this account met her ear, she immediately set off to Lincolnshire to pay the last tribute of respect to his remains: but when she found him alive and well, she returned; and no persuasion could induce her to live with him.

It does not appear that she communicated to any person the cause of this aversion and dislike, then so suddenly brought into action; and at this distance of time, it is useless to pursue it by conjecture. The general profligacy of his character, no doubt, rendered him insupportable; and probably something took place at that time which caused her to put a resolution, long before formed, into execution. She had several children,

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four of whom are traced and well remembered—John, Ann, Deborah, and Richard Annesley Ellison.

1. John Ellison lived and died at Bristol. He was an officer in the Excise, or Customs; and left two daughters by his first wife:—Elizabeth Ellison, who turned out unfortunate, and to whom I have known Mr. J. Wesley show great kindness, often relieving her in distresses to which her imprudence had reduced her, treating her with great tenderness, and giving her advices which, had she followed, would have led her to true happiness; and Patience Ellison, who married in Bristol, was a member of a dissenting congregation in that city, and conducted herself as a useful member of society, and a genuine Christian. He also left a son, named John, by a second wife; a respectable man, in good circumstances; still, for aught I know, resident in Bristol.

2. Ann Ellison married Mr. Pierre le Lièvre, a French protestant refugee. He left one son, Peter le Lièvre, who was educated at Kingswood School; took orders in the Church of England; and lately died at his living of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. He was accounted a worthy, religious man, and has left a family in comfortable circumstances. Two of his letters are inserted in the Arminian Magazine, vol. xi., p. 498; and vol. xii., p. 274. His son is a clergyman of good character. This Ann Ellison made a second marriage with a gentleman named Gaunt, who soon left her a widow. It was in the house of this Mrs. Gaunt, that her mother, formerly Susanna Wesley, died in London. The year of this second marriage, I have not been able to ascertain.

3. Deborah Ellison married another French refugee, Mr. Pierre Collet, father of Mrs. Biam, and of the

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Collet yet alive. Both Lièvre and Collet were silk-weavers.

4. Richard Annesley Ellison died at twenty-seven, leaving two orphan daughters, of whom Mrs. Voysey is one, an excellent warm-hearted Christian, and wife of a pious dissenting minister. This excellent couple have four children; one a surgeon in the East Indies, another an architect, and two amiable daughters, one of whom is lately married, and settled respectably.

At present, three of Susanna Wesley's grand-children are alive; the above-mentioned Mrs. Voysey, Mrs. Biam, and Mr. Collet, brother of him who forged certain letters intended to traduce the character of Mr. John Wesley, a man to whom he was under the highest obligations. He is dead: but it is comfortable to be able to add, that all his forgeries were detected, and that he confessed and repented of those calumnies with which all the family were shocked, for they held them in abhorrence.

Mrs. Gaunt (Ann Ellison, afterwards Lièvre) was a fine-looking, stout woman, under the middle size, with an abundance of wit. She died in London, chiefly supported in her latter years by Mr. John Wesley, and her son Lièvre.

Susanna Wesley lived awhile with her uncle, Matthew Wesley, after which she appears to have been some time in Lincoln as a teacher; and probably, on Emily's removal to Gainsborough, assisted her in her new settlement. It was to Susanna that her mother sent that beautiful exposition of the Apostles' Creed, which the reader will find entered under the life of Mrs. Susanna Wesley, sen. See farther mention of this lady in the memoir of Miss Kezziah Wesley.

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MISS MARY WESLEY—MRS. WHITELAMB.

MARY WESLEY stands the fourth on the list of the grown up female children of the Rev. Samuel Wesley. Through afflictions, and probably some mismanagement in her nurse, she became considerably deformed in her body; and her growth in consequence was much stinted, and her health injured: but all written and oral testimony concurs in the statement that her face was exquisitely beautiful, and was a fair and very legible index to a mind and disposition almost angelic. Her humble, obliging, even, and amiable disposition, made her the favourite and delight of the whole family. Mr. John and Mr. Charles Wesley frequently spoke of her, and ever with the most tender respect; and her sister Hetty, no mean judge of character, with whom she was an especial favourite, spoke and wrote of her as one of the most exalted of human characters.

She married, with the high approbation of all the family, Mr. John Whitelamb, of whom some mention has already been made, and whose history it is necessary to pursue a little farther. He was the son of parents at that time in very low circumstances, and was put to a charity school at Wroote, superintended by the Rev. John Romley; of whom it is worthy of remark, that in the course of a very few months, under the direction of the Rev. S. Wesley, sen., he learned to read, write, and speak the Greek language with facility and considerable elegance.

I have these particulars in a Greek epistle to Mr. Charles Wesley, now lying before me, written in the year 1732. Mr. Romley studied divinity under S. Wesley, sen.; graduated at Lincoln college, Oxford; and

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was for a time the curate of Mr. Wesley (I believe at Wroote,) who had given him the first part of his education, and to whom he was for some time amanuensis. He was a member of the Gentleman's Society at Spalding; and in 1730 presented to that Society an "Account of the Manors, Villages, Seats, and Church of Althorp, in Lincolnshire." This Society was founded at Spalding, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1710, by Maurice Johnson, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

Of this society Mr. Samuel Wesley, sen., became a member, January 9, 1723; and his son Samuel was elected a member September 18, 1729.—See the History of it in Nichol's Literary Anecdotes, Vol. VI.

It is likely that Mr. Romley recommended young Whitelamb to Mr. Wesley's notice, as a lad of promising abilities; for we find that Mr. Wesley took him to his house; that he became his amanuensis in the place of Mr. Romley; designed the plates for Mr. Wesley's Dissertations on the Book of Job, and engraved several of them with his own hand.

Under the care of the rector of Epworth, he obtained a sufficient knowledge of Latin and Greek to enter the university; and at the expense, chiefly, of Mr. Wesley's family, then indeed in very low circumstances, he was maintained at Lincoln College, Oxford, where he obtained his education gratis under Mr. John Wesley, then a fellow of that college. In the preceding memoirs we have met with this young man frequently; especially in the letters of the rector of Epworth, and of Mrs. Wesley.

He suffered great privations in order to acquire a sufficiency of learning to pass through the university and obtain orders. It is in reference to this, that Mrs. Wesley calls him "poor starvling Johnny." So low were

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his circumstances that he could not procure himself clothes, and could not purchase a gown when ordained. In every respect the Wesley family divided with him according to their power; and by his humble and upright conduct, he did honour to himself, and repaid their kindness. When he got orders, Mr. Wesley made him his curate in Wroote; and having engaged Miss Mary Wesley's affections, they were married, and Mr. Wesley gave up to him the living of Wroote, which, as we have seen, he petitioned the Lord Chancellor to confirm; as that living, as well as Epworth, was in the gift of the crown; and he was promoted to it by the Chancellor on February 9, 1734. See the petition to the Chancellor, and the high character given of this young man, in the life of the Rector of Epworth.

But it appears that he afterwards swerved from the simplicity of the gospel, fell into doubts concerning the truth of divine revelation, and at last became a deist! I find no particulars of his reconversion: but that it did take place I infer from a note by Mr. John Wesley, on a letter of his printed in the first volume of the Arminian Magazine, containing the following passage: "To be frank, I cannot but look upon your doctrines as of ill consequence. Consequence I say; for, take them nakedly in themselves, nothing seems more innocent, nay, good and holy. Suppose we grant that in you and the rest of the leaders, who are men of sense and discernment, what is called the seal and testimony of the Spirit is something real; yet, I have great reason to think, that in the generality of your followers it is merely the effect of a heated imagination."—September 2, 1742. The note is, "No wonder he should think so; for at that time, and for some years after, he did not believe the Christian revelation." From which it ap-

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pears, that some years after he was brought back to the Christian faith. Mr. Southey seems to doubt of his ever having been a deist: but surely Mr. Wesley's testimony is sufficient on this point, to whom, Mr. Whitelamb says, he had opened his whole mind.

Mr. Wesley knew him to have been a deist, though in other respects an amiable man; and he produced his deism as the reason, and at the same time excuse, for his believing that all pretensions to experimental religion were the effect of a heated imagination.

Mr. Romley was not so mindful of his obligations to the Wesley family. On September 6, 1742, when Mr. Wesley visited Epworth, he offered to assist Mr. Romley, who was then curate, by either preaching or reading prayers; but the gentleman refused to let him do either, and went immediately and preached a sermon against enthusiasm! In the evening Mr. Wesley preached in the church-yard, standing on the tomb of his father. Mr. Whitelamb was in the congregation, and wrote to him the following letter in a few days after; which, because it is so creditable to his feelings, and to the sense he still retained of the many favours which he had received from him and from his family, I shall insert.

"*June* 11, 1742.

"Dear Brother,

"I saw you at Epworth on Tuesday evening. Fain would I have spoken to you, but that I am quite at a loss to know how to address or behave.

"Your way of thinking is so extraordinary that your presence creates an awe, as if you were an inhabitant of another world. God grant you and your followers may always have entire liberty of conscience.—Will not you allow others the same?

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"Indeed I cannot think as you do, any more than I can help honouring and loving you. Dear Sir, will you credit me?—I retain the highest veneration and affection for you. The sight of you moves me strangely. My heart overflows with gratitude: I feel in a higher degree all that tenderness and yearning of bowels, with which I am affected towards every branch of Mr. Wesley's family. I cannot refrain from tears when I reflect,—this is the man who at Oxford was more than a father to me; this is he whom I have heard expound, or dispute publicly, or preach at St. Mary's, with such applause; and—O that I should ever add—whom I have lately heard preach at Epworth, on his father's tomb-stone!

"I am quite forgot. None of the family ever honour me with a line! Have I been ungrateful? I appeal to sister Patty, I appeal to Mr. Ellison, whether I have or no. I have been passionate, fickle, a fool: but I hope I shall never be ungrateful.

"Dear Sir, is it in my power to serve or oblige you any way? Glad I should be that you would make use of me. God open all our eyes, and lead us into truth wherever it be!

"JOHN WHITELAMB."

His wife Mary did not long survive her marriage. She died in child-bed of her first child. How all the family could quite have forgotten Mr. Whitelamb I cannot tell. There must have been something improper in his conduct: indeed, he seems to hint at this in the above letter; "I have been passionate, fickle, a fool;"—and in one of the 2nd of September, in the same year, 1742, to Charles, he writes: "J. Whitelamb was never either ungrateful, or vicious; though, by the heat of

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youthful blood, and want of experience in the world, he has been betrayed into very great follies." The Mr. Ellison mentioned above was the husband of Susanna Wesley; and Patty was Mrs. Hall; one of whom has just preceded, and the other will be mentioned in her proper place.

That Mr. Wesley still felt a parental affection and anxiety for his old pupil Mr. Whitelamb, and especially in reference to his eternal interests, as will appear from the following extract of one of his letters to Mrs. Woodhouse of Epworth, in answer to one which that lady had written, giving an account of Mr. Whitelamb's death.

"*Oct.* 4, 1769.

"———— How long is it since Mr. Whitelamb died? What disease did he die of? Did he lie ill for any time? Do you know any circumstances preceding or attending his death? Oh, why did he not die forty years ago, while he knew in whom he had believed! Unsearchable are the counsels of God, and his ways past finding out.

"JOHN WESLEY."

The Whitelamb family have been long very respectable in Lincolnshire, and particularly at Wroote, where one of them succeeded to the pastoral charge in that parish; and was remarkable for his various learning, and especially for his great skill in mathematics.

As for the husband of Miss Mary Wesley, we may charitably hope, from his sound education, and his long-tried piety, that whatever doubts might for a time have obscured his views of the sacred records, and paralysed his religious feelings and experience, his former princi-

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ples regained their influence and ascendency, and that he died in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The verses to Mrs. Whitelamb's memory, with her epitaph, composed by her sister Wright, I think it proper to subjoin; from which we learn that she was a most steady and affectionate friend; was deeply devoted to God; full of humility and goodness; and diligent in all the duties of life.

But she was a Wesley; and in that singular family excellencies of all kinds were to be found, and the female part were as conspicuous as the male.

In the following lines, which are full of mind and feeling, we shall find allusion to the source whence the miseries of Mrs. Wright's life proceeded. These will be considered at large in the account of herself.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. MARY WHITELAMB.

[BY HER SISTER, MRS. WRIGHT.]

If blissful spirits condescend to know,
And hover round what once they loved below;
Maria! gentlest excellence! attend
To her, who glories to have called thee friend!
Remote in merit, though allied in blood,
Unworthy I, and thou divinely good!
Accept, blest shade, from me these artless lays,
Who never could unjustly blame, or praise.
How thy economy and sense outweighed
The finest wit in utmost pomp displayed,
Let others sing, while I attempt to paint
The god-like virtues of the friend and saint.

With business and devotion never cloyed,
No moment of thy life passed unemployed,
Well-natured mirth, matured discretion joined,
Constant attendants of the virtuous mind.

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From earliest dawn of youth, in thee well known,
The saint sublime and finished Christian shone.
Yet would not grace one grain of pride allow,
Or cry, "Stand off, I'm holier than thou."
A worth so singular since time began,
But one surpassed, and He was more than man.
When deep immersed in griefs beyond redress,
And friend and kindred heightened my distress,
And with relentless efforts made me prove
Pain, grief, despair, and wedlock without love;
My soft Maria could alone dissent,
O'erlooked the fatal vow, and mourned the punishment!
Condoled the ill, admitting no relief,
With such infinitude of pitying grief,
That all who could not their demerit see,
Mistook her wond'rous love for worth in me;
No toil, reproach, or sickness could divide
The tender mourner from her Stella's side;
My fierce inquietude, and maddening care,
Skillful to soothe, or resolute to share!

Ah me! that heaven has from this bosom tore
My angel-friend, to meet on earth no more;
That this indulgent spirit soars away,
Leaves but a still insentient mass of clay;
E'er Stella could discharge the smallest part
Of all she owed to such immense desert;
Or could repay with aught but feeble praise
The sole companion of her joyless days!
Nor was thy form unfair, though heaven confined
To scanty limits thy exalted mind.
Witness thy brow serene, benignant, clear,
That none could doubt transcendent truth dwelt there;
Witness the taintless whiteness of thy skin,
Pure emblem of the purer soul within:
That soul, which tender, unassuming, mild,
Through jetty eyes with tranquil sweetness smiled.
But ah! could fancy paint, or language speak,
The roseate beauties of thy lip or cheek,

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Where nature's pencil, leaving art no room,
Touched to a miracle the vernal bloom.
(Lost though thou art) in Stella's deathless line,
Thy face immortal as thy fame shall shine.

To soundest prudence (life's unerring guide),
To love sincere, religion without pride;
To friendship perfect in a female mind
Which I nor hope nor wish on earth to find;
To mirth (the balm of care) from lightness free,
Unblemished faith, unwearied industry;
To every charm and grace combined in you,
Sister and friend!—a long, a last adieu!

MR. JOHN WESLEY'S ALTERATIONS.

Line 1. *Happy spirits are allowed.*—Blissful spirits condescend
Line 6. *Though worthless I.*—Unworthy I.
Line 7. *Dear.*—Blest.
Line 8. *Durst.*—Could.
Sixteen lines are entirely left out, beginning—*From earliest dawn.*
Lines 31, 32, 35, and 36, are entirely left out.
Line 37. *Torn.*—Tore.
Line 38. *The dearest friend whom I must ever mourn.*
Lines 39, 40. Left out.
Line 45. *Pleasing thy face and form.*—Nor was thy form unfair.
Line 46. *Extensive.*—Exalted.
Line 49. *Lustre.*—Whiteness.
Line 50. *Bright, brighter.*—Pure, purer.
Line 51. *Easy and affected.*—Tender, unassuming.
Line 52. *Cheerful.*—Tranquil.
The four next lines are left out, beginning—*But, ah! could fancy paint.*
Line 60. *Void of.*—Without.
Line 62. *Which I can never hope again.*—Nor hope nor wish on earth.
Line 64. *To stedfast truth.*—Unblemished faith.
Line 66. Long *and* last adieu.

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A copy of these verses was published in the Gentleman's Magazine for December, 1736, Vol. VI., p. 740, with the following inscription: "To the memory of Mrs. Mary Whitelamb, daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Wesley, rector of Epworth and Wroote." From it I have recovered a few stanzas omitted in the MS.; otherwise it is very imperfect.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MARY WHITELAMB.

[BY HER SISTER, MRS. WRIGHT.]

If highest worth, in beauty's bloom,
Exempted mortals from the tomb;
We had not round this sacred bier
Mourned the sweet babe and mother here,
Where innocence from harm is blest,
And the meek sufferer is at rest!
Fierce pangs she bore without complaint,
Till heaven relieved the finished saint.

If savage bosoms felt her woe,
(Who lived and died without a foe,)
How should I mourn, or how commend,
My tenderest, dearest, firmest friend?
Most pious, meek, resigned, and chaste,
With every social virtue graced!

If, reader, thou wouldst prove, and know,
The ease she found not here below;
Her bright example points the way
To perfect bliss, and endless day.

I have not been able to recover anything written either in prose or verse by Mrs. Whitelamb; and without this short and imperfect memoir, her name would have been soon consigned to oblivion.

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MISS MEHETABEL WESLEY—MRS. WRIGHT.

MEHETABEL Wesley, called also Hetty, and by her brother Samuel sometimes Kitty, is the fifth female child of Samuel and Susanna Wesley, as they stand on my list of his survivors: but she was probably their tenth or eleventh child; for several had died in infancy, whose names are now forgotten.

Hetty gave from her infancy such proofs of strong mental powers as led her parents to cultivate them with the utmost care and diligence, that they might be extended, properly directed, and bring forth corresponding fruits.

The pains taken with her education were crowned with success; for at the early age of eight years she had made such proficiency in the learned languages that she could read the Greek Testament.

She had naturally a fine poetic genius, which, though common to the whole family, shone forth in her with peculiar splendour, and was heightened by her knowledge of the fine models of antiquity.

From her childhood she was gay and sprightly; full of mirth, good-humour, and keen wit. She indulged this disposition so much, that it was said to have given great uneasiness to her parents; because she was in consequence often betrayed into little inadvertencies, which, though of small moment in themselves, showed that her mind was not under proper discipline; and that fancy, not reason, often dictated that line of conduct which she thought proper to pursue. A spirit of this kind is a dangerous gift; and is rarely connected with a sufficiency of prudence and discretion to prevent it from injuring itself and offending others. She appears to have had many suitors; but they were generally of the airy and

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thoughtless class, and ill-suited to make her either happy or useful in a matrimonial life.

To some of those proposed matches, in very early life, I believe the following lines allude, which I find in her father's hand-writing, and marked by Mr. J. Wesley—"*Hetty's letter to her mother.*"

"Dear Mother,
"You were once in the ew'n,
As by us cakes is plainly shown,
Who else had ne'er come after.
Pray speak a word in time of need,
And with my sour-look'd father plead
For your distressed daughter!"

About the year 1724 a gentleman in the profession of the law paid his addresses to her: to him she became greatly attached; and a marriage was on the eve of taking place, when her father interfered, having heard something to the disadvantage of the gentleman, which led him to pronounce him "an unprincipled lawyer." This interference, however, did not move Hetty. She refused to give him up, though not inclined to marry without her parents' consent; and had he been equally faithful to her, the connexion would in all probability have issued in marriage; but, whether offended with the opposition he met with from the family, or whether through fickleness, he in fact remitted his assiduities, and at last abandoned a woman who would have been an honour to the first man in the land.

The matter thus terminating, she appears to have done what many others in similar circumstances have done, made a rash vow, either never to marry another, or to take the first man that might offer, whose suit her parents might approve. Which of these formed the vow

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I have not been able to determine. Mr. Wright, a plumber and glazier, of probably respectable connexions, offered, and was recommended by parental authority; and as her parents saw that her mind was strongly attached to the man who had jilted her, in order to prevent the possibility of a union in that quarter, her father urged her to marry Wright. He was only a journeyman when he married her, but set up in business by the money which she received as a marriage portion from her uncle Matthew. She found him to be a man utterly unsuited to her in mind, education, manners, &c.; and in consequence, expressed her strong disapprobation, and earnestly begged that parental authority might not be used to induce her to adopt a measure that promised no comfort to her, and might prove her ruin. Her father appears to have been inexorable; she was doubly bound by her filial duty, and her vow.

Mary, of all her sisters, had the courage to counsel her rather to break that vow than do what she saw would most infallibly produce her misery through life. To this she alludes in her fine lines addressed to the memory of Mrs. Mary Whitelamb :—

> "When deep immersed in griefs beyond redress,
> And friends and kindred heightened my distress;
> And by relentless efforts made me prove
> Pain, grief, despair, and wedlock without love;
> My soft Maria could alone dissent,
> O'erlooked the fatal vow, and mourned the punishment."

But this ill-fated marriage took place; and if unkindness of treatment had not been added to utter unsuitableness of disposition, her lot would have been less grievous. Mr. Wright did not know the value of the woman he had espoused! He associated with low, dis-

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solute company; spent his evenings from home; became a drunkard; and, by a series of ill-management and ill-treatment, broke the heart of his wife.

When this marriage took place I cannot learn. Dr. Whitehead thinks it was in the end of the year 1725. I think it was not so early, as a letter which I shall subjoin, written in 1729, seems to have been sent a little after her marriage. That she was almost compelled to marry Mr. Wright, this letter, written to her father, I think plainly intimates. I cannot suppress it, as it throws the proper light on this hitherto unexplained unfortunate transaction.

"*July* 3, 1729.

"Honoured Sir,

"Though I was glad, on any terms, of the favour of a line from you; yet I was concerned at your displeasure on account of the unfortunate paragraph, which you are pleased to say was meant for the flower of my letter, but which was in reality the only thing I disliked in it before it went. I wish it had not gone, since I perceive it gave you some uneasiness.

But since what I said occasioned some queries, which I should be glad to speak freely about, were I sure that the least I could say would not grieve or offend you, or were I so happy as to think like you in every thing; I earnestly beg that the little I shall say may not be offensive to you, since I promise to be as little witty as possible, though I can't help saying, you only accuse me of being too much so; especially these late years past I have been pretty free from that scandal.

"You ask me, 'what hurt matrimony has done me?' and 'whether I had always so frightful an idea of it as I have now?' Home questions indeed! and I once

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more beg of you not to be offended at the least I can say to them, if I say anything.

"I had not always such notions of wedlock as now; but thought that where there was a mutual affection and desire of pleasing, something near an equality of mind and person; either earthly or heavenly wisdom, and anything to keep love warm between a young couple, there was a possibility of happiness in a married state; but where all, or most of these, were wanting, I ever thought people could not marry without sinning against God and themselves.

"I could say much more; but would rather eternally stifle my sentiments than have the torment of thinking they agree not with yours.

"You are so good to my spouse and me, as to say, 'you shall always think yourself obliged to him for his civilities to me.' I hope he will always continue to use me better than I merit from him in one respect.

"I think exactly the same of my marriage as I did before it happened; but though I would have given at least one of my eyes for the liberty of throwing myself at your feet before I was married at all; yet since it is past, and matrimonial grievances are usually irreparable, I hope you will condescend to be so far of my opinion, as to own, that since upon some accounts I am happier than I deserve, it is best to say little of things quite past remedy; and endeavour, as I really do, to make myself more and more contented, though things may not be to my wish.

"You say, 'you will answer this if you like it.' Now though I am sorry to occasion your writing in the pain I am sensible you do; yet I must desire you to answer it, whether you like it or not, since if you are displeased I

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would willingly know it; and the only thing that could make me impatient to endure your displeasure is, your thinking I deserve it.

"Though I can't justify my late indiscreet letter which made me say so much in this, yet I need not remind you that I am not more than human; and if the calamities of life (of which perhaps I have my share) sometimes wring a complaint from me, I need tell no one, that though I bear I must feel them. And if you cannot forgive what I have said, I sincerely promise never more to offend you by saying too much; which (with begging your blessing) is all from

"Your most obt. daughter,

"MEHET. WRIGHT."

Here we see the impelling cause of this ill-fated match; and in the following address to her husband, the powerful operating cause of her continual chagrin and wretchedness.

1.

The ardent lover cannot find
A coldness in his fair unkind,
But blaming what he cannot hate,
He mildly chides the dear ingrate;
And though despairing of relief,
In soft complaining vents his grief.

2.

Then what should hinder but that I,
Impatient of my wrongs, may try,
By saddest softest strains, to move
My wedded, latest, dearest love,
To throw his cold neglect aside,
And cheer once more his injured bride?

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3.

O thou, whom sacred rites designed
My guide, and husband ever kind,
My sovereign master, best of friends,
On whom my earthly bliss depends;
If e'er thou didst in Hetty see
Aught fair, or good, or dear to thee,
If gentle speech can ever move
The cold remains of former love,
Turn thee at last—my bosom ease,
Or tell me why I cease to please.

4.

Is it because revolving years,
Heart-breaking sighs, and fruitless tears,
Have quite deprived this form of mine
Of all that once thou fanciedst fine?
Ah no! what once allured thy sight
Is still in its meridian height.
These eyes their usual lustre show,
When uneclipsed by flowing woe.
Old age and wrinkles in this face
As yet could never find a place:
A youthful grace informs these lines,
Where still the purple current shines;
Unless, by thy ungentle art,
It flies to aid my wretched heart:
Nor does this slighted bosom show
The thousand hours it spends in woe.

5.

Or is it that, oppressed with care,
I stun with loud complaints thine ear;
And make thy home, for quiet meant
The seat of noise and discontent?
Ah no! those ears were ever free
From matrimonial melody:
For though thine absence I lament
When half the lonely night is spent,

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Yet when the watch or early morn
Has brought me hopes of thy return,
I oft have wiped these watchful eyes,
Concealed my cares, and curbed my sighs,
In spite of grief, to let thee see
I wore an endless smile for thee.

6.

Had I not practised every art
T' oblige, divert, and cheer thy heart,
To make me pleasing in thine eyes,
And turn thy house to paradise;
I had not asked, "Why dost thou shun
These faithful arms, and eager run
To some obscure, unclean retreat,
With fiends incarnate glad to meet,
The vile companions of thy mirth,
The scum and refuse of the earth;
Who, when inspired by beer, can grin
At witless oaths and jests obscene,
Till the most learned of the throng
Begins a tale of ten hours long;
While thou, in raptures, with stretched jaws
Crownest each joke with loud applause?"

7.

Deprived of freedom, health, and ease,
And rivalled by such things as these;
This latest effort will I try,
Or to regain thy heart, or die.
Soft as I am, I'll make thee see
I will not brook contempt from thee!

8.

Then quit the shuffling doubtful sense,
Nor hold me longer in suspense;
Unkind, ungrateful, as thou art,
Say, must I ne'er regain thy heart?
Must all attempts to please thee prove
Unable to regain thy love?

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9.

If so, by truth itself I swear,
The sad reverse I cannot bear:
No rest, no pleasure, will I see;
My whole of bliss is lost with thee!
I'll give all thoughts of patience o'er;
(A gift I never lost before);
Indulge at once my rage and grief,
Mourn obstinate, disdain relief,
And call that wretch my mortal foe,
Who tries to mitigate my woe;
Till life, on terms severe as these,
Shall, ebbing, leave my heart at ease;
To thee thy liberty restore
To laugh when Hetty is no more.

It is not likely that these lines produced any good effect on the untutored and sin-hardened heart of Mr. Wright: there is no evidence that he amended; or that her lot in life was ameliorated, till in her distress she turned her eyes to Him who is a cover from the storm, and a refuge to the distressed.

That she was fully awakened to a sense of her need of the Friend of sinners, and sought and found that great salvation which her brothers so powerfully and successfully preached, may be seen by the following letters.

In 1743, she wrote as follows to her brother, Mr. John Wesley.

"Some years ago, I told my brother Charles I could not be of his way of thinking then, but that if ever I was I would as freely own it.

"After I was convinced of sin, and of your opinions, as far as I had examined your principles, I still forbore declaring my sentiments as openly as I had an inclination to do, fearing I should relapse into my former state.

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When I was delivered from this fear, and had a blessed hope that He who had begun would finish his work, I never confessed so powerfully as I ought how entirely I was of your mind; because I was taxed with insincerity and hypocrisy whenever I opened my mouth in favour of religion, or owned how great things God had done for me.

"This discouraged me utterly, and prevented me from making my change so public, as my folly and vanity had formerly been. But now my health is gone, I cannot be easy without declaring that I have long desired to know one thing, Jesus Christ and him crucified; and this desire prevails above all others.

"And though I am cut off from all human help or ministry, I am not without assistance; though I have no spiritual friend, nor ever had one yet, except perhaps once in a year or two when I have seen one of my brothers, or some other religious person by stealth; yet (no thanks to me) I am enabled to seek him still, and to be satisfied with nothing less than God, in whose presence I affirm this truth. I dare not desire health; only patience, resignation, and the spirit of an healthful mind. I have been so long weak, that I know not how long my trial may last; but I have a firm persuasion and blessed hope (though no full assurance) that in the country I am going to I shall not sing 'Hallelujah,' and 'Holy, holy, holy,' without company, as I have done in this. Dear brother, I am unable to speak or write on these things; I only speak my plain thoughts as they occur. Adieu! if you have time from better business to send a line to Stanmore, so great a comfort would be as welcome as it is wanted."

The Stanmore here mentioned, was probably that

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near Edgeware, about ten miles from London. It is near a hill so very high, that the trees on its top are a landmark from the German Ocean.

What an infinite mercy that such a mind, harassed out with distress and anguish, found at last a resting-place! This was the means of preserving for several years a life that previously stood on the very verge of the grave. In the following year, 1744, she visited Bristol, where she had the opportunity of sitting under the ministry of her brothers, and of being connected with some very holy and sensible members of the Methodist Society in that place. She profited much by their pious conversation and their Christian experience. She was led to that light which manifests whatsoever is not wrought of God; she saw the depth of her natural corruption, and she mourned as in sackcloth and ashes, till she found redemption in the blood of the Lamb. She then went on rejoicing in God her salvation, sustained in all her troubles, strengthened in all her weakness, growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, till her happy spirit returned to God. Her brother Charles visited her in her last illness. In the month in which she died he thus mentions her: "Prayed by my sister Wright, a gracious, tender, trembling soul; a bruised reed which the Lord will not break." She died March 21st, 1751; and Mr. Charles Wesley preached her funeral sermon from these words: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." During this solemn service both he and his congregation were deeply affected.

Mr. Wright had an establishment in Frith-street, Soho, London, where he carried on his business of plumb-

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ing and glazing, and had lead works connected with the others; the former of which injured his own health, and very materially that of Mrs. Wright.

They had several children, but all died young; and it was their mother's opinion that the effluvia from the lead works were the cause of their death. This she told Mr. Duncombe, when he visited her not long before she died. This gentlemen wrote a small tract, 4to., price one shilling, called the *Feminead*, containing the characters and praises of several eminent ladies, of whom Mrs. Wright was one; and, like many other superficial thinkers and reflecters, who publish their own prejudices instead of facts, he attributed her woe-worn state to false views she had taken of religion, which filled her with a gloomy, and to her destructive, superstition! His verses on the subject are not worth repeating; but as they have been produced by others of like opinion, I shall subjoin them, and the reader will see at once that they are flatly contradicted and nullified by the preceding account.

"But ah! why heaves my breast this pensive sigh?
Why starts this tear unbidden from my eye?
What breast from sighs, what eye from tears refrains,
When, sweetly mournful, hapless Wright complains?
And who but grieves to see her generous mind,
For nobler views and worthier guests designed,
Amidst the hateful form of black despair,
Wan with the gloom of superstitious care?
In pity-moving lays, with earnest cries,
She called on Heaven to close her weary eyes;
And long on earth, by heartfelt woes opprest,
Was borne by friendly Death to welcome rest."

Nothing can be more false than this statement; it was her unsuitable, wretched, ill-fated marriage; the neglect and unkindness, the unfeelingness and profligacy, of a

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worthless husband,—these were the causes of all her distresses; and these causes of misery continued to prey on her spirits and on her body, till the religion of the God of heaven came to her aid; which it did many years, at least *eight*, before her death.

Had not the wound she had received in her constitution been too deep, the salvation of God which she obtained would have healed her body: it was nevertheless the means of lengthening out her life, and giving her to taste that happiness she had before sought in vain, in what Mr. Duncombe calls "nobler views and worthier guests." And the angels of heaven, not "friendly Death" or oblivion, bore her soul at last to rest in the bosom of her Father and her God.

Mr. Duncombe parries all this by representing Mr. Wright as an honest, laborious man, carrying on business in his own neighbourhood. But that he was neither decent nor respectable, the preceding address from his wife sufficiently proves. He would of course take as much care as possible that the world should not know that his conduct towards her was the occasion of her broken heart; she was of too noble a spirit publicly to complain; and it is very probable that Mr. Wright might inform Mr. Duncombe that his wife's shattered constitution was owing to the gloomy views she had taken of religion. However Mr. D. came by his information, the preceding account proves that it was false. Dr. Whitehead has observed justly, that "it is grievous to see authors, whose works are likely to be read, take every opportunity to dress out religion in the most ugly forms they can invent to deter young people from embracing it; and attributing to it the calamities of life, which religion alone is able to alleviate and redress." Such persons have no just notion of religion themselves,

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and feel nothing of its power and nature; hence they suspect every person who pretends to any to be either an enthusiast or a hypocrite.

In one of this gentleman's letters to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, dated Nov. 20, 1752, he says, "Mr. Highman, who knew her when she was young, told me she was very handsome. When I saw her she was in a languishing way, and had no remains of beauty, except a lively piercing eye. She was very unfortunate, as you will find by her poems; which are written with great delicacy, but so tender and affecting, they can scarce be read without tears. She had an uncle, a physician and man-midwife, with whom she was a favourite. In her bloom, he used to take her with him to Bath, and Tunbridge, &c.; and she has done justice to his memory in an excellent poem. Mr. Wright, her husband, is my plumber, and lives in this street; an honest, laborious man, but by no means a fit husband for such a woman. He was but a journeyman, when she married him; but set up with the fortune left her by her uncle.

"I am told she wrote some hymns for the Methodists, but I have not seen any of them. It affected me too much to view the ruins of so fine a frame; so I only made her three or four visits. Mr. Wright told me she had burned many poems, and given some to a beloved sister, which he could never recover."—Censura Literaria, Vol. III., p. 324; and Peck's History of Axholme, p. 201.

Mrs. Wright died long before I was born; but from a gentleman still living, who knew her in the decline of life, I have had this description: "She was an elegant woman, with great refinement of manners; and had the traces of beauty in her countenance, with the appearance of being broken-hearted."

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The account given of her mind and person by a writer who calls himself Sylvius, in the sixth volume of the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1736, p. 155, is by no means exaggerated.

TO MRS. W——T,

ON READING HER MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

Fain would my grateful muse a trophy raise
Devoted to Granvilla's lasting praise.
But from what topic shall her task begin?
From outward charms? or richer stores within?
'Twere difficult with portrait just to trace
The blooming beauties of her lovely FACE;
The roseate bloom that blushes on her cheek;
Her eyes whence rays of pointed lightning break;
Each brow the bow of Cupid, whence her darts
With certain archery strike unguarded hearts;
Her lips, that with a rubied tincture glow,
Soft as the soothing sounds which from them flow.
But oh! what words, what numbers, shall I find
T' express the boundless treasures of her MIND,
Where wit and judgment spread their copious mines,
And every grace and every virtue shines?

Oh Nymph! when you assume the muse's lyre,
What thoughts you quicken, and what joys inspire!
Pale melancholy wears a cheerful mien;
Grief smiles, and raging passions grow serene.
If themes sublime, of import grand, you try,
You lift the attentive spirit to the sky;
Or change the strain, and sportive subjects choose,
Our softening souls obey the powerful muse.
Yet 'tis, Granvilla, not thy smallest praise,
That no indecent thought profanes thy lays.
Like thy own breast, thy style from taint is free;
Censure may pry, but can no blemish see.
No longer let thy muse the press decline;
Publish her lays, and prove her race divine.

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Long has thy tuneful sire been known to fame;
On him Maria smiled, a royal name.
Thy brother's works, received with rapture, tell
That on the son the father's spirit fell:
To these the daughter's equal flame subjoin,
Then boast, O muses, the unrivalled line!

SYLVIUS.

On these lines to Mrs. Wright, who is here called *Granvilla*, being sent to the Gentleman's Magazine, the same author composed the following prize epigram:—

Allowed by bright Granvilla to peruse
The sprightly labours of her charming muse;
Enraptured by her wit's inspiring rays,
I chanted ready numbers to her praise.
She, pleased, my unpremeditated lines
To the recording magazine consigns:
But would you be to best advantage known,
Print not MY VERSES, fairest, but YOUR OWN.

This epigram has very fine point in it: but Mrs. Wright could never be prevailed on to collect and give her poems to the public. It is said that she gave several to a beloved sister, probably Mary (Mrs. Whitelamb). Many have been published in different collections. Her niece, the late Miss Wesley, has kindly furnished me with several; and from the MSS. I have been enabled to correct the printed copies. Some may be found in the Poetical Register, the Christian Magazine, the Arminian Magazine, and in different Lives of her brothers, John and Charles Wesley.

Most of the following were written under strong mental depression, and before she found the consolations of religion. They are excellent of their kind, and cannot be deemed out of their place at the end of these memoirs.

Mrs. Wright's Address to her Dying Infant, composed

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during her confinement, written down from her mouth by her husband, and sent by him to Mr. John Wesley, is a piece inimitable for its tenderness and highly-polished numbers; but tinged with that gloom which was her constant attendant throughout her unfortunate marriage.

The original letter sent with these lines lies before me. It is a curiosity of its kind; and one proof among many of the total unfitness of such a slender and uncultivated mind to match with one of the highest ornaments of her sex. I shall give it entire, *in its own orthography*, in order to vindicate the complaints of this forlorn woman, who was forced to accept in marriage the rude hand which wrote it.

"To the Revd. Mr. John Wesley Fellow in Christ Church College Oxon.

"Dear Bro:

"This comes to Let you know that my wife is brought to bed and is in a hopefull way of Doing well but the Dear child Died—the Third day after it was born—which has been of great concerne to me and my wife She Joyns With me In Love to your Selfe and Bro: Charles

From Your Loveing Bro:
to Comnd—WM. WRIGHT."

"PS. Ive sen you Sum Verses that my wife maid of Dear Lamb Let me hear from one or both of you as Soon as you think Conveniant."

The verses follow: but I have taken the liberty to correct Mr. Wright's barbarous orthography.

The original letter and poem are, like the ancient Hebrew, all *without points*.

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A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER DYING INFANT.

[BY MRS. WRIGHT.]

Tender softness! infant mild!
Perfect, purest, brightest child!
Transient lustre! beauteous clay!
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the last convulsive start
Rends thy unresisting heart;
Ere the long enduring swoon
Weigh thy precious eyelids down;
Ah, regard a mother's moan,
Anguish deeper than thy own.

Fairest eyes, whose dawning light
Late with rapture blest my sight,
Ere your orbs extinguished be,
Bend their trembling beams on me!

Drooping sweetness! verdant flower!
Blooming, withering in an hour!
Ere thy gentle breast sustains
Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,
Hear a suppliant! let me be
Partner in thy destiny!
That whene'er the fatal cloud
Must thy radiant temples shroud;
When deadly damps, impending now,
Shall hover round thy destined brow,
Diffusive may their influence be,
And with the blossom blast the tree!

LINES WRITTEN BY MRS. WRIGHT WHEN IN DEEP ANGUISH OF SPIRIT.

1.

Oppressed with utmost weight of woe,
Debarred of freedom, health, and rest;
What human eloquence can show
The inward anguish of my breast!

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2.

The finest periods of discourse,
(Rhetoric in all her pompous dress
Unmoving) lose their pointed force,
When griefs are swell'd beyond redress.

3.

Attempt not then with speeches smooth
My raging conflicts to control;
Nor softest sounds again can soothe
The wild disorder of my soul!

4.

Such efforts vain to end my fears,
And long-lost happiness restore,
May make me melt in fruitless tears,
But charm my tortured soul no more.

5.

Enable me to bear my lot,
O Thou who only canst redress!
Eternal God! forsake me not
In this extreme of my distress.

6.

Regard thy humble suppliant's suit;
Nor let me long in anguish pine,
Dismayed, abandoned, destitute
Of all support, but only thine!

7.

Nor health, nor life, I ask of thee;
Nor languid nature to restore:
Say but, "A speedy period be
To these thy griefs,"—I ask no more!

These lines seem to have been written about the time of her address to her husband. Despair of all remedy had nearly drunk up her spirit: but she began to seek help where it could be found. The three last verses are very fine.

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THE LUCID INTERVAL.

[BY MRS. WRIGHT.]

1.

Wear pleasure, Stella! on thy face,
Nor check the rising joy:
Nor canst thou, since the heart displays
Its transport through the eye.

2.

Those dearly welcome hours of rest,
This pleasing truce from care,
Removes the mountain from thy breast,
Thou hast not learnt to bear.

3.

Though, distant far from what I love,
My blooming hopes are crost,
Yet free as air my thoughts can rove,
In silent rapture lost!

4.

Then, Stella, prize thy present ease,
This interval of woe:
Since other moments blest as these
Thy life may never know.

5.

Snatch the fleet pleasures ere they part:
To-morrow (should'st thou say)
Though pain may rend this tortured heart,
I'll smile and live to-day.

AN EPITAPH ON HERSELF.

[BY MRS. WRIGHT.]

Destined while living to sustain
An equal share of grief and pain:
All various ills of human race
Within this breast had once a place.
Without complaint she learned to bear
A living death, a long despair;

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Till hard oppressed by adverse fate,
O'ercharged, she sunk beneath its weight;
And to this peaceful tomb retired,
So much esteemed, so long desired.
The painful mortal conflict's o'er:
A broken heart can bleed no more!

THE RESIGNATION:

A PENITENT HEART HOPING IN GOD.

[BY MRS. WRIGHT.]

Great Power! at whose almighty hand
Vengeance and comfort ever wait;
Starting to earth, at thy command,
To execute thy love or hate:

2.

Thy indignation knits thy brow
On those who dare to sin give way;
But who so perfect, Lord, below
As never from thy word to stray?

3.

But when thy mighty laws we break,
And after do our guilt deplore;
Thou dost the word of comfort speak,
And treasure up our crimes no more.

4.

O thou, thy mighty grace display,
And thy offending servant spare;
With pain my body wastes away,
My weakened limbs with constant care.

5.

Grief has my blood and spirits drunk,
My tears do like the night-dew fall;
My cheeks are faded, eyes are sunk,
And all my draughts are dashed with gall.

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6.

Thou canst the heavy hand withdraw
That bends me downward to the grave;
One healing touch my pain can awe,
And thy declining servant save.

7.

But if thy justice has decreed,
I still must languish out my days;
Support me in the time of need,
Patient to bear these slow decays.

8.

Lo! to thy dreadful will I bow,
Thy visitations still to prove;
Thy judgments do thy mercy show,
Since, Lord, thou chastenest in thy love.

The following address contains some fine sentiments and consolatory thoughts :—

TO A MOTHER, ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILDREN.

[BY MRS. WRIGHT.]

1.

Though sorer sorrows than their birth
Your children's death has given;
Mourn not that others bear for earth,
While you have peopled heaven!

2.

If now so painful 'tis to part,
O think, that when you meet,
Well bought with shortly-fleeting smart
Is never-ending sweet!

3.

What if those little angels, nigh
T' assist your latest pain,
Should hover round you when you die,
And leave you not again?

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4.

Say, shall you then regret your woes,
Or mourn your teeming years?
One moment will reward your throes,
And overpay your tears.

5.

Redoubled thanks will fill your song;
Transported while you view
Th' inclining, happy, infant throng,
That owe their bliss to you!

6.

So moves the common star, though bright
With simple lustre crowned;
The planet shines, with guards of light
Attending it around.

A FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

[BY MRS. WRIGHT.]

While sickness rends this tenement of clay,
Th' approaching change with pleasure I survey;
O'erjoyed to reach the goal, with eager pace,
'Ere my slow life has measured half its race.
No longer shall I bear, my friends to please,
The hard constraint of seeming much at ease;
Wearing an outward smile, a look serene,
While piercing racks and tortures work within.
Yet let me not, ungrateful to my God,
Record the evil, and forget the good:
For both I humble adoration pay,
And bless the Power who gives and takes away.
Long shall my faithful memory retain
And oft recal each interval of pain.
Nay, to high heaven for greater gifts I bend:
Health I've enjoyed, and I had once a friend!
Our labour sweet, if labour it might seem,
Allowed the sportive and instructive scene.

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Yet here no lewd or useless wit was found;
We poised the wavering sail with ballast sound.
Learning here placed her richer stores in view,
Or, winged with love, the minutes gaily flew!
Nay, yet sublimer joy our bosoms proved,
Divine benevolence, by heaven beloved.
Wan meagre forms, torn from impending death,
Exulting, blest us with reviving breath.
The shivering wretch we clothed, the mourner cheered,
And sickness ceased to groan when we appeared.
Unasked, our care assists with tender art
Their bodies, nor neglects the immortal part.
Sometimes in shades unpierced by Cynthia's beam,
Whose lustre glimmered on the dimpled stream
We wandered innocent through sylvan scenes,
Or tripped like fairies o'er the level greens.
From fragrant herbage decked with pearly dews,
And flowerets of a thousand different hues
By wafting gales the mingling odours fly,
And round our heads in whispering breezes sigh.
Whole nature seems to heighten and improve
The holier hours of innocence and love.
Youth, wit, good nature, candour, sense, combined
To serve, delight, and civilize mankind;
In wisdom's love we every heart engage,
And triumph to restore the Golden Age!

Nor close the blissful scene, exhausted muse,
The latest blissful scene that thou shalt choose;
Satiate with life, what joys for me remain,
Save one dear wish, to balance every pain,—
To bow my head, with grief and toil opprest,
Till borne by angel-bands to everlasting rest?

"It is but justice to her memory," says Mr. Wesley, "to observe, that she was at 'rest' before she went hence; being for some years a witness of that rest which remains, even here, for the people of God." In the above verses she refers with exquisite feeling to her beloved sister Mary.

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I know not whether, after her conversion to God, she wrote any verses; it is most likely that she did not, as for several years before her death she was in a very infirm state of health, and could not use her pen with ease. Of gay, sportive, innocent pieces she no doubt wrote many; but I have not met with any that bear her name, though among many now lying before me in the hand-writing of herself, Emily, and Kezziah, there may be some of her composing.

I have already hazarded a thought that the Hymn of Eupolis to the Creator might probably have been written by her, or at least a part of it. I have given some reasons to support this opinion; but as the piece has passed invariably in the family for old Mr. Samuel Wesley's production, I will not undertake to defend it. Both the father and daughter had great poetical powers; his, often rugged, but still strong; hers, highly-polished and harmonious, yet full of fire; and I would conclude on the subject, as the Shepherd in Virgil:—

> Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
> Et vitulâ tu dignus et hic.
>
> Eclog. III., v. 108

> "So nice a difference in your singing lies,
> That both have won, or both deserved the prize:
> Rest equal happy both."
>
> DRYDEN.

From mature reflection, I believe either of them was capable of the poem: but perhaps it required both to make it that finished, may I not say inimitable, piece which it now appears.

The following verses I found partly in Mrs. Wright's and partly in her father's hand-writing. They seem to have been occasioned by some person, called here *Suky's*

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Idol, ludicrously asserting the doctrine of the metempsychosis, or transmigration from body to body:—

THE TRANSMIGRATION.

1.

The period fast comes on when I
Must to an oyster turn;
(Unless my Suky's Idol lie)
Nor will I grieve or mourn.

2.

Welcome my transmigrated state!
I'll for the worst prepare:
Think while 'tis given to *think* by fate;
Then like a *log* must *bear*.

3.

These eyes I feel will soon depart
(Else Hetty should not write);
Their balls will to such pearls convert,
As ladies wont delight.

4.

The *pineal gland*, from whence some say
Man thinks, reflects, and knows
Whate'er is best,—perhaps it may
The *oyster's head* compose.

5.

Or coarse or curious be the mould
Whate'er its form contains,
That small Peninsula may hold
My few but *working* brains.

6.

My *fingers* may the *striæ* make,
The *shell* my parched *skin*;
My *nerves* and *bones* with palsies shake
The *white* reverse within.

7.

Perhaps at *tide-time* I may wake,
And sip a little moisture;
Then to my pillow me betake,
And sleep like brother-*oyster*.

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8.

What shall I dream? or what compose?
Some harmless rhymes like these;
Below the *wits*, above the *beaus*,
Which Poll and Kez may please.

9.

A dubious being, hardly life;
Yet sensible of woe;
For when Death comes with rusty knife,
But few will meet the blow.

10.

Which sure my heart, though once 'twas strong,
Will then nor fly nor choose;
The pulpy substance will not long
The *coup de grace* refuse.

11.

My loving oyster-kins, which sit
So fast to native shell,
Must then some other harbour get,
Or in wide ocean dwell.

12.

And since this *sensible* must fail,
I feel it bend and sink,
Come age, come death, you'll soon prevail,
I'll wait you on the brink.

13.

But is there not a *something* still
Sprung from a nobler race,
Above the passions and the will,
Which lifts to heaven its face?

14.

There is—I feel it upward tend,
While these weak spirits decay,
Which sighs to meet its Saviour—Friend,
And springs for native day.

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15.

When all its organs marred and worn,
Let *Locke* say what he can,
'Twill act still round itself —— turn,—
The *mind* is still the man:

16.

Which, if fair virtue be my choice,
Above the stars shall shine;
Above want, pain, and death rejoice,
Immortal and divine.

MISS ANNE WESLEY—MRS. LAMBERT.

Of this lady I find scarcely any mention in the family papers, and little can be gathered from any of the survivors in any of its branches; but that she was married to a gentleman of the name of John Lambert, who was a land-surveyor in Epworth. Mr. and Mrs. Lambert are the persons probably meant by Mr. Wesley in his journal, under the date of Tuesday, June 8th, 1742, where he says, "I walked to Hibaldstone, about ten miles from Epworth, to see my brother and sister:" but he mentions no name.

I think it likely that this marriage took place in 1724 or 1725, and I found this conjecture on a letter of Miss Martha Wesley to her brother John, dated Sept. 10, 1724.

"Sister Hetty is at Kelstein, and sends us word that she lives very well; and sister Nancy, I believe, will marry John Lambert: perhaps you may not have forgot him since you saw him at Wroot.

"I should be very glad if you would give yourself the trouble of writing a long letter to me, which will exceedingly oblige your sincere friend, and affectionate sister, "MARTHA WESLEY."

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Mr. Lambert seems to have been well educated. He was particularly careful to collect the early pamphlet-publications of his father-in-law, Mr. S. Wesley. From a collection of these, which had formerly been his property, in each of which he had written his name, and illustrated them with notes, I have derived some useful information. These notes prove him to have been a man of considerable reading; and his handwriting does him great credit.

There are some of Mr. S. Wesley's minor publications which I had probably never seen, had it not been for the above-mentioned collection, which was kindly lent to me by my friend the Rev. James Everett.

On her marriage, her brother Samuel presented to Mr. Lambert and her the following verses:—

TO MRS. LAMBERT, ON HER MARRIAGE.

No fiction fine shall guide my hand,
But artless truth the verse supply;
Which all with ease may understand,
But none be able to deny.

Nor, sister, take the care amiss
Which I, in giving rules, employ
To point the likeliest way to bliss,
To cause, as well as wish, you joy.

Let love your reason never blind,
To dream of paradise below;
For sorrows must attend mankind,
And pain, and weariness, and woe!

Though still, from mutual love, relief
In all conditions may be found:
It cures at once the common grief,
And softens the severest wound.

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Through diligence, and well-earned gain,
In growing plenty may you live!
And each in piety obtain
Repose that riches cannot give!

If children e'er should bless the bed,
Oh, rather let them infants die,
Than live to grieve the hoary head,
And make the aged father sigh!

Still duteous, let them ne'er conspire
To make their parents disagree;
No son be rival to his sire,
No daughter, more beloved than thee!

Let them be humble, pious, wise,
Nor higher station wish to know;
Since only those deserve to rise,
Who live contented to be low."

Firm let the husband's empire stand,
With easy but unquestioned sway;
May HE have kindness to command,
And THOU the bravery to obey!

Long may he give thee comfort, long
As the frail knot of life shall hold!
More than a father when thou'rt young,
More than a son when waxing old.

The greatest earthly pleasure try,
Allowed by Providence Divine;
Be still a husband, blest as I,
And thou a wife as good as mine!

There is much good sense, piety, and suitable advice in these verses; and they give an additional testimony to the domestic happiness of Mr. Samuel Wesley, their author.

We have to regret that of Mrs. Lambert, her husband, and their children, if they had any, we know nothing

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farther; especially as every member of this family, of whom we have any memoirs, has afforded us lessons of instruction in some of the weightiest concerns of life. I wish the above verses in the hands of every new-married couple in the kingdom.

JOHN WESLEY, A.M.

LATE FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXON.

John Wesley, the ever-memorable founder of the people called Methodists, whose name only is introduced here in the connected order of the family, was born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, on the 17th June, 1703; entered Christ's Church, Oxford, in 1720; was ordained Deacon, by Bishop Potter, Sept. 19, 1725; and Priest, by the same, Sept. 22, 1728;—wrote his first sermon in 1725; went on his mission to Georgia, 1735; returned to England in 1738; and formed the first Methodist Society at Fetter Lane, London, May 1st, 1738.

His life has been written by the Rev John Hampson, 3 vols., 12mo.

By the Rev. Dr. Coke, and the Rev. Henry Moore, 8vo.

By John Whitehead, M. D., 2 vols., 8vo.

By Robert Southey, LL.D., Poet Laureate, 2 vols., 8vo.

Whatever excellencies the above accounts may possess, a proper life of Mr. John Wesley is still a desideratum in the religious world; and I question much whether there can be found any man in the nation capable of doing it justice. As a scholar, poet, logician, critic, philosopher, politician, legislator, divine, public

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teacher, and a deeply pious and extensively useful man, he had no superior; few, if any, equals; and can never have justice done him, unless accurately viewed in all these lights, for he sustained all these characters: so that the use he made of those his various talents may appear as it brought glory to God, and good to mankind.

After undergoing innumerable hardships—sustaining labours beyond all precedent—having been the instrument of turning many thousands from the power of Satan unto God—giving the most unequivocal example of the most perfect self-denial and disinterestedness, full of the life and hope of the gospel, he died in London, at his own house in the City Road, March 2, 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-sixth of his ministry.*

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* Though Dr. Clarke was prevented from accomplishing the wish of the Wesleyan Conference, to write a full life of Mr. Wesley, and though deeply impressed with the magnitude of the work, he still contemplated a character of him, and of publishing that character, if not separately, at least in the pages of the "Wesley Family." To a friend he observes, in his private correspondence, so late as 1829, "I think I will endeavour to give a Sketch of Mr. J. Wesley's Life, with some anecdotes, and a proper character, so that he shall have some justice done to him, and not abandon him to the scurrility of such persons as Lord John Russell, who glean their henbane from such lives as the apostate Nightingale. By this, the new edition of the 'Wesley Family' will make two good 8vo. vols." In another letter, he remarks, Dec. 7, 1831, only about nine months before his death:—"No man out of heaven is capable of writing Mr. Wesley's life, who had not an intimate acquaintance with him. I lay in his bosom; and perhaps the world, or rather the church, may find, when Adam Clarke is no

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In the same year in which he died, standing at my study window in Manchester, without any previous thinking on the subject, or intending any such matter, I wrote the following epitaph on the glass, which, I believe, remains undisturbed and unbroken to the present day.

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more among men, that John Wesley is not left without a proper notice of the rare excellencies in his life, by one whom he affectionately loved; and who valued him more than he does any archangel of God." On another occasion, he observes, "The name Wesley to me is sacred. I rejoice in it more than in my own." Fortunately for the church at large, and the Wesleyan body in particular, many of the doctor's remarks on Mr. Wesley's character, his interviews with him and anecdotes of him, have been preserved, and will be embodied in a forthcoming memoir of himself, as they dropped from the lips—vivid and bright, when in the midst of animated discourse, and under the influence of cheerful, hallowed feeling.

If an opinion may be hazarded, perhaps the best Life that can now be presented to the public, of the celebrated founder of Methodism, is, To take his Journals, to incorporate into these all his MS. and published letters, agreeably to their respective and corresponding dates; thus showing his epistolary employment at each place—to interweave with both, all the facts, anecdotes, and conversations, illustrative of his personal history, to be found in the separate or combined memoirs of Hampson, Whitehead, Coke, Moore, and Southey, apart from the observations of the different biographers—and to accompany the whole with notes, from his works, and from the works and memoirs of his cotemporaries. The text would be purely Wesleyan, and would not only furnish a fine full-length portrait of the man, but an excellent ecclesiastical history of the body, from its rise to nearly the close of the eighteenth century.—EDITOR.

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Good Men need not Marble:
I dare trust Glass*
With the Memory
of
JOHN WESLEY, A. M.
Late Fellow of Lincoln College,
Oxford.
Who, with indefatigable Zeal and Perseverance,
Travelled through these kingdoms,
Preaching JESUS,
For more than half a century.
By his unparalleled Labours and Writings
He revived and spread
SCRIPTURAL CHRISTIANITY
Wherever he went,
For God was with him.
But having finished his work,
By keeping, preaching, and defending the FAITH,
He ceased to live among mortals,
March 2nd., M.DCC.XCI.
In the eighty-eighth year of his age.
As a small token of continued filial respect,
This Inscription
Is humbly dedicated to the memory of the above,
By his affectionate son in the gospel,
Adam Clarke.

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* The house in which Dr. (then Mr.) Clarke resided, stands in Dale Street, and adjoins Oldham Street chapel; and the "window" belongs to one of the upper rooms, still used as a study. Persons of minute observation will find a small crack in one of the corners of the pane; and as though the writer had anticipated an objection against the durability of his "glass" monument, he intimates within the crack, by the point of the diamond, that the flaw was there before the epitaph was cut.—Editor.

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MARTHA, or, as she is usually termed, Patty or Pat, was born in the year 1707. She was younger than her brother John, and older than her brother Charles. She was reputed by her sisters to be the mother's favourite. Mr. Charles thought the same; and expressed his "wonder that so wise a woman as his mother could give way to such a partiality, or did not better conceal it." Many years after, when this saying of her brother was mentioned to Mrs. Hall, she replied, "What my sisters call partiality, was what they might all have enjoyed if they had wished it; which was permission to sit in my mother's chamber when disengaged, to listen to her conversation with others, and to hear her remarks on things and books out of school-hours." It appears from hence that partiality to Patty was the indulgence of this propensity to store her mind, and enlarge her intellect, with the observations of a parent whose mode of thinking was not common, and whose conversation was both peculiarly impressive and instructing: and surely it would have been cruelty to have chased away a little one, who preferred her mother's society to recreation, and delighted to hang upon her words, when the others were intensely engaged in play. Thus, the partiality was on the part of the child. Patty loved her mother more than any of the rest; and this for the double reason, because she was her mother, which was common to all, and because in listening to her discourses she increased her little fund of knowledge, which was what her soul thirsted after, a propensity which her mother very properly permitted her to indulge. Her mother was her oracle; she almost idolized her, and would never willingly be from her side: and it is not to be wondered

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at, if Mrs. Wesley did feel a partiality for such a child. It is natural for love to beget love; and where this law of nature seems to be inefficient, enmity will take the place of love, or love will soon become extinct.

From her infancy, Patty was distinguished for deep thoughtfulness, for grave and serious deportment, and for an equanimity or evenness of temper which nothing could discompose.

Her brothers Samuel and Charles, with all her sisters, strove by all kinds of witty mischief to throw her off her guard, and ruffle her temper; but in vain. To their jests and playful tricks she opposed solid arguments, and this acquired her the name of Patient Grizzle among them. Her abhorrence of satire (in which it appears most of the rest abounded) provoked its attacks in many an epigram, while she calmly expostulated on the moral evil of satire, and, unprovoked, contended even with her brother Samuel that ridicule never cured any vice. She was so affectionate in her disposition that they could not quarrel with her, and so completely unassailable that she foiled her antagonists, by permitting them to spend their strength for nought.

By the misery of others she was vulnerable in the very tenderest degree. Though slow and deliberate in all her general movements, she would fly, at the call of want or pain, to succour the distressed. No occupation, no indisposition of body, except it confined her to her bed, could prevent her from affording her assistance. In this alone she was enthusiastic, and the readiness with which she obeyed such calls attended her to old age.

To her brother John she was uncommonly attached. They had the same features so exactly, as if cast in the same mould, added to an exact similarity of disposition. Had I seen them dressed in the clothing of males, I could

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not have told which was Mr. Wesley; and had I seen them in female attire, I could not have distinguished which was Mrs. Hall. Such a similarity of countenance, expression, and manner, I think I never perceived, as between these two. Even their handwriting was so much alike that the one might be easily mistaken for the other. And the internal disposition was the same. Like her, John thought deeply on every subject, and felt himself answerable to his reason and conscience for everything he did: in neither of them did passion, or natural appetite, seem to have any peculiar sway. Mr. Wesley has told me, that when he was a child, and was asked at any time, out of the common way of meals, to have, for instance, a piece of bread and butter, fruit, &c., he has replied with cool unconcern, "I thank you, I will think of it." He would neither touch nor do anything till he had reflected on its fitness and propriety.* This subjection of his mind to deep reflection, which might have appeared, to those who were not acquainted with him, like hesitation, sometimes puzzled the family. In one instance his father said in a pet to Mrs. Wesley, "I profess, sweetheart, I think our Jack would not attend to the most pressing necessities of nature, unless he could give a reason for it."†

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* If the reader will take the trouble to advert to a letter, dated "Epworth, July 24th, 1732," on the education of her children, he will find that there is, perhaps, as much credit due to the manner of training as to reason, on this subject.—EDITOR.

† Mr. Wesley gives the following remark of his father to himself: "'Child,' said my father to me, when I was young, 'you think to carry everything by dint of argument; but you will find how very little is ever done in the world by close reason.' Very little indeed!" See Works, Vol. XII., p. 396. The last edition. —EDITOR.

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His love to Patty was like hers to him; and he alone never joined in the provoking tricks of the others, when they leagued together to overturn Patty's philosophic steadiness.

Her attachment to this brother, to whom she bore so strong an affinity both in mind and person, seemed to be innate, not acquired. From her earliest infancy, when a helpless child in the arms, afflicted and moaning with pain, the sight of this beloved brother immediately calmed and cheered her, causing her to forget her suffering.

The astonishing similarity in person and feeling between this brother and sister, accompanied by such a singular mutual attachment, which lasted through life, has induced me to anticipate a part of the early history of Mr. Wesley, of which his future biographers may make a profitable use.

Mrs. Wesley's opinion of the strong characteristic steadiness of Patty may appear from the following incident. One day, entering the nursery when all the children, Patty excepted (who was ever sedate and reflecting), were in high glee and frolic, the mother said, but not rebukingly, "You will all be more serious *one* day." Martha, lifting up her head, immediately said, "Shall I be more serious, Mam?" NO, replied the mother.

But there is a part of Martha's character which has been so solemnly impeached, and the prejudice against her has become in consequence so inveterate, that unless I can clear up this point, I can scarcely expect credit from those of my readers who know no more than what is contained in the public outcry: I allude to her conduct in reference to her marriage.

It has been already remarked, that on the disastrous fire which took place in 1709, in the parsonage-house

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at Epworth, by which it and all Mr. Wesley's property were destroyed, the children were scattered among relatives and friends, till the house could be rebuilt, and till the desolation in the family circumstances might be in some measure repaired.

Some time after this, Mr. Matthew Wesley, the surgeon, took to his house Hetty and Susan, and afterwards in 1720, Patty, who was then about thirteen years of age. It proves no mean subjection of her will to the obedience due to parental authority, that, notwithstanding her strong attachment to her mother, she consented without murmuring to go with this uncle, who was till then nearly a stranger to her; and to sojourn at a great distance from parents whom she dearly loved, and the benefit of whose conversation she could not hope to replace.

While she staid with her uncle, she was treated by him with the greatest tenderness; but as he was very unlike all other persons of the family, not having a decisively religious turn, she often found herself in great bondage. Though he did not oppose any obstacles to the gratification of her religious feelings, yet she was there without help in sacred things. She had none to encourage her to press forward in the good way, which, in a letter to her brother John, she greatly deplores. While in London with her uncle, she sometimes paid a visit to her brother Samuel at Westminster; but her plain manner did not suit the views of his "lordly dame," and therefore her visits were not very frequent.

I shall give an extract of the letter to which I have referred in this place, as it may be considered as a prelude to her marriage; at least, it will show that she was not quite satisfied with her situation, and might be the

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more easily persuaded to change it, when a proper opportunity should present itself.

"I intended to have wrote sooner to my dear brother, but I have had such an indisposition as, though it has not made me what one may call sick, it has made me almost incapable of anything.

"My uncle is pretty well recovered. I heartily join with you in wishing you may have a conference with him. Who knows but he might be better for it? at least, it is not impossible. He had several years ago a violent fit of illness; seemed wondrous serious; and sent for a clergyman, who staid with him some hours, and when he came from him, told my grandmother, if it pleased God to spare his life, he believed he would be a good man. But when he did recover again, and got among his companions, all his good resolutions vanished immediately.

"Was almost any body else in my place, they would think themselves very happy. I want neither money, nor clothes; nay, I have both given me in the most obliging manner; and yet I am not so. I not only want the most rational part of friendship, but I see a person whom I can't help loving very well (to say nothing of my sister) going on in a way which I think the wrong way, without being able to persuade him to turn into the right. I cannot do the good I fain would, and I am continually in danger of doing the evil I would not.

"O might I, like the seraph Abdiel, faithful stand amongst the faithless! I am persuaded I shall not want my dear brother's prayers to enable me to do it.

"I go sometimes to Westminster: but I am afraid it

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will be impossible for me ever to make a friend of my sister. She fell upon me the last time I was there, for 'giving myself such an *air* as to drink water,' though she told me 'she did not expect that I should leave it.' I told her, if she could convince me that there was any ill in it, I would, and thank her for telling me of it; but I desired her, in the first place, to tell me what she meant by the word 'air,' which she did not choose to do, I believe for a very good reason; so our dispute ended. My brother said he would go to Oxford this Easter. I asked him if he would take me with him? He seemed pretty willing to do it; but I fancy his wife will hardly let him. Indeed, if he should give me twenty shillings, it would be such a thing as he never did yet; nor indeed did I ever desire it before. I should be pleased if he would, because it would give me the pleasure of seeing my dear brother at his own habitation, and of telling him, by word of mouth, how much I am

"His faithful friend,

"and affectionate sister,

"MARTHA WESLEY."

March 10, 1730.

The poor surgeon, her uncle, was supposed to be careless about religion, because he did not take a heated part in the *pro* and *con* polemic divinity of the day.

While Martha was at her uncle's house, she received the addresses of a gentleman of the name of Hall, who was one of Mr. Wesley's pupils at Lincoln College. He was then, according to every evidence, not hypocritically, but deeply pious; though not of a strong judgment, and, consequently, of a fickle mind. His pretensions were all fair, his deportment correct, his education truly

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pious, his person agreeable, his manners pleasing, and his property good.

In his addresses to Martha, there is no doubt he was sincere; and in order to secure her, he took the expedient, common enough in those days, to betroth her to himself. All this was without the knowledge of her parents, or her brothers, and was done at her uncle's house in London. He then accompanied her brothers John and Charles to Epworth, and there he saw her sister Kezziah, grew enamoured of her, courted, obtained her consent, and that of the family in general, who knew nothing of his pre-engagement with Martha; and he was on the point of leading poor unconscious Kezziah to the altar, when a sudden qualm of conscience reproached and reminded him of his prior engagement, and he came back to Martha. The family were justly alarmed at his conduct; in vain they questioned him on the reason of this change. He had not honour enough, however sore his conscience was, candidly to confess his prior engagements with Patty; but talked of a "revelation he had from heaven" that he should not marry Kezziah, but Martha. As Martha had made the contract with him without consulting her parents, she was afraid to allege it in her own vindication; and most probably Mr. Hall had bound her not to discover the previous engagement. And she was obliged in consequence to suffer the heaviest censures of her brothers, who regarded her as the usurper of her sister's rights; whereas, had she frankly declared that she had been affianced to the man before he had even seen her sister Kezziah, they could not have blamed her for redeeming her solemn pledge; though they might have judged her imprudent in putting herself in the hands of a man who had shown such

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a flexibility of affection, and such a versatility of character. But there is no doubt that he used all his artifice to persuade Patty that his heart stood right, though for a time he had yielded to violent temptation. As the family knew nothing of Patty's prior engagements, it is no wonder that in their strong method of expressing themselves, especially in poetry, they should consider Patty's marriage as a kind of incest, as they supposed she had, in fact, the husband of her sister.

On this occasion her brother Charles sent her the following lines, which most certainly never were designed to be made public; for he was afterwards convinced that he had received a very imperfect account of the transaction, and even justified the conduct of his sister.

TO MISS MARTHA WESLEY.

When want, and pain, and death besiege our gate,
And every solemn moment teems with fate;
While cloud and darkness fill the space between,
Perplex th' event, and shade the folded scene;
In humble silence wait th' unuttered voice,
Suspend thy will, and check thy forward choice:
Yet, wisely fearful, for th' event prepare;
And learn the dictates of a brother's care.
How fierce thy conflict, how severe thy flight,
When hell assails the foremost sons of light;
When he, who long in virtue's paths had trod,
Deaf to the voice of conscience and of God,
Drops the fair mask,—proves traitor to his vow;
And thou, the temptress, and the tempted thou!
Prepare thee then to meet th' infernal war,
And dare beyond what woman knows to dare:
Guard each avenue to thy fluttering heart,
And act the sister's and the Christian's part.
Heaven is the guard of virtue; scorn to yield,
When screened by heaven's impenetrable shield.

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Secure in this, defy th' impending storm,
Though Satan tempt thee in an angel's form.
And, oh, I see the fiery trial near;
I see the saint, in all his forms, appear.
By nature, by religion, taught to please,
With conquest flushed, and obstinate to press,
He lists his virtues in the cause of hell,
Heaven, with celestial arms, presumes t' assail;
To veil with semblance fair the fiend within,
And make his God subservient to his sin!
Trembling I hear his horrid vows renewed,
I see him come, by Delia's groans pursued.
Poor injured Delia! all her groans are vain;
Or he denies, or listening mocks her pain.
What, though her eyes with ceaseless tears o'erflow,
Her bosom heave with agonizing woe;
What, though the horror of his falsehood near
Tear up her faith, and plunge her in despair;
Yet can he think (so blind to heaven's decree,
And the sure fate of cursed apostasy),
Soon as he tells the secret of his breast,
And puts the angel off—and stands confessed;
When love, and grief, and shame, and anguish meet
To make his crimes and Delia's wrongs complete,
That then the injured maid will cease to grieve;
Behold him in a sister's arms, and live!
Mistaken wretch—by thy unkindness hurled
From ease, from love, from thee, and from the world;
Soon must she land on that immortal shore,
Where falsehood never can torment her more:
There all her sufferings and her sorrows cease,
Nor saints turn devils there to vex her peace!
Yet hope not then, all-specious as thou art,
To taint with impious vows her sister's heart;
With proffered worlds her honest soul to move,
Or tempt her virtue to incestuous love.
No—wert thou as thou wast, did heaven's first rays
Beam on thy soul, and all the Godhead blaze,
Sooner shall sweet oblivion set us free
From friendship, love, thy perfidy, and thee;

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Sooner shall light in league with darkness join,
Virtue and vice, and heaven and hell, combine,
Than her pure soul consent to mix with thine;
To share thy sin, adopt thy perjury,
And damn herself to be revenged on thee;
To load her conscience with a sister's blood,
The guilt of incest, and the curse of God!

Perhaps this would have been severe enough, had the case been even so bad as Mr. Charles conjectured.

He had not examined the business. Poor Patty was in London, completely unconscious of what was going on at Epworth; and bore the blame of receiving, for the first time, the addresses of a man who had just jilted her sister. I wish the reader to keep these two facts in view:—1. Patty was addressed by Hall, consented to be his wife, and was betrothed to him before he ever saw Kezziah. 2. She was in London when Hall went down into Lincolnshire, and knew nothing of the transaction with Kezziah at Epworth till a considerable time after it took place; and had Hall then married Kezziah, the world would never have heard Martha's complaint, and Kezziah would have been bound to that miserable and profligate wretch who afterwards fell to the lot of her sister. When Martha found how matters stood, she wrote to her mother, and laid open the whole business, who on this explanation wrote her full consent, assuring her "that if she had obtained the consent of her uncle, there was no obstacle."

Kezziah, on hearing the true relation, cordially renounced all claim to Hall; and from every thing I have been able to learn, sat as indifferent to him, as if no such transaction had ever existed. Her uncle Matthew, with whom Patty lived for twelve years, was so satisfied with her conduct, and with the match, that he gave her

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£500 on her marriage, and the fullest testimony of "her dutiful and grateful conduct during the whole time she had resided in his house." Kezziah also gave the fullest testimony of her approbation, by choosing to go and live with Mr. and Mrs. Hall, though she had a strong invitation to go and live with her brother Samuel, and her brother John was to have given £50 per annum to have covered her expenses.

The true state of the case was for some years unknown to the brothers; and Mr. Wesley himself, in his letter to Hall, dated Dec. 2, 1747, charges him with having "stolen Kezziah from the God of her youth; that, in consequence, she refused to be comforted, and fell into a lingering illness which terminated in her death; that her blood still cried unto God from the earth against him, and that surely it was upon his head." That this was Mr. Wesley's impression, I well know; but it is not strictly correct. I have the almost dying assertions of Mrs. Hall, delivered to her beloved niece, Miss Wesley, and by her handed in writing to me, that the facts of the case were as stated above; that "so little did Kezziah regret her faithless lover, and so fully sensible was she of her sister's prior claim, that she chose to live with them, and lived in perfect harmony and comfort with her sister. And so far from this disappointment shortening her days, she resided between five and six years under the same roof; and had so completely subdued all affection towards Mr. Hall, that she had formed an attachment to another gentleman, but his death prevented the union." *

* I question much whether Miss Kezziah Wesley ever had any strong affection for Mr. Hall; or indeed for any other. A letter of hers to her brother John, given by Mr. Moore, dated June 16,

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This business being afterwards laid before Mr. Charles Wesley, who had written the preceding severe lines to his sister, and her prior engagement to Mr. Hall being pleaded, and the cruel injustice and censures she had suffered, he did not at all dispute the premises; saw that Martha had fully justified herself on the ground of her prior engagement; but said, "she should not have mismatched herself with so worthless a man." He never liked Hall afterwards, though for a considerable time he conducted himself with propriety. During her lifetime it was proposed that Mrs. Hall should publish the real state of the case, that her character might not continue to lie under such a load of unmerited censure

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1734, not long before Patty's marriage to Mr. Hall, sets this general indifference in a sufficiently strong light, and shows, at least, that she felt very little attachment to Hall, greatly preferring a single life.

"Dear Brother,

"I intended not to write till I could give you an account of Mr. Hall's affair; but it is needless, because I believe he wont do any thing without your approbation. I am entirely of your opinion that we ought to 'endeavour after perfect resignation;' and I have learned to practise this duty in one particular, which I think is of the greatest importance in life, viz., marriage. I am as indifferent as it is lawful for any person to be, whether I ever change my state or not; because I think a single life is the more excellent way; and there are also several reasons why I rather desire to continue as I am. One is, because I desire to be entirely disengaged from the world; but the chief is, I am so well apprised of the great duty a wife owes to her husband, that I think it is almost impossible she should ever discharge it as she ought. But I can scarce say I have the liberty of choosing; for my relations are continually soliciting me to marry. I shall endeavour to be as resigned and cheerful as possible to whatever God is pleased to ordain for me."

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and calumny. To which she answered, "Once I did intend to do so; but I am now so soon removing to another world, where all is known, and will be made known, that it is unimportant what mortals may think or say of me." This statement Mrs. Hall took on her conscience into the eternal world; and perhaps a more upright and conscientious woman never drew the breath of life. But the thing speaks for itself. 1. Can it be supposed that such a woman as Mrs. Wesley, senior, would have unhesitatingly given her consent to her marriage with Hall, had she not been perfectly satisfied with the propriety of her conduct? 2. Can it be imagined that her uncle Matthew, who stood high on his honour, would have given his consent, with the most positive testimony to the excellence of her conduct while in his house, and sealed the whole, on her marriage, with a present of five hundred pounds, if he had not been persuaded that she had acted honourably? 3. Is it at all likely that a woman of Mrs. Hall's tender, exquisitely tender, and compassionate feelings would have married to break a beloved sister's heart? 4. Or that this sister would have chosen to have lived with her, had she had reason to believe her at all culpable? She found out that Hall had betrothed her sister, but had concealed it, caitiff as he was; and finding that Patty's affections had been engaged, and her claim prior, she resolved to show the world, by thus being with her, that she had no cause for resentment against the sister.

That the brothers should think that there was no prospect of happiness with such a weathercock, is quite natural and reasonable; and it is most certain that Mr. Charles Wesley's severe lines were written before he was made acquainted with the circumstances of the case. Mrs. Hall always justified her own conduct; and ever

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maintained that her marrying Hall gave no umbrage to Kezziah.

Her composure under suppositions and aspersions so injurious to her fame was astonishing. The selfish principle seemed annihilated in her; and she bore blame and obloquy, rather than, by vindicating herself, involve others. She has been loaded with invective; and the biographers of her brothers have added to the number of her detractors.

Mr. Southey has also been misled; and his treatment of the character of this excellent woman is far from candid. He not only details all that others have said, who should have informed themselves better; but by his nervous and elegant language he has given a more vivid colouring to mistakes and slanders, of which I readily grant he was not the inventor. But the maxim, De mortuis et absentibus nil nisi bonum, did not sufficiently govern his pen. It has still been objected, "she should not have taken Hall." I have already shown that she was solemnly betrothed to him. He became unfaithful: but he appeared to stop in time, came back to her a penitent, and alleged that God had convinced him of the vice of his conduct, when on the point of sacrificing her peace and his own conscience. Could she, or should she, as matters then stood, refuse him? Would it have been right to have turned him back again to her deceived sister? Surely not. Nor could Kezziah have wedded him without being guilty of that species of incest of which Mr. Charles charged his innocent sister, at the time he was unacquainted with the true state of the case.

Mr. Southey says, that "Mrs. Hall bore her fate with resignation, and with an inward consciousness that her punishment was not heavier than her fault." This I

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totally deny: she had no such consciousness. Her feelings and the dictates of her heart on this subject ever were,—

> Hic murus aheneus esto,
> Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.
> HOR. EP. lib. i., E. 1, ver. 60.

> This is my brazen bulwark of defence,
> A consciousness of spotless innocence;
> The vile accuser still I dare to meet,
> Nor e'er turn pale at what he dares repeat.

Mrs. Hall ever vindicated her conduct. To her dying hour she testified the purity and approbation of her conscience in the whole business; and it was the consciousness of having acted right in the sight of God in this matter, that enabled her to bear all his profligacy and unkind treatment with an even mind and unbroken spirit. And suppose that, on the principles which the detractors of this excellent and injured woman hold, he had been permitted to marry Kezziah, would he have been a better husband, or a better man? No. The seeds of all his profligacy were deeply radicated in him; and they would have produced their correspondent fruits, had he been married to an angel. He was a man of no mind; when even sincere, he acted not by scripture or reason, but by impulse. He did not consult his judgment, for he had but little to consult; and had he been anywhere out of Paradise, he would have been a versatile, shatter-brained, and, by turns, a pious and profligate man. Let his natural fickleness of character, and his imbecility of mind, tell, as far as it may, in vindication of his conduct. He is gone to another world, and his judgment is with God!

I rejoice that it has been in my power to withdraw

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the thick veil that has been spread over this woman's innocence. I can assure my readers, that I have not advanced a single fact that is not founded on unexceptionable documents; and that I can produce both written and oral testimony to confirm the whole. The further anecdotes and facts which I shall shortly produce will serve still more particularly to illustrate the unimpeachable character of this woman, and to confirm the reader in his conviction of her innocence.

As the circumstances above related were little known to the public, if at all, the marriage of Mr. Wesley Hall and Miss Patty Wesley became the subject of public congratulation.

I shall subjoin a copy of verses, printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1735, p. 551, in which year Miss M. Wesley was married to Mr. W. Hall.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. WESLEY HALL TO MISS PATTY WESLEY.

1.

Hymen, light thy purest flame,
Every sacred rite prepare,
Never to thy altar came
A more pious, faithful pair.

2.

Thee, dispensing mighty pleasure,
Rashly sensual minds invoke;
Only those partake thy treasure
Paired in virtue's easy yoke.

3.

Such are Hall and Wesley joining,
Kindred souls with plighting hands,
Each to each entire resigning,
One become by nuptial bands.

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4.

Happy union, which destroys
Half the ills of life below;
But the current of our joys
Makes with double vigour flow

5.

Sympathizing friends abate
The severer strokes of fate;
Happy hours still happier prove
When they smile on those we love.

6.

Joys to vulgar minds unknown
Shall their daily converse crown;
Easy slumbers, pure delights,
Bless their ever-peaceful nights.

7.

O Lucina, sacred power,
Here employ thy grateful care;
Smiling on the genial hour,
Give an offspring wise and fair!

8.

That, when the zealous sire shall charm no more
Th' attentive audience with his sacred lore,
Those lips in silence closed, whose heavenly skill
Could raptures with persuasive words instil;
A *son* may in the important work engage,
And with his precepts mend the future age!
That when the accomplished mother, snatched by fate,
No more shall grace the matrimonial state;
No more exhibit in her virtuous life
The bright exemplar of a perfect wife;
A *daughter*, blest with each maternal grace,
May shine the pattern of the female race!

J. Duick.

As to the father and his offspring, these prayers were not answered; but the whole conduct of Mrs. Hall, during this unfortunate marriage, did prove her to be

"The bright exemplar of a perfect wife."

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Mr. Hall did not act improperly towards his wife, and towards the Wesley family, at first, as appears from a letter of Mrs. Susannah Wesley, dated Wootton, Aug. 5, 1737, and which has before been given at length. Mrs. W. says, "Mr. Hall and his wife are very good to me. He behaves like a gentleman and a Christian; and my daughter with as much duty and tenderness as can be expected; so that on this account I am very easy."

After having for a long time the highest respect and veneration for his brother-in-law, Mr. John Wesley, through his own natural fickleness, and the evil advice of certain persons, who were then denominated *the still brethren*, he became estranged from the guide of his youth. Of this Mr. W. complained in a letter written to his sister, dated,

"*Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov.* 17, 1742.

"Dear Sister,

"I believe the death of your children is a great instance of the goodness of God towards you. You have often mentioned to me how much of your time they took up. Now that time is restored to you, and you have nothing to do but to serve our Lord without carefulness and without distraction, 'till you are sanctified in body, soul, and spirit.

"As soon as I saw Mr. Hall, I invited him to stay at the Foundry; but he desired I would have him excused. There is a strange inconsistency in his tempers and sentiments with regard to me. The *still brethren* have gradually infused into him as much as they could of their own contempt of me and my brother, and dislike of our whole method of proceeding, which is as different from theirs as light from darkness. Nay, they have

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blunderingly taught him to find fault even with my economy and outward management both of my family and society. Whereas, I know this is the peculiar talent which God has given me, wherein (by his grace) I am not behind the very chiefest of them. Notwithstanding this, there remains in him something of his old regard for me, which he had at Oxford; and by and by it will prevail. He will find out these wretched men, and the clouds will flee away.

"My belief is, that the present design of God is, to visit the poor desolate church of England; and that therefore neither deluded Mr. Gambold, nor any who leave it, will prosper. O pray for the peace of Jerusalem. "They shall prosper that love thee." Mr. Hall has paid me for the books. I don't want any money of you; your love is sufficient. But write as often and as largely as you can to

"Your affectionate friend and brother,

"J. WESLEY."

Mr. Hall passed from change to change, still in the deteriorating ratio; and from excess to excess in the ratio of geometrical progression, till he became a proverb of reproach and shame;—

The vilest husband, and the worst of men.

And on January 6, 1776, he died at Bristol, probably a penitent, exclaiming in his last hours, as Mrs. Hutchins testified, "I have injured an angel! an angel that never reproached me!"

It was by the instrumentality of Mr. J. Wesley he was brought to the knowledge of the truth, which, for a time, he illustrated by his conduct, and defended and enforced by his preaching. But when he forsook God,

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he turned also his back on his best earthly friend. How he treated Mr. W., when he paid him a friendly visit at Salisbury, will appear from the following extract of a letter from Mr. W., dated Feb. 2, 1747 :—

"Poor Mr. Hall, when I was at Salisbury, furnished me with a sufficient answer to those who speak of the connexion between him and us. He could not have set the matter in a clearer light than by turning both me and my sister out of doors."

Those who wish to see a full account of his delinquencies may consult the faithful letter sent to him by Mr. John Wesley, December 22, 1747, in his Journals, vol. ii., p. 435.

Of his death Mr. Wesley speaks thus :—

"I came (to Bristol) just time enough, not to see, but to bury, poor Mr. Hall, my brother-in-law, who died on Wednesday morning, January 6, 1776, I trust in peace; for God had given him deep repentance. Such another monument of divine mercy, considering how low he had fallen, and from what heights of holiness, I have not seen, no, not in seventy years. I had designed to have visited him in the morning; but he did not stay for my coming. It is enough if, after all his wanderings, we meet again in Abraham's bosom." Journal, vol. v., p. 177.

I need scarcely say, that Mr. Hall, who was a clergyman of the Church of England, and had a curacy at Salisbury, became a Moravian and Quietist, an Antinomian, a Deist, if not an Atheist, and a Polygamist, which last he defended in his teaching, and illustrated by his practice. He married Miss Patty Wesley in 1735, and died in 1776, being her husband for about forty years.

Two or three extracts from letters written by Mrs.

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Hall to her husband during his delinquencies, will show both her feelings and good sense, under circumstances the most trying to a female mind :—

"Being at last convinced that I cannot possibly oblige you any longer, by anything I can say or do, I have for some time determined to rid you of so useless a burden, as soon as it should please God to give me an opportunity. If you have so much humanity left for a wife who has lived so many years with you, as to allow any thing toward a maintenance, I will thank you."

"Though I should have been very glad to have heard from you, yet I cannot wonder at your not answering my letter, seeing I not only left you a second time, but desired conditions, which I fear you do not find yourself at all disposed to grant. Indeed, I am obliged to plead guilty to the charge; and as I look upon you as the sole judge, I shall make no appeal from that sentence; only, I desire leave to speak a few words before you pass it. You may remember, whenever I was angry enough to talk of leaving you, you could never work me up to such an height, as to make me say, I would never return. Indeed, I could never bear the thought of laying myself under any such engagement. I had some hopes that when I was at a distance from you, I might possibly prevail upon you to tell me the meaning of an expression that once dropped from you, which, though to an unconcerned person might seem a trivial word, yet to me appears to be a thing of the utmost concern, since so much both of my happiness and yours has depended, and must still depend, upon it, at least so long as I am in the body. It was, 'That if I had behaved myself as I ought, you should have had no occasion for another

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wife.' I cannot persuade myself you would say such a thing without a meaning, especially as you did not appear to be in any passion when you said it. Therefore, I beg you would tell me your meaning. If I have forfeited all other ties, I conjure you, by that of common humanity, to tell me, that I may know what fatal delusion could make me offend a person, whom, of all creatures upon earth, I desired most to please. I shall be exceedingly obliged to you, if you will be so good as to satisfy me in this particular. But be that as it may, whether you think fit to grant or deny my request, one thing I must inform you of, which is, that I never can, so long as I am in my senses, wilfully bring any evil upon you! No, death does not appear so shocking to me, as endeavouring to lay you under any other obligations than those of conscience and honour. For which reason, I design to put myself again absolutely in your power. If you make a kind use of that power, I shall thank God and you. If not, the time is very short that I can stay on this side the grave; and in the same sentiments that I have lived, I trust it will be given me to die. Price tells me you talked of coming up to town; I should be very glad to see you; your child, and wife too, will be entirely at your service. But if Bar does not oblige you to come, I cannot desire you to be at so much expense and trouble on my account; though you might be at my lodging for the time I suppose you would stay. However, I desire you would be so kind as to answer this, and let me know your mind as soon as possible, if you have the least concern for your ever faithful and affectionate wife."

Having cleared Mrs. Hall's character and conduct in reference to her marriage, it may be necessary to con-

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sider her behaviour as a wife to one of the worst and most unkind of husbands. I will adduce one instance recorded by witnesses on the spot, and corroborated by herself, on being questioned as to its truth.

When they lived at Fisherton, near Salisbury, where they had a large house and garden, near the church where he ministered, she had taken a young woman into the house as a seamstress, whom Mr. Hall seduced: such was the beginning of his ways. Mrs. Hall, being quite unsuspicious, was utterly ignorant of any improper attachment between her husband and the girl.

Finding the time of the young woman's travail drawing near, he feigned a call to London on some important business and departed. Soon after his departure, the woman fell in labour. Mrs. Hall, one of the most feeling and considerate of women on such occasions, ordered her servants to go instantly for a doctor. They all refused; and when she had remonstrated with them on their inhumanity, they completed her surprise by informing her that the girl, to whom they had given any thing but her own name, was in labour, through her criminal connexion with Mr. Hall, and that they all knew her guilt long before. She heard, without betraying any emotion, what she had not before even suspected, and repeated her commands for assistance. They, full of indignation at the unfortunate creature, and strangely inhuman, absolutely refused to obey; on which Mrs. Hall immediately went out herself, and brought in a midwife; called on a neighbour; divided the only six pounds she had in the house, and deposited five with her, who was astonished at her conduct; enjoined kind treatment, and no reproaches, and then set off for London, found her husband, related in her own mild manner the circumstances, told him what she had done, and prevailed

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upon him to return to Salisbury as soon as the young woman could be removed from the house. He thought the conduct of his wife not only Christian but heroic; and was for a time suitably affected by it; but having embraced the doctrine of polygamy, his reformation was but of short continuance. Mr. Hall was guilty of many similar infidelities; and after being the father of ten children by his wife, nine of whom lie buried at Salisbury, he abandoned his family, went off to the West Indies with one of his mistresses, lived there with her till she died, and afterwards, returning to England, professing penitential sorrow, he was cordially received by his injured and incomparable wife, who showed him every Christian attention till his death, which took place, as related above, Jan. 6, 1776, at Bristol.* Notwithstanding all her bad treatment, Mrs. Hall was never heard to speak of her husband but with kindness. She often expressed wonder that women should profess to love their husbands, and yet dwell upon their faults, or indeed upon those of their friends. She was never known to speak evil of any person.

"Give me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see,"

was her maxim; exposure of vice she believed never did any good. "Tell your neighbour his fault," said she, "between him and you alone; when you censure, spare not the vice—but the name."

Her only remaining child, Wesley Hall, was a very

* I have heard from the family, that after Mr. Hall's departure from his wife, not to the West Indies, but to Ireland, his wife never saw him more. In what is related above, I have followed Mr. Moore's statement.

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promising youth; he lived till he was fourteen, and then died of the small-pox. He was educated at the expense of his uncles John and Charles. When his life was despaired of, his mother was sent for; but she came too late, the amiable youth had breathed his last before her arrival. Her tenderness as a mother was known to be so great, that they dreaded the effect this melancholy event might have on her mind when she came to the knowledge of it, especially as there had been a very reprehensible want of care in the family where he was boarded, which was supposed to have accelerated, if not caused, his death. But she bowed to this dispensation of Providence, which had deprived her of her last earthly hope and support; she bore the dreadful stroke with humility, meekness, and fortitude. No reflections on second causes; no violence of grief; no complaints of her bitter fate: all her conduct evinced the Christian, and the Christian parent.

In the Funeral Hymns, published by Mr. Wesley, and printed by Mr. Pine, Bristol, 1769, there are two, the tenth and eleventh, on the death of this most promising lad. In the latter the state of the father is most awfully depicted.

ON THE DEATH OF W. H—L, AGED FOURTEEN.

1.

Where is the fair Elysian flower,
The blooming youth that charmed our eyes?
Cut down and withered in an hour,
But now transplanted to the skies.
He triumphs o'er the mouldering tomb;
He blossoms in eternal bloom!

2.

Nor did he perish immature,
Who, starting, won the shortened race,

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Unspotted from the world, and pure,
And saved and sanctified by grace.
The child fulfils his hundred years,
And ripe before his God appears.

3.

Witness his ardent one desire
To live, if spared, for God alone;
But rather, with the tuneful choir,
To join the souls around the throne.
He grasps on earth the prize above,
And all his soul is prayer and love.

4.

When reason fled the rack of pain,
Love still defied the torturer's power;
Love, deathless love, does still remain,
And consecrates his final hour;
And wafts him to his native place,
And crowns his brow with golden rays.

5.

Ascending to that world of light,
He quits our dreary vale of death,
But drops his mantle in his flight,
His blessing, on his friends beneath.
Thrice happy, if his virtue's heirs!
If given to his dying prayers!

6.

Happy, whoe'er his wants supplied,
Or served an heir of glory here!
Happy the souls to thine allied,
That saw their shining pattern near!
Happy the mates thou leav'st below,
If wise, with thee, their God to know!

7.

But chiefly blest the womb that bare,
The paps that nursed a child like thee,—
A child of providence and prayer,
Ordained his Father's face to see.

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T' enjoy his love, to chaunt his praise
In rapturous everlasting lays.

8.

'Tis done! The soul is wafted there,
Where kindred saints and angels join!
We cast away our mournful care;
We bow and bless the will divine.
Let God resume whom God has given,
And take us after him to heaven.

1.

Rest, happy saint! with God secure,
Lodged in the bosom of the Lamb;
Thy joy is full, thy state is sure,
Through all eternity the same;
The heavenly doors have shut thee in,
The mighty gulf is fixed between.

2.

Thy God forbad the son to bear
The father's wickedness below:
And, oh! thou canst not suffer there
His foul reproach, his guilty woe;
His fearful doom thou canst not feel,
Or fall, like him, from heaven to hell.

3.

That tender sense of infant grace
(Extinct in him) which dwelt in thee,
Nor sin nor Satan can efface;
From pain and grief for ever free;
Thou canst not now his fall deplore,
Or pray for one that prays no more.

4.

Yet may thy last expiring prayer
For a lost parent's soul prevail,
And move the God of love to spare—
T' arrest him at the mouth of hell!
O God of love! thine ear incline,
And save a soul that once was thine!

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5.

Thou didst his heaven-born spirit draw,
Thou didst his child-like heart inspire,
And fill with love's profoundest awe;
Though now, inflamed with hellish fire,
He dares thy favourite Son blaspheme,
And hates the God that died for him!

6.

Commissioned by the dying God,
Blessed with a powerful ministry,
The world he pointed to thy blood,
And turned whole multitudes to thee;
Others he saved, himself a prey
To hell—a hopeless castaway.

7.

Murderer of souls, thou know'st he lives,
(Poor souls, for whom thyself hast died)
His dreadful punishment receives,
And bears the mark of sullen pride;
And furious lusts his bosom tear,
And the dire worm of sad despair.

8.

Condemned like haggard Cain to rove,
By Satan and himself pursued,
Apostate from redeeming love,
Abandoned to the curse of God;
Thou hear'st the vagabond complain,
Loud howling while he bites his chain.

9.

But, O thou righteous God! how long
Shall thy vindictive anger last?
Canst thou not yet forgive the wrong,
Bid all his penal woes be past?
All power, all mercy, as thou art,
O break his adamantine heart!

10.

Before the yawning cavern close
Its mouth on its devoted prey,

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Thou, who hast died to save thy foes,
Thy death's omnipotence display;
And snatch from that eternal fire,
And let him in thine arms expire!

We see from the preceding pages, that Mr. J. Wesley believed this prayer was answered; and that Mr. Hall died a deep penitent. It might be so; nothing is impossible to God. He was once in grace; made a complete shipwreck of faith and a good conscience; long served the devil with an undivided heart, not only forgetting that he had been purged from his old sins, but blaspheming the God that bought him. If old W. Hall found mercy, none out of hell need despair. We must leave him in the hands of his Judge. But oh, reader, it is a grievous and bitter thing to sin against the Lord! No wonder that in dying he should exclaim, "I have injured an angel that never reproached me!" Of her excellence and forbearance we shall have further proofs.

I have seen a folio printed sheet, containing the first part of this elegy, evidently the publication of Mr. Hall; for it is connected with the following poem: "The Art of Happiness, or The Right Use of Reason; an epistle to Wesley Hall, Junior." It opens with—

'My son, my son, if e'er a parent's voice
Has power to warn, let this direct thy choice:
Take reason's path, and mad opinions leave,—
Reason is truth that never can deceive."

The whole is a miserable deistical address, strongly advising his son to follow the dictates of his own nature, as the best way of fulfilling the purposes of his Creator!

"Indulge thy genius, follow nature's call;
Nature is God's vicegerent, ruling all."

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I think he had his brothers-in-law, John and Charles Wesley, in view, in the following lines, where, declaiming against superstition and bigotry, he adds,—

* * * * * *

The voice of nature, make of God a fiend,
And bid revengeful fire from heaven descend!
Inspired with frantic, false, fanatic zeal,
See with what rage they threat damnation, hell,
To all who fair expose the wretched lies,
The frauds, the follies, falsehood, forgeries,
Of Romish fathers, councils, canons, schools,
Impostors' orders, monks' and madmen's rules."

Love, the universal passion, is most highly eulogized; it is nature's and reason's law!

" By thee inspired, we learn each tuneful art,
To raise the passions, or improve the heart;
The mystic union of the sounding strings,
The wondrous commerce of the secret springs,
Whence social joy and sympathetic pain,
And friendship's force, and love's eternal reign.
* * * * * *
With all the mighty charms by heaven designed,
To raise the bliss of every godlike mind,
In love concentring, form that image bright,
The fairest mirror of th' Eternal Light."

And without any reference to God's Spirit, his book, or his religion, he concludes his ungodly advices to his godly son, in these words,—

" Instructed thus, mayst thou a temple raise,
More glorious far than that of ancient days;
The work of wisdom, and of virtue fair,
With strength and beauty built beyond compare,
By reason's perfect rule, and nature's scale,
Which God's whole order may to man reveal;
Where all things tend, and whence they all began,
Of his machinery the wondrous plan."

Some have supposed that there must have been an

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apathy in Mrs. Hall's nature, to bear the most grievous wrongs, and the heaviest losses; but such persons have not considered to what heights of excellence the human mind may be exalted by reason and religion.

When Mr. Charles Wesley asked her "how she could give money," as previously related, "to her husband's concubine?" she answered, "I knew *I* could obtain what I wanted from many; but she, poor hapless creature, could not; many thinking it meritorious to abandon her to the distress which she had brought upon herself. *Pity* is due to the wicked; the good claim *esteem*; besides, I did not act as a *woman*, but as a *Christian*."

There are several still alive who can attest her sensibility; the poor, the sick, the afflicted of all descriptions, excited in her the deepest feelings of sympathy. Like her brother John, she was ready to bear the burden of every sufferer; to deny herself the necessaries of life in order to relieve the needy; and to be stoical in no sufferings but her own.

This was the character of the founder of Methodism; this was that of his excellent sister. Her charity was unbounded; and the charity of a person reduced to an income so limited was "the munificence of the widow's mite, founded on self-denial." Her brother, Mr. Charles Wesley, has said, "It is in vain to give Pat any thing to add to her comforts, for she always gives it away to some person poorer than herself."

Another instance will farther illustrate this part of her character. In proportion as Mr. Hall advanced in profligacy, he lost all sense of decorum, and that shame which, in all bad characters not wholly abandoned to vice, usually accompanies the exposure of guilt. He had the frontless inhumanity, one day, to bring in one of his illegitimate infants; and he ordered his wife to take charge of it till he could provide it with a suitable situ-

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ation. She ordered a cradle to be brought, placed the babe in it, and continued to perform for it all requisite acts of humanity.

While nursing this illegitimate, her only remaining child, Wesley Hall, of whom I have already spoken, had by some means displeased his father, who had now as little government of his temper as he had of his passions; for under a course of such transgressions a man usually becomes a sot or a fury. He rose up in a violent rage, thrust the child into a dark closet, and locked him up. The child was terrified to distraction. Mrs. Hall, with her usual calmness, desired him to release the child. He refused. She entreated;—he was resolute. She asserted that the punishment was far beyond the fault;—he still hesitated. She then summoned up the more than female dignity and courage which formed that part of her character that led her to decide on the line of conduct which she ought to pursue, from the evidence brought to her reason and conscience, and thus addressed him: "Sir, thank the grace of God, that while *my* child is thus cruelly treated, suffering to distraction a punishment he has not merited, I had not turned *your* babe out of the cradle; but you must go and unlock the closet, and release the child, or *I* will immediately do it." This tone was too decisive to be treated with either neglect or contempt. Mr. Hall arose, unlocked the closet, and released the child. Even in this trifling case, her cool philosophy was as much in action as her piety: she wished the authority of the father to be preserved, that it might appear to the child that the same mouth which had pronounced the sentence might pronounce its repeal; and that the hand that had committed to prison might effect its discharge.

It is a hapless case when the parents are not agreed either in the management or correction of their children;

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from the minds of children thus treated, it removes all sense of moral good and evil; they see their parents are not agreed in their correction, and they are led in consequence to consider the punishment to be arbitrary and cruel. They hate the corrector, and love the intercessor, or that one who takes their part; and it is a million to one, humanly speaking, that what is called the moral sense will be, in consequence, utterly obliterated from their minds.

Mrs. Hall could not endure the sight of misery which she could not relieve; it quite overwhelmed her. One day she came to the house of her brother Charles, apparently sinking under distress, and looking like a corpse. On inquiry, it was found that a hapless woman had come to her, and related such a tale of real woe, that she took the creature into her own lodging, and had kept her for three days; and the continual sight of her wretchedness—wretchedness that she could not fully receive, so affected her, that her own life was sinking into the grave. The case was immediately made known to that "son of consolation," her brother John, whose eye and ear never failed to affect his heart at the sight or at the tale of misery. He took immediate charge of his sister's unfortunate guest, and had her provided for according to her wants and distresses.

All Mrs. Hall's movements were deliberate, slow, and steady. In her eye, her step, her speech, there appeared an innate dignity and superiority, which were so mingled with gentleness and good nature, as ever to excite respect and reverence, but never fear; for all children loved her, and sought her company.

Her safety excited much anxiety in the minds of her friends, when, at an advanced age, she would take long walks through crowded streets; for she never quickened

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her pace in crossings, even when carriages were in full drive. Her niece, Miss Wesley, being one day with her in Bloomsbury-square, when a coach was closely following, urged her, but in vain, to quicken her pace. Striving to pull her out of the way of danger, she unluckily pulled her off her feet, just before the horses. When she got up, she calmly observed, that "the probability of being injured by a fall was greater than of being run over by the coachman, who could gain no advantage by it; on the contrary, much disadvantage and expense." These remarks she made to her niece standing in the crossing, with horses trampling before and behind. Fortunately the coachman had pulled up his horses, or they had both been under the wheels long before the speech was finished.

She spent much time, at his own particular request, with Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was strongly attached to her, and ever treated her with high reverence and respect. The injuries she had sustained, and the manner in which she had borne them, could not but excite the esteem of such a mind as his.

They often disputed together on matters of theology and moral philosophy; and in their differences of opinion, for they often differed, he never treated her with that asperity with which he often treated those opponents who appeared to plume themselves on their acquirements. He wished her very much to become an inmate in his house; and she would have done so, had she not feared to provoke the jealousy of the two females already there, Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Du Moulin, who had long resided under his roof, and whose queer tempers much embittered his social hours and comforts. She ventured to tell him the reason; and he felt its cogency, as no doubt the comparison between the tempers would have created much

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ill-will. As a frequent visitor, even they, cross-tempered as they were, highly valued Mrs. Hall.

It is no wonder that Dr. Johnson valued her conversation. In many cases, it supplied the absence of books; her memory was a repository of the most striking events of past centuries; and she had the best parts of all our poets by heart. She delighted in literary discussions, and moral argumentations, not for the display, but for the exercise of her mental faculties, and to increase her fund of useful knowledge; and she bore opposition with the same composure as regulated all the other parts of her conduct.

The young and inexperienced, who had promising abilities, she exhorted to avoid that blind admiration of talents, which is apt to regard temper and the moral virtues as secondary, and infused an abhorrence of that satire and ridicule which too often accompany wit. Of wit she used to say, she was the only one of the family who did not possess it; and Mr. Charles Wesley used to remark, that "Sister Patty was always too wise to be witty." Yet she was very capable of acute remark; and once at Dr. Johnson's house, when she was on a grave discussion, she made one which turned the laugh against him, in which he cordially joined, as he felt its propriety and force.

In his house at Bolt-court, one day, when Mrs. Hall was present, the doctor began to expatiate on the unhappiness of human life. Mrs. Hall said, "Doctor, you have always lived among the wits, not the saints; and they are a race of people the most unlikely to seek true happiness, or find the pearl without price." I have already remarked, that she delighted in theological discussions. It was her frequent custom to dwell on the goodness of God, in giving his creatures laws; observing

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"that what would have been the inclination of a kind nature, was made a command, that our benevolent Creator might reward it; he thus condescending to prescribe that as a duty, which, to a regenerate mind, must have been a wish and delight, had it not been prescribed." She loved the name of duties; and ever blessed her gracious Redeemer, who enabled her to discharge them. In a conversation, there was a remark made, that the public voice was the voice of truth, universally recognised; whence the proverb, *Vox populi, vox Dei.* This Mrs. Hall strenuously contested; and said the "public voice" in Pilate's Hall was, 'Crucify him! crucify him!'"

On Easter Sunday, April 15, 1781, Mr. Boswell (in his "Life of Johnson") mentions dining at the doctor's in company with several persons, among whom were Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Du Moulin, and Mrs. Hall, sister of the Rev. John Wesley, and resembling him both in figure and manner. "I mentioned," says Boswell, "a kind of religious Robinhood society, which met every Sunday morning at Coachmakers'-hall, for free debate; and that the subject for this night was, the text which relates, with other miracles which happened at our Saviour's death,—'And the graves were opened, and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after his resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many.'' Mrs. Hall said it was a very curious subject, and she should like to hear it discussed. Johnson replied, somewhat warmly, 'One would not go to such a place to hear it—one would not be seen in such a place—to give countenance to such a meeting.' I, however, resolved that I would go. 'But Sir,' said she to Johnson, 'I should like to hear *you* discuss it.' He seemed reluctant to engage in it. She talked of the resurrection of the human race in general,

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and maintained that we shall be raised with the same bodies. Johnson: 'Nay, Madam, we see that it is not to be the same body; for the Scripture uses the illustration of grain sown. You cannot suppose that we shall rise with a diseased body; it is enough if there be such a sameness as to distinguish identity of person.' She seemed desirous of knowing more, but he left the question in obscurity."

Mrs. Hall had an innate horror of melancholy subjects. "Those persons," she maintained, "could not have real feeling, who could delight to see or hear details of misery they could not relieve, or descriptions of cruelty which they could not punish. Nor did she like to speak of death: it was heaven, the society of the blessed, and the deliverance of the happy spirit from this tabernacle of clay, not the pang of separation (of which she always expressed a fear), on which she delighted to dwell. She could not behold a corpse, "because," said she, "it is beholding sin sitting upon his throne." She objected strongly to those lines in Mr. Charles Wesley's Funeral Hymns:—

> "Ah, lovely appearance of death!
> What sight upon earth is so fair!" &c.

Her favourite hymn among these was,

> "Rejoice for a brother deceased," &c.

Few persons could be mentioned of whom she had not something good to say; and if their faults were glaring, she would plead the influence of circumstances, education, and sudden temptation, to which all imprisoned in a tenement of clay were liable, and by which their actions were often influenced. Yet she was no apologist for bad systems; for she thought, with an old

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Puritan, that a fault in an individual was like a fever; but a bad principle resembled a plague, spreading desolation and death over the community. Few persons feel as they should for the transgression which is the effect of sudden temptation to a well-circumstanced sin.

She did not believe that the soul had its origin *ex traduce*, but that it was pre-existent; which she said accounted best for the astonishing difference in human beings from infancy. Soame Jennings has written on this subject, and many of his reasonings on this point are the same with those she was accustomed to use.*

It excited her surprise that women should dispute the authority which God gave the husband over the wife. "It is," said she, "so clearly expressed in Scripture, that one would suppose such wives had never read their Bible." But she allowed that this authority was only given after the fall, not before; but "the woman," said she, "who contests this authority should not marry." Vixen and unruly wives did not relish her opinions on this subject; and her example they could never forgive.

In all her relations, and in all her concerns, she loved order. "Order is Heaven's first law," was a frequent quotation of hers; it produces, she would say, universal harmony.

Conversing on the times of Oliver Cromwell, and the conduct of the Republicans, she got a little excited, and said, "The Devil was the first Independent."

The works of Dean Swift were held in high esteem by all the Wesley family but herself. She could not

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* See, on this controversy, Wesley's Journals, in his Works, vol. iv., p. 172, 8vo. edit., date, Oct. 1763; and Fletcher's Works, vol. ii., p. 128, 8vo. edit., p. 4 of the "Appeal to Matter of Fact," &c.

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endure the description of the Yahoos, in Gulliver's Travels; and considered it as a reflection on the Creator, thus to ridicule the works of his hands. His "Tale of a Tub" she considered as too irreverent to be atoned for by the wit.

Of her sufferings she spoke so little that they could not be learned from herself; I could only get acquainted with those I knew from other branches of the family. Her blessings, and the advantages she enjoyed, she was continually recounting. "Evil," she used to say, "was not kept from me; but evil has been kept from harming me."

Her manner of reproving sin was so gentle, so evidently the effect of love, that no one was ever known to be offended at it. Young people were so certain of her kindness, if they erred, that she was often chosen as a confessor among them.

Though she abhorred every thing relative to death, considering it as the triumph of sin; yet she spoke of her own removal with serenity. When her niece, Miss Wesley, asked her if she would wish that she should attend her in her last moments, she answered, "Yes, if you are able to bear it: but I charge you not to grieve more than half an hour."

Though she had a small property of her own, yet she was principally dependant on the bounty of her brothers after her husband had deserted her: and here was a striking illustration of the remark, that "in noble natures benefits do not diminish love on either side." She left to her niece, whom she dearly loved, and who well knew how to prize so valuable a woman, the little remains of her fortune, who in vain urged her to sink it on her own life, in order to procure her a few more comforts.

Mr. Wesley, at his death, bequeathed her £40, to be

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paid out of the proceeds of the sale of his books. This was little: but he had nothing* to leave. This I well know, being one of his seven executors in trust. He had engaged to pay certain sums, which would have been paid out of the produce of his writings had he lived; to discharge which, the trustees above-mentioned were obliged to borrow the money! So much did he acquire by being the head of a large party, and after preaching the gospel for sixty years! Mrs. Hall did not live to enjoy this legacy, as she died the same year with her brother.

Her niece, Miss Wesley, was with her in her last moments; but this she permitted on the sole condition that she should not sleep at her (Mrs. Hall's) lodgings, "lest," as she said to her, "you should not sleep, and your anxiety might create mine."

She had no disease, but a mere decay of nature. She spoke of her dissolution with the same tranquillity with which she spoke of everything else. A little before her departure she called Miss Wesley to her bed-side, and said, "I have now a sensation that convinces me my departure is near; the heart-strings seem gently, but entirely, loosened."

Miss Wesley asked her if she was in pain? "No," said she, "but a new feeling." Just before she closed her eyes she bade her niece come near; she pressed her hand, and said, "I have the assurance which I have

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* "*Jan.* 9, 1789. I left no money to any one in my Will, because I had none; but now, considering that whenever I am removed, money will soon arise by sale of books, I added a few legacies by a codicil, to be paid as soon as may be. But I would fain do a little good while I live; for who can tell what will come after him?" —*Journal*, vol. vi., p. 181.

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long prayed for. Shout!" said she, and expired. Thus her noble and happy spirit passed into the presence of her Redeemer on the 12th of July, 1791,* about four months and nine days after the death of her brother John, and in the 85th year of her age.

Her remains were interred in the City Road burial-ground, in the same vault with her brothers; and on the tomb was inscribed, after her name and the date of her exit, the following words of Solomon, as descriptive of her character:—

"She opened her Mouth in Wisdom, and in her Tongue was the law of Kindness."

Prov. xxxi. 20.

One of Miss Wesley's letters now before me contains the following sentiments:—

"Mrs. Susanna Wesley was a noble creature: but her trials were not such as Mrs. Hall's. Wounded in her affections in the tenderest part; deserted by the husband she so much loved; bereaved of her ten children; falsely accused of taking her sister's lover, whereas, though ignorantly, that sister had taken him from her; reduced from ample competency to a narrow income; yet no complaint was heard from her lips! Her serenity was undisturbed, and her peace beyond the reach of calamity. Active virtues command applause; they are apparent to every eye; but the passive are only known to Him by whom they are registered on high, where the silent sufferer shall meet the full reward."

In order that the life of this excellent woman may

* The tomb-stone states her death to have taken place on the 19th; but that is *incorrect*.—Editor.

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receive the fullest illustration, and to render it more extensively beneficial to the Christian church, I shall subjoin some extracts from her private diary, obligingly furnished by her niece, Miss Sarah Wesley. Though the reader will be required to retrace his steps in accompanying the same character, along the same road, yet it will be with this difference—to look more immediately into the interior than upon the exterior; to attend to her deep, and constant, and holy communings with her God, rather than to behold her conduct and listen to her converse among her friends, her relations, and her foes. The extracts will show the real source from whence she drew in her supplies, and the principle which enabled her to conduct herself in the way she has been faithfully exhibited in these pages.

"*Mem. Sunday, Sept.* 21, 1730. Prayed for deliverance. Opened my Bible; the chapter I first found was Isaiah xxxvii., wherein is recorded a wonderful instance of God's goodness in answer to the prayer of Hezekiah—deliverance in a manner altogether miraculous. Is he not as able to deliver me? He is. Did he not in his mercy direct me to this place, to encourage me to trust in him? I will trust in Thee, O Saviour. I trust thou wilt not only deliver me in this calamity, but also from wrath and everlasting damnation. I know thou art not slow to hear, nor impotent to save."

"*Sunday, Oct.* 11, 1730. Heard Gardiner on exemplariness. Resolved to be more careful to improve daily in virtue. Help me, O my Saviour!"

[Then follows a long "Extract from Patrick's Heart's Ease."]

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No date. "'For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee:—in a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee.' Isai. liv. 7, &c.

"O Thou, who knowest I desire to be thy servant, fulfil these gracious promises to me.

"Bless me, even me, O my Father!

"'This is the inheritance (or heritage) of the servants of the Lord; and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

"*Sunday Night*, 1732. Read with great comfort the 2nd chapter of St. Peter, 1st epistle: 'Ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.' I return with all my soul to thee, O my Saviour! O accept me, and keep me thine for ever, O my God."

[Then follows a discourse on meditation, a paraphrase on the Lord's Prayer, and miscellaneous observations.]

"*May* 25, 1734. I have renewed my covenant with my God, through his great mercy. O help me, Saviour, to keep it, for thy mercy's sake!"

"*Aug.* 3, 1734. God has once more brought me to this place, where there are many opportunities of serving him, which there was not at ———. Oh, may I never return without a double portion of his blessed grace!

"I have dedicated myself anew to thee, O my God!

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I have given thee my soul and body. O claim me for thine own! O let none take me again out of thine hand. I have resolved to make my conversion more useful; at least to endeavour it. To avoid all fierceness, and uncharitable truths. I have resolved, likewise, to spend some time in meditating on what I read."

"*Feb.* 26, 1737-8. Renewed again my covenant solemnly at the holy table. Resolved to consider every day how I may best serve my master; what he requires of me. O Saviour, help me to keep it so long as thou pleasest to command my service in this world!"

"*Sept.* 29. *Combe.* I have renewed my covenant several times here. Resolved to seek more carefully after God! O Saviour, be thou found of me! Perhaps I was therefore sent to this place. Particularly renewed that resolution, to consider every day what my master requires of me."

"*London, Sept.* 30, 1740. How many resolutions have I made, and how poorly kept them; which was indeed no wonder, for I knew not that thou, O my Saviour, wouldst justify the ungodly! Oh! blessed love! that nothing but misery and vileness should recommend us to thy mercy! With all my soul I believe and embrace this blessed truth. I come vile and ungodly, pleading nothing but the promise; but thou hast died that I might live for ever! Amen! 'Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.'"

"*London, Jan.* 25, 1741. Oh, how wise! Good are all the ways of providence! Surely it plainly says to you: 'See here the good you have chosen! the joy of your heart, the desire of your eyes! has it made you amends for forgetting me or no?' Oh, why should man take such

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fatal pains to hew out to himself such broken cisterns, cisterns that can hold no water! But, O Lord, behold, I return unto thee! O receive me. Yes, I know thou wilt—thou dost! even though it may, perhaps, be the eleventh hour. Though I have been far from faithful to the grace lately received, yet leave not the blessed work unfinished. 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.' The small spark I have is thy gift. Thy hand is not shortened. 'Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.' O let me not forget thee. O let me not hold the truth in unrighteousness. Amen, Lord Jesus."

"*Salisbury, Good Friday, April* 12, 1744. Of what infinite importance it is for every Christian to be continually watching! praying against a Laodicean state! What infinite mercy has the blessed Saviour shown to me! How gently has he called me, when I slumbered and slept. It is now about four years since I had such a sense of the remission of sins as delivered me from all fear. I believed in a little measure on the Lord Jesus! He gave me to believe that because he lived I should live also! He came that his sheep might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. Since I received this blessed sense first, I never had any painful fear of my state, nor yet any doubt that I had deceived myself, except for a few moments, even though ——— never believed my testimony; never, that I know of, in any degree, strengthened my hands in God! Yet, notwithstanding this great goodness of my blessed Redeemer, I insensibly grew lukewarm. I did not earnestly cry for the second gift, as I had for the first. But he that had begun his work would not leave it unfinished. All love, all glory be unto thee, O my blessed Redeemer, for ever. Amen. Hallelujah!

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Near a year ago, I was one evening retired into my chamber, with a design to spend some time in private prayer; but before I kneeled down, all at once (without a thought of mine) I had a full clear sense that the Lamb of God had made an atonement for me; that he had made full satisfaction for my sins; so that, were he that moment to appear to judgment, I could stand before him: I saw, I felt (for I know not any better words to use), that the justice of the Almighty Father was satisfied, and that I could even appeal to it! for I could say, 'There is my surety! He hath paid my whole debt!' Hallelujah!"

"*Monmouth, Feb.* 16, 1751-2. By what a series of strange providences am I at last come hither! Wonderful are thy counsels, O God! Infinite still is thy mercy towards thy unworthy servant; else I should sink all at once; no longer could I possibly bear up under such a weight of sorrow.—Never, in all my afflictions, have my spirits sunk so before, insomuch that I had well nigh given up all my hope. The enemy had very near torn away my shield. But, blessed for ever be the infinite mercy of God! he hath once more lifted up my head! Indeed, he has given me to see, that as I have not been faithful to the grace he gave me before my trial, so neither have I sought to him as I ought in the time of my distress. Yet, notwithstanding all, I humbly trust he has multiplied to pardon. Glory be to thee, O God!

"I have this day renewed my covenant with my blessed Redeemer at his holy table. I hope he will accept my soul and body, to be from this day a holy sacrifice to him. O that thou wouldst bless me with thy love! O give me the power of watching unto prayer! O praise the Lord, my soul, who hath once more raised thee up to taste of his goodness! Trust in him who

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hath pardoned thy iniquity. He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

"*Salisbury, Aug.* 1754. O how unfaithful have I been —what unsuitable returns have I made to my Saviour's love! Shall I complain of ingratitude from a fellow-worm? No, let me rather admire the goodness of God in suffering any of his creatures to show any kindness to me. I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou of very faithfulness hast caused me to be troubled. I am utterly ignorant how it will please God to dispose of me; but O that I may be more faithful to thee, my Saviour, the remainder of my life. O let me not waste my precious time any more in trifles. Lord, save me from my want of love!"

"*Salisbury, Aug.* 1, 1756. I am utterly astonished at my own amazing ingratitude; at my unparalleled negligence. Once in about three or four years I commence with my own heart! O may I never entertain one thought of any neglect I have met with from a fellow-worm, without deeply considering how far more guilty I am myself! Surely the Lord hath spared, when I deserved punishment, and instead of wrath hath shown me great mercy! Indeed, he hath at present called me to give up every friend; for though they are, in the common sense of the word, what we call friends, yet in respect to the cordial tenderness of friendship, they are far from it! My breath is become strange to them! My company they desire not, the less of it the better! Yet this is only the kind desire and gracious voice of my Father, that calls me this way to him. O Lord, I come! I come with all my strength; O receive me, vile as I am! O Saviour, let me lay down the burden of my sin at thy blessed feet!

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O speak but the word, and thy servant shall be whole! O save me from ingratitude—save me from forgetting thee. Thou hast graciously sealed again thy pardoning goodness this day to my soul Glory be to thee! Thou hast permitted me, unworthy as I am, to offer up my soul and body to thee. O God, my Saviour, with all the powers of my soul I renew the oblation of myself to thee. O let me be, I most humbly beseech thee, a living sacrifice to thee! O Lord, let nothing, for thy mercies' sake, separate me from thy love to all eternity. Even so, Amen! Come, Lord Jesus, and take eternal possession of thy servant! O, from this moment, let me find the blessed power to follow thee more faithfully than heretofore, and not walk in darkness.

"*Sept.* 12.—O what infinite mercy is it, that the blessed Redeemer still multiplies to pardon! That by teaching us to pray daily for forgiveness, he has surely taught us, that he is graciously ready to forgive us our daily numberless infirmities, so we do but sincerely bewail and strive against them; and if we follow on, in his time, he will not fail to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Amen, Lord Jesus! O that thou wouldst draw me; draw me, and I will run after thee, but I cannot else! Thou, blessed Lord, who hast taken upon thee to deliver man; thou alone canst subdue the rebel in my soul! Thou alone canst take away the heart of stone! O wilt thou not now, gracious Lord and Master? Can thy power be greater than thy love, when thou hadst love enough to die for poor sinners. It cannot! It were the highest ingratitude to suppose it! Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief—help me against my own heart, for that is all I fear! Our temptations are of two kinds: from things that grieve—from things

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that please. The former fright, the latter allure us from our virtue. From poverty, pain, disgrace, or persecution, we fly to falsehood or fraud for escape But those ills are not the immediate cause of it, but want of faith in God's promises, that he will succour us in these exigencies, and deliver us in his good time—make all things work together for our good. On the other hand, when pleasure entices, carries its point, we do not think those pleasures, be they what they will, preferable to heaven; but heaven is at a distance—the soul is eager for present good. But why is heaven at a distance? For want of faith; for faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. It antedates the existence of that which is future; makes our conversation in heaven, though still in the body; associates us with angels, though in our solitude; and gives us greater joy in contemplation than the world can give in hand. This is true, or the conduct of the heroes in Scripture had been impracticable: and they, like ourselves, were but men."

"*July* 29, 1759, *Sunday*.—Solemnly renewed my vows at going to the holy table. Humbly implored my blessed Redeemer to take eternal possession of my soul and body; and I trust he has. Amen, Lord Jesus! I renounce, O blessed Lord, from this moment, everything that is contrary to thy holy gracious will. O Christ, my Saviour, show forth the value of thy name, and Jesus prove to me. I give up my soul and body entirely into thy blessed hands, to be saved by thee alone in time and eternity. O be thou my portion! preserve me for thy name's sake, from offending, from forgetting thee! O lift but up the blessed light of thy countenance upon me,—it will abundantly supply the place of all friends!"

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"*Sept.* 9, 1759.—O that my ways were made so direct that I might keep thy statutes. O Lord, fulfil thy blessed will in me. Again renewed my solemn vow at the holy table. O blessed Jesus, keep me thine in time and in eternity.

"To thee, O my God, do I direct my prayer. What I want of others' help, supply with the more immediate assistance of thy Holy Spirit. Give me that measure of patience and constancy which my condition requires. My strength is scattered, my expectation from man defeated. But O be not thou far from me. Of whom may I seek for succour but of thee, O God? And if thou wilt be pleased, O Lord, to show some token now, to thy unworthy servant, for good, the work shall appear to all men to be only thine. If it be according to thy blessed will, arise, O Lord, to deliver me—make no long tarrying, O my God. Yet though thou killest, let me trust in thee. My blessed Saviour's merits!"

So magnanimous a soul, so devoid of self, so unmoved by injury, so steadily religious, so compassionate to her fellow-creatures, so thoroughly devoted to God; to say nothing of the other, is rarely found among the female sex.

Mrs. Hall, who, we have seen, resembled her brother so remarkably in her person, and in the qualities of her mind, and between whom and him there was so much intense affection throughout life, was not separated from him in death. She was the last survivor of the original Wesley Family; her father, mother, brothers, and sisters, having all died before her.

When I first saw this excellent and interesting woman in 1783, I little thought that forty years after I should be led, in the course of providence, to rescue her cha-

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racter from detraction, and erect a monument to her memory. Among those who knew her, she had as many admirers as acquaintances. Her detractors have been few; and those must be sought among the biographers of her brothers; some of whom have dealt, in more than her case, in matters too hard for them, and written of those things which they did not understand.

As far as they did this ignorantly, none can be more ready than myself to plead their excuse.

THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

Charles Wesley, A. M., student of Christ Church, Oxford, youngest son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, and Susanna his wife, was born at Epworth, Dec. 18, 1708, old style. In 1716, he was sent to Westminster school; in 1721, he was admitted king's scholar of St. Peter's College, Westminster; in 1726, he was elected to Christ Church College, Oxford; was ordained deacon, in 1735, by Bishop Potter; and priest, the next sabbath after, by Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London; and died in London, March 29, 1788, aged seventy-nine years and three months.

He was a good man, a powerful preacher,* and the best Christian poet,† in reference to Hymnology, that has flourished in either ancient or modern times. The

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* The Rev. Henry Moore being asked one day, by T. Marriott, Esq., for the distinctive characteristics of Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, as preachers, replied: "John's preaching was all principles; Charles's was all aphorisms."—EDITOR.

† It is rather singular, that Dr. Southey should have omitted Charles Wesley in his list of the "later English Poets." That he was beneath notice cannot for a moment be supposed; for speci-

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hymns used in the religious service of the Methodists were composed principally by him; and such a collection exists not among any other people. Most collections among other sects of Christians are indebted to his compositions for some of their principal excellencies.

Mr. Charles Wesley left two sons, who are still living,* and a daughter, lately deceased, whose name I have several times mentioned in these memoirs. The present Mr. Charles Wesley is a celebrated musician, who was born in Bristol, in 1757. His musical genius was observed when he was not quite three years old, at which period, he surprised his father by playing a tune on the harpsichord, readily and in just time. Soon afterwards, he played several others. Whatever his mother sang, or whatever he heard in the streets, he could, without difficulty, make out upon this instrument. Almost from his birth, his mother used to quiet and amuse him with the harpsichord. When he played by himself, she used to tie him by his back-string to the chair, in order to prevent his falling. When he was four years old, his father took him to London, and Beard, who was the first musical man that heard him there, was so much pleased with his abilities, that he kindly offered his interest with Dr. Boyce, to get him admitted among the king's boys. This honour his father declined, as he then had no thoughts of bringing him up to the profession of

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mens are given of the compositions of men much his inferior in poetical talent: that he was out of date, is a no less improbable reason, for there are no less than fifty-six persons, whose works are noticed, who were born after him—and one of them born so late as 1771; and that his works should have been unknown to the Laureate, is the least probable reason of all. The question is, then, why this sin of omission?—EDITOR.

* Charles is since dead.—EDITOR.

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music. Mr. Wesley soon afterwards returned with him to Bristol, and, when he was about six years old, put him under the tuition of Rooke. Mr. Rogers, at that time the oldest organist in Bristol, was one of his first friends. He would often set him on his knee, and make him play to him, declaring that he was more delighted in hearing him than himself. For some years, his study and practice were almost entirely confined to the works of Corelli, Scarlatti, and Handel; and so rapid was his progress, that at the age of twelve or thirteen years, it was thought that no person was able to excel him in performing the compositions of these masters.

About the year 1779, a domestic subscription concert, for twelve nights in each season, was opened at Mr. Wesley's house, in Chesterfield Street, Mary-le-bonne, which continued for some years, and in which many of his own compositions were heard with pleasure. Mr. John Wesley notices being at one of these concerts. See his Journal, Thursday, Feb. 25, 1781: "I spent an agreeable hour at a concert," says he, "at my nephew's; but I was a little out of my element among lords and ladies. I love plain music and plain company best." I understand from a lady, who was present, that Mr. John Wesley went in full canonicals, and she in rich silk and ruffles. The performance of Mr. Charles Wesley on the organ, and particularly his extempore playing, was the admiration and delight of all his auditors.

Samuel Wesley, brother of the preceding, was born 1766, and also afforded a very early indication of musical genius. When only three years old, he could play on the organ; and when eight years old, attempted to compose an oratorio. Some of the airs which he wrote for the organ, were shown to Dr. Boyce, who remarked that they were among the most pleasing that he had

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heard. "This boy," he said, "writes by nature as true a bass, as I can do by rule and study."

Mr. S. Wesley composed a High Mass for the chapel of Pope Pius VI. The pope thanked the composer for it in a Latin letter, written to his apostolic vicar, in London, in which, among other things, he says, "Gratum animum, quem ob acceptum munus in ipsum gerimus, paternis verbis nomine nostro explicabis, &c. His compositions are said to be in the highest degree masterly and grand, and his performances on the organ astonishing. To show that he possessed a poetic genius at a very early period, I shall present the reader with a copy of verses, which have never appeared in print, occasioned by his brother, Charles Wesley, being chosen to play a solo on a violin, before the corporation of Bristol; and some business calling him from Bristol about the time, Samuel Wesley was chosen in his room; but, in the meantime, Charles Wesley returned, and Samuel was set aside.

TO DR. LUDLOW.

1.

To you, dear doctor, I appeal—
To all the tuneful city;
Am I not used extremely ill
By musical committee?

2.

Why, 'tis enough to make one wild,
They court, and then refuse me;
They advertise, and call me "child,"
And like a child they use me.

3.

Excusing their contempt, they say,
Which more inflames my passion,
I am not grave enough to play
Before the Corporation.

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4.

To the sweet city-waits although
I may not hold a candle,
I question if their worships know
The odds 'twixt me and Handel.

5.

A child of eight years old,* I grant,
Must be both light and giddy—
The solidness of Burgan want,
The steadiness of Liddie.†

6.

Yet quick, perhaps, as other folks,
I can assign a reason,
And keep my time as well as Holks, ‡
And come as much in season.

7.

With Bristol organist, not yet
I come in competition;
Yet let them know, I would be great—
I do not want ambition.

8.

Spirit I do not want, or will,
Upon a just occasion,
To make the rash despisers feel
My weight of indignation.

9.

The trodden worm will turn again,
And shall not I resent it?
Who gave the sore affront in vain—
They would with tears repent it.

10.

Still will I fret, and fume, and rage,
And keener wax, and keener,
Unless they prudently assuage
My anger, with a Steyner.

SAM. WESLEY.—1775.

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* S. Wesley was only eight years old when he wrote these verses.

† Liddard. ‡ Remarkable for bad time.

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A full-length portrait of him was engraved in London. He is standing at a table, with a pen in his hand, and music before him, as if composing; and by the foot of the table lies a book of music, with the title, "Ruth, an Oratorio, by Samuel Wesley, aged eight years."—See *Dict. of Musicians, &c.; Westm. Magazine.*

Mr. Charles Wesley's Life, in connexion with that of his brother John, has been written by Dr. Coke and Mr. Moore; by Dr. Whitehead; and lately, by Dr. Robert Southey, Poet Laureate. Of all these, Dr. Whitehead's account claims the preference, as formed from Mr. C. Wesley's own private diary.

MISS KEZZIAH WESLEY.

KEZZIAH, called in the family papers Kezzy and Kez, appears to have been the youngest child of the Wesley family.* The fact in her history, of most importance, is that which has been so largely considered in the history of her sister Martha Hall, to which I must refer the reader.

About 1729, Miss Kezzy became a teacher in a boarding school in Lincoln, where she did not enjoy good health. Indeed she was much afflicted all through life, in consequence of which she was prevented from im-

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* Dr. Clarke does not notice the time of Miss Kezziah Wesley's birth; but her brother, Mr. John, in writing to Charles, observes: "My sister Kezzy was born about March, 1710, therefore you, Charles, could not be born later than December, 1708;—consequently, if you live till December, 1772, you will enter your sixty-fifth year." A note follows:—"Or, according to sister Martha's account, my sixty-second.—C. W." See Wesley's Works, vol. xii., p. 130, last edit.—EDITOR.

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proving a mind that seems to have been capable of high cultivation. She wrote a peculiarly neat and beautiful hand, even more so than that of her sister Emily.

Two letters, written by this lady to her brother John, in 1729, give several curious particulars relative to herself and family, with which none of my readers can possibly be displeased :—

Jan. 26, 1729.

"Dear Brother,

"There is no occasion for your asking pardon for so small an omission as not writing sooner, of one who has been faulty in an instance of much greater moment. Indeed, I was a little inclining to be of my sister's opinion, that it is not in the nature of man to value a woman, after he perceived she had any respect for him: if one could have been false, which was of so good a temper, and had so much religion as you, I should not have wondered at finding any so hereafter. Certainly, it is a very good way for any that enter into friendship to make this article in their agreement, that they will mutually reprove each other; by which means it will become such an avowed part of their friendship, that it can never be mistaken by the reproved for censoriousness or unkindness. Not that there will be any occasion for me to practise this doctrine, but there will be enough for you. Therefore, I desire you will tell me of any thing that you think amiss in my conduct, and I will endeavour to reform. I am very glad to hear my brother Charles is so rich. Any good fortune that happens to my relations affords me great satisfaction. You need not be apprehensive of the news going further. Any thing you desire me not to speak of, you may be sure is safe. If I was inclined to enter into the holy estate of

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matrimony, I can't say but the man you are acquainted with might be worthy of love.

> But to a soul, whose marble form
> None of the melting passions warm,

all his good qualities would appear lighter than vanity itself. It is my humble opinion I shall live the life of a nun, for which reason I would not give one single farthing to see him this minute. But if the young man was ever to have an inclination for any of our family, there is a certain lady at Epworth, who would make a very good wife, and seems not averse to marriage, that would be worth his acceptance; besides, it would make her amends for a sort of baulk, which I fancy she has had lately. There is but one objection against it, which is, that it is twenty to one he will never see her. There is no danger of any one's being fit for death too soon, it being a sufficient work for a whole life. Certainly, I shall not think any pains too great to use that will be any help to me in so great a work; and it would be less excusable for *me* to be unprepared than others, because it always was and is my persuasion that I shall die young. I am at present fearful of death; but I hope it will please God to make me willing and ready to die, before he calls me out of the world.

> None know what death is but the dead;
> Therefore we all by nature dying dread,
> As a strange doubtful path, we know not how to tread.

There is no need of any apology for the serious part of your letter; it was very agreeable; but there was one passage in it which I disliked. If you meant it as a banter, it was not kind; because nobody is worthy such a one, for not having a beautiful face or a fine shape; it

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being only the gift of nature, and not to be acquired. If you intended it for a compliment, it was still unkind. Perhaps you might think it would please the vanity of our sex to be flattered. Know, then, that I am not yet vain enough to be pleased with flattery. I hope your goodness will pardon my freedom. I should not have told you what I disliked, only by way of prevention, that you might not write after the same manner for the future. You may certainly be a great help to me, in improving me in virtue, by giving me good advice, and telling me of my faults, when we meet again, or when you have reason to believe I am guilty of any. There cannot be a greater instance of friendship than praying for our friends; nor can I be more agreeably employed, than in performing a duty which I think is incumbent on all friends. There has nothing happened since you left Lincoln that has had much effect on my mind, except Dick's quarrel with his wife. There is no need of giving you a particular account of it. I do not doubt but you have had one before now. As to my own affairs, there is nothing remarkable; for want of money and clothes was what I was always used to. Indeed, it is rather worse to want here than at home. But there were other inconveniences, that weighed more with me than want of clothes. Those are but the trappings and the suits of woe. If I had my choice, I should like to stay here, suppose it were only for education. It would be no great matter, if my father was to find me in clothes for three or four years, since he pays nothing for my board. There is one comfort, which is, that I can't be blamed if I go home, because it is not possible for me to stay without necessaries. Suppose my sister would find me in clothes, which I have no reason to expect, nor do I believe it is in her power, if it was in

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her will, I could not be tolerably easy to be kept by any relation but my father or mother, while they live. I believe it is chiefly owing to pride, and a little to the shyness of my natural temper. It was always pain to me to ask for my own, and it would be much worse if I knew I was a burden to any of my relations. I shall endeavour to be as easy as possible,—

> Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
> For, know, what man calls fortune is from God.

"I shall trouble you with the length of my letter, and therefore conclude, as I really am,

"Your sincere friend till death,

"KEZZIAH WESLEY."

"P.S.—Mr. Orry is dead, and Mr. John Pindar is married to Mrs. Medley. Poor soul! I don't envy her choice."

"To Mr. John Wesley,
Fellow of Linc. Col., Oxon."

"*Lincoln, July* 12, 1729.

"Dear Brother,

"I should not have writ so soon, but that you threatened to deprive me of the satisfaction of hearing from you any more, except I did. Not that I should have been hindered by multiplicity of business, or by the amusements of this place, but that I could not have imagined that it would be any pleasure to a person of sense, to hear from such an illiterate person, had I not had it under your own hand and seal. I have heard from my mother lately; she was as well as usual; and father and sisters are very well, except poor Sukey. She is very ill: people think she is going into a consumption.

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It would be well for her if she was "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

"Miss Whitely likes Lincoln as well as might be expected, from one who has had her own will in every thing at home: she stays no longer than summer. She and I have parted beds; it was her desire, occasioned by her cousin's coming.

'Civility is worth the world.'

Betty Dixon went home eight weeks ago. I was really surprised at her going, because she said her eyes were so tender she could not work! And neither I, nor any one at the school, had ever perceived it before she told us!

"I am glad to hear you are so easy; and I wish you could continue to be so, when you get on our side again: but that is a vain wish!

'To our new court sad thoughts do still repair,
And round our whitened roof hangs hovering care.'

"I beg you will tell brother Charles I cannot always excuse him from writing, though I do it now. I am very sorry he meets with so many misfortunes, and wish it was in my power to alleviate any of them. I should be very glad, if we could all follow his example of faith and patience; but you know our sex have naturally weaker minds than yours: not that I bring this as any excuse for my particular case; for I own I have been very defective in both faith and patience. I cannot say that those evils are imaginary that I meet with at home, if they may be called so.

"My mother's ill health, which was often occasioned by her want of clothes, or convenient meat, and my own constant ill health these three years last past, weighed much more with me than anything else.

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——— "For who can undergo the force
Of present ills, with fear of future woe?"

"I am sorry you have such an ill opinion of me, as to think I should have pressed upon you to write, if I had not desired to hear from you. Pray believe me next time. Nothing should have now made me write, but the fear of disobliging a person from whom I have received so many obligations.

"I am much easier here than I was at home. If there be any who have such large souls, and are blessed with that composure and evenness of temper, that their multiplicity of affairs destroy not their concern for eternity, nor is their hinderance in the just discharge of their duty;—if there be any such, then they are fit to be reckoned Christians.

"When I have it in my choice to get my living by teaching school, or by any other way of business, then it will be seen what I shall choose.

"I have told you my mind as freely as I have told sister Pat; and have only time to return you thanks for the many favours you have conferred on

"Your loving sister,
"KEZZIAH WESLEY."

This letter corroborates the statement given by Mrs. Wesley to her brother, S. Annesley, at Surat, and shows that straitened circumstances constantly prevailed in that family; and that this was most evidently the way in which God himself led them, as knowing that to them it was the safest, and, perhaps, the only one in which they might find and retain the truth.

Her brother, Mr. John Wesley, wrote frequently to

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her; and gave her directions both for the improvement of her mind, and her increase in true religion.

To a letter of this description, in which he recommends a regular course of reading, mentions the proper books, &c., and the best manner of using them, she thus replies; and painfully shows how much she was prevented by the *res angusti domi* from cultivating her mind as she wished.

"*Lincoln, July* 3, 1731.

"Dear Brother,

"I should have writ sooner, had not business and indisposition of body prevented me. Indeed, sister Pat's going to London shocked me a little, because it was unexpected; and, perhaps, may have been the cause of my ill health for the last fortnight. It would not have had so great an effect upon my mind if I had known it before; but it is over now—

'The past as nothing we esteem;
And pain, like pleasure, is a dream.'

"I should be glad to see Norris's Reflections on the Conduct of Human Understanding, and the book wrote by the female author; but I don't expect so great a satisfaction as the seeing either of them, except you should have the good fortune (for me) as to be at Epworth when I am there, which will be in the latter end of August. I shall stay a fortnight or three weeks, if no unforeseen accident prevent it.

"I must not expect anything that will give me so much pleasure as the having your company so long; because a disappointment would make me very uneasy. Had your supposition been true, and one of your fine

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ladies had heard your conference, they would have despised you as a mere ill-bred scholar, who could make no better use of such an oppportunity than preaching to young women for the improvement of their minds.

"I am entirely of your opinion, that the pursuit of knowledge and virtue will most improve the mind: but how to pursue these is the question. Cut off, indeed, I am from all means which most men, and many women, have of attaining them.

"I have Nelson's Method of Devotion, and The Whole Duty of Man, which is all my stock. As to history and poetry, I have not so much as one book.

"I could like to read all the books you mention, if it were in my power to buy them; but as it is not at present, nor have any of my acquaintance I can borrow them of, I must make myself easy without them if I can; but I had rather you had not told me of them, because it always occasions me some uneasiness that I have not books and opportunity to improve my mind. Now here I have time,—in a morning three or four hours,—but want of books: at home I had books, but no time, because constant illness made me incapable of study. I like Nelson's Method of Devotion; the aiming every day at some particular virtue. I wish you would send me the questions you speak of relative to each virtue, and I would read them every day. Perhaps they may be of use to me in learning contentment, for I have been long endeavouring to practise it; yet every temptation is apt to cause me to fall into the same error.

"I should be glad if you would say a little to sister Emily on the same subject; for she is very likely to have a fit of sickness with grieving for the loss of Miss Emery, who went to Wickham last Saturday to live. I can't persuade her to the contrary, because I am so

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much addicted to the same failing myself. Pray desire brother Charles to bring Prior, the second part, when he comes; or send it, according to promise, for leaving off snuff till next May; or else I shall think myself at liberty to take as soon as I please. Pray let me know in your next letter when you design to come down, and whether brother Wesley and sister will come with you? If you intend to walk, and brother Charles with you?

"I think it no great matter whether I say anything relating to the people of Epworth, or no; for you may be sure he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. I expect you will come by London; pray, desire sister Pat to write by you: I have not heard from her since she went. You must not measure the length of your next letter by mine: I am ill, and can't write any more.

"Your affectionate sister,

"KEZZIAH WESLEY."

"Miss Kitty went to six o'clock prayers till she got the fever; and I never miss except sickness prevent me."

Here we find a mind thirsting after knowledge, both divine and human; and struggling against many disadvantages, among which comparative poverty and bad health were none of the least. Money was scarce a hundred years ago, and books not easy to be procured. Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ for a present salvation was little known; and growth in moral goodness, by a daily reference to and practice of some virtue, was a poor substitute for the application of that blood which cleanses from all unrighteousness, and a daily growth in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. I thank God, the trumpet does not now give an uncertain sound.

We have already seen that Mr. Wesley Hall, after

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having engaged himself to Miss Martha Wesley, paid his addresses to Miss Kezzy; and when on the point of leading her to the altar, was struck with remorse of conscience, and returned to Martha; and that Miss Kezzy went to them on their marriage, and lived with them till her death, which took place March 9, 1741.

She appears to have had a general state of ill health, and a long life could not be well expected.

She was to have been married to a gentleman who paid his addresses to her when she resided with her sister Hall, at the Curacy, near Salisbury; but death prevented the match.

It appears that her brother Charles was present when she died; of her closing scene he gives the following account in a letter to Mr. John Wesley:—

"Yesterday morning (March 9, 1741), sister Kezzy died in the Lord Jesus. He finished his work, and cut it short in mercy. Full of thankfulness, resignation, and love,—without pain or trouble, she commended her spirit into the hands of Jesus, and fell asleep."

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How powerful is a religious education; and how true the saying, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it!"

All this family were brought up in the fear of God; and that fear continued with them through life.

We have in the preceding history records of the last hours of most of them, and all those died happy in God. Hetty appears to have been the only one who was not decidedly religious. Brought up from comparative infancy at a distance from her parents, and indulged by a fond uncle, she was for a time gay and giddy, but never wicked.

However, the seed of life which was sown in her heart vegetated surely, though slowly. Unparalleled afflictions became the means of urging her to seek her happiness in God. She sought, found, and lived several years in the possession of the divine favour, and died in the assurance of faith.

Such a family I have never read of, heard of, or known; nor, since the days of Abraham and Sarah, and Joseph and Mary of Nazareth, has there ever been a family to which the human race has been more indebted.

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APPENDICES.

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APPENDIX I.*

MARLBOROUGH; OR, THE FATE OF EUROPE.

In the following Poem the passages in *italics* are in the "printed copy" referred to by Dr. Clarke. Those which are inclosed between brackets [ ] are wanting in that copy, but are found in the MS.

[Far from the sun and regions blessed and mild,
Almost to utmost Thulé here exiled,
Forgetting and forgotten long I lay,
Nor once waked up, nor had one thought of day:
As Greenland plants, which neither breathe nor grow
When pressed beneath eternal hills of snow;
As frozen insects to some crevice fly
From winter's rage, and die, or seem to die;
Yet when the sun returns, they all revive,
And taste his genial rays, and wonder how they live:
Such was the change, when Fame and Conquest joined,
And garlands for the hero's temples twined.
On Rhetian Alps the vocal goddess stood,
And ruin saw beneath, and seas of blood.
She saw the English lion fast advance,
And tear the lyses from the arms of France.
Thrice did she "Marlborough and Conquest" sound,
And spread the news through all her endless round;
To Asian fields by sanguine Ister borne,
And regions bordering on the rising morn.
For Gallic fields more slowly moved the Rhône,
And filled them with an universal groan.
The joyful Rhine, a captive now no more,
Urged on its waves to greet the Belgic shore.
Fair Thames and Medway hear, nor would they stay,
But to Augusta's walls with shouts the news convey.
Nor my loved Trent unmoved; though calm before,
She with a double *eagre* sweeps the shore;
They only echo to the voice of Fame,
"Conquest and Marlborough" they all proclaim.]

[Goddess, resume thy long-neglected lyre,
Once more the vocal strings with soul inspire;
The hero sing, and of his fame partake,
While his immortal deeds thy song immortal make!]
The Eternal, who the fates of empires weighs,
And with impartial eye the world surveys,

* See vol. i., p. 221.

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Beheld the Gallic power so haughty grown,
It dared rebel and struggle with his own,
[Snatch at his thunder, and affect his throne.
They e'en transcend great Nature's steadfast mound,
Reverse her laws, and good and ill confound.
Force is their right; their oaths their sacred word,
Short-lived convenience; and their god, their sword.
Nor this the eternal sun who shines above,
Whose essence truth, whose beauteous rays are love;
Who will not force the mind, but gently draws,
And whose wise goodness to his power gives laws;]
He saw the monster swell to vast excess,
Great nature's landmarks, and her own, transgress:
One wing beyond the cloudy Alps was stretched,
O'er Pyrennéan rocks her other reached:
The volumes of her vast enormous train,
To worlds unknown beyond the Atlantic main
The German eagle next, she wings t' invade,
While nations shake beneath her deadly shade;
In vain the royal bird his thunder bears,
And oft, though struck to earth, himself he rears;
[Cuffed and disabled oft, attempts to rise,
And reassume his empire in the skies;]
Wounded and faint, maintains a feeble fight
With equal valour, but inferior might.
The dragon's teeth fierce new-born armies yield,
An iron harvest round the moistened field;
Intestine foes the sacred empire tear,
And in her bowels urge unnatural war.
[A prosperous traitor, with invaders joined,
To ruin what barbarians spared designed:
Germany is no more; the Gauls advance
O'er captive Ister's streams, and all is France.
Hardly their famed metropolis appeared,
And something now beyond the Turks they feared.
Like some strong town whose walls the foe had gained
The narrow citadel alone remained,
Ill-guarded, half deserted, and distressed,
A panic terror seizing every breast.]

[Liguria passed, again the furious Gaul
Might Rome have sacked, and pressed the capitol.
But Rome submits, nor boasts her mighty deeds,
Infallible—while Gallic power succeeds.
Yet still more base, perfidious aid she lends,
And with mean arts betrays her ancient friends;
Retreating slow with rage the floods they crossed;
What they by valour gained, by treason lost.]

[The while, a joy to madness near allied
Lutetia's temples rends, and swells her pride;

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The Pagan's sanguine rites reproach no more,
Or Scythian altars stained with human gore,
When misnamed Christians dare affront the skies,
And myriads after myriads sacrifice;
Rank in their squadrons every guiltless star,
And make them parties in the impious war,
Yet think no grateful incense can aspire,
Like smoke from towns that shine with hostile fire.
Couriers on breathless couriers daily sent,
Fresh laurels bring, and fame itself prevent.]
Te Deums now are vulgar anthems grown,
From matins and from vespers hardly known.
Those decent thanks they oft to heaven renew,
But to their monarch think far more is due.
[New blasphemies, new adorations paid,
They kiss his feet, and still implore his aid.]
Let Louis shine, they laugh at those above;
As father Nile alone is Egypt's Jove.
[Elated even beyond their nation's pride,
Themselves as well as him they deified.]
See where he like the Samian tyrant reigns,
And Fortune by his chariot leads in chains.
The bounds of human happiness surpassed,
To the third heir he sees his ill-got conquests last.

Such was the face of things—such Europe's state,
When thus the sovereign Arbiter of fate:—
"Thus far have we the oppressor's fall delayed.
"But here shall his insulting waves be stayed.
"Worthy our weightiest thunder now he grows;
"And now 'tis worthy Heaven to interpose:
"This moment's, by th' unchangeable decree,
"The utmost verge of prosp'rous tyranny."
Then of the powers which near his throne attend,
And on the wond'rous golden chain depend,
He singles these: first Prudence, heavenly fair,
Her looks unclouded, yet with thoughtful air.
The next was Fortitude; what sprightly grace
And promises of conquest in her face!
Celerity was in commission joined,
Whose wings outfly the lightning and the wind.
Then Secrecy, with modest glory crowned,
And robed with awful clouds, which heaven's bright throne surround.

"Go to the man, by us and our loved queen designed
"To humble Gallic power, and Europe's chains unbind:
"Go, and with speed our final orders bear,
"His constant guardians you, and partners of the war."
[By intuition they his name discerned;
Yet unpronounced, lest by some traitor learned,

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Crowding disguised among the sons of day,
He should th' important truths to hell's allies convey.]

They bowed; and swerving down the deep descent,
Borne on a beauteous lunar rainbow went,
And, Marlborough! alighted at thy tent;
As on Mosella's streams thy squadrons lay,
Waiting for thee and the returning day.
For now the silent noon of night was o'er,
And Phœbus hastened to his eastern shore.
Thoughtful they found the chief, his head reclined,
The fate of Europe labouring in his mind.
His friendly guards, unseen, assistance brought,
Mould the great scheme, and polish every thought;
Till ripened with new vigour in his eyes,
And, waked from deep concern, "It must be thus," he cries.
"This saves our friends, and breaks th' united powers
"Of France and hell combined, if heaven be ours."
Then calls to horse; his willing troops obey;
Speed marched before, and levelled all the way;
While Secrecy a cloud around them drew,
Too thick for subtle spies' or traitors' view;
Such that which round God's favourite armies spread,
And safe through sandy worlds and trackless deserts led.
Dazzled at first, the foes before him run,
Like birds obscene, that cannot bear the sun:
O'er Ister's streams their leader takes his flight,
And shuns, immersed in earth, the conscious light;
There, meditating mischief, doomed to wait
Till France awhile prolongs, and shares his fate.
Once more from earth th' imperial Eagle springs,
And prunes his bolts, and shakes his moulted wings:
Though slow with wounds, his fate is pleased to try,
And bravely bid for death or victory
Nor need the heavenly couriers, sent to guide
The British chief, unguarded leave his side;
The German heroes need not press to join
And share the glory of the brave design.
[As when a matron by fierce ruffians found
Unguarded and alone is seized and bound;
If heaven to her unhoped assistance send
Some generous warrior, or some powerful friend;
They need not long her valiant sons persuade
('Tis nature's kindly task) to join their aid;
They on the wings of love and duty fly,
Resolved to save her, or resolved to die.]
Who first, who next, shall of these worthies claim
A deathless memory in the rolls of Fame?
Eugene the first such faith, such valour shown,
Adopted Germany's and all her own:

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Whose arms too well the Gallic ensigns know
Oft met by Mincius, and the royal Po,
And rolled in blood: nor Baden's sword in vain
On misbelievers drawn, he has his thousands slain.
Next him undaunted Hesse; how young, how brave!
A German all, he hates the name of slave;
Triumphant France his arms have taught to yield,
And trailed their conquering standards from the field.
What future trophies shall our joys renew,
What towering citadels shall he subdue!

More might I sing, in Time's fair leaves enrolled,
How prodigal of life, how largely souled!
Who, when the rallied foe with cautious fear
On Danube's banks strove to secure their rear;
When Art and Nature in their camp unite
Forced the strong pass, and put 'em both to flight:
Earnest of greater sums which Fate will pay,
A glorious morning to a brighter day.

See where the French new Hydra armies send
At once to ruin and assist their friend:
Till when, too weak, he not disdains to try
Base falsehood and unprincely treachery,—
Virtues he copied from his great ally:
Pretending treaty, would our faith abuse,
And where he can't resist our arms, amuse.
But Prudence, calling wise Distrust to aid,
To the confederate chief the fraud displayed:
So may they join in happy hour, said he,
One fight will yield a double victory.
Devotion, which too oft a stranger's been
In camps, nor e'en in temples always seen,
Drawn by his great example and desire,
Returns, and does his vigorous troops inspire
With a new warmth, and more than martial fire.
[When Heaven they conquer, how can man withstand,
Or mortal strength resist the Almighty's hand?]
Secure of fate, they on success rely,
Equal with them 'tis now to sleep or die.
They with their strong cherubic guards unite,
And, like the Thundering Legion, pray and fight;
For now the long-expected morn arose,
Which showed the rugged front of their embattled foes.
Not eager lovers with more transport see
Long absent friends, than these their enemy.
Though all they wished, the numbers and the ground,
Was theirs, and hills, and woods, and shades profound;
Without such odds we had not fought 'em fair,
Deep trenches here, and towering ramparts there:

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A wall of cannons, which in fire and smoke
Their master's *last and only reason* spoke.
Their flank the Danube fatally secures,
Whose stream a foreign lord ill pleased endures;
[But like the towns whose captive walls he laves,
Which blush to see their towers reflected from his waves,
The approaching happy moment waits with pain,
When Fate and Marlborough shall break his chain.]
Nor this sufficed:—In front a deep morass,
Denying all that wanted wings to pass;
But soon our general's conduct and his care
Strong flying bridges threw, and marched in air.

When from the bog's abyss a phantom rose,
And did his vast tremendous form disclose,
His armour burnished brass: a shield he wore
Of polished steel, with lyses powdered o'er,
Whose drooping heads surcharged with human gore.
Disdainful was his air, as when he fell;
He was no vulgar potentate in hell.

"Shall we look on, and no assistance lend
Our darling nation, and our bravest friend?
Must then a woman crush our rising state?
O Envy! O Malignity of fate!
Can Bourbon fall like feeble Austria? Can
A God confessed submit to less than man?—
Ye Powers! do two Elizas breathe in Anne?
Shall partial heaven her arms and counsels guide,
And for her general such a guard provide?
(He saw the shining warriors by his side.)
Must Nature's self within his ranks take pay,
While pressing on the great decisive day,
Big with such vast events? Bold mortal, stay!
Though water, earth, and air I must resign,
I'll try if all the elements be thine,
Turenne and Schomberg! for a third prepare
Your silent shades; this moment sees him there!"
He said, then to a murdering cannon pressed,
Traversed the piece, and points it at his breast;
One of his train gives fire, the bullet takes its flight,
And drew behind a trail of deadly light:
But glorious Michael, who attends unseen,
Steps in and claps his sevenfold targe between:
'Twas he, for the red cross adorned his breast,
And the Old Dragon's spoils, his dreadful crest.
Dropped short the fiery messenger of death,
As with his journey tired and out of breath.
The fiend blasphemed his hopeful project crossed,
And thrice renounced what long before he'd lost:

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He thence amid the thickest ranks retires,
And all with his own desperate rage inspires
'Twas well his caitiff body was but air,
Or Marlborough had found and seized him there,
Who, all things now prepared to strike the blow,
Thus to his English:—Soldiers! here's the foe!
Like air, like fire, like English swift they ran,
With well-known shouts the bloody toil began.
Against a stream of flame their breasts oppose,
And turn the impetuous tide against their foes.
Now fight, Philistines, or your Dagon's gone,—
The sacred ark prevails, and you're undone.
They did as Louis were himself in sight;
As who for life, and more for empire fight,
Forget themselves; and charge and charge again,
Nor only in their onset more than men;
Rallied and rallied still, though bored and broke,
And death with death repaid, and stroke with stroke.

And did we shrink? Did English troops give way?
Say ye who met them, bold, though conquered, say?
Pressed by your numbers, did we seem to fly,
Or halt? Did any leave their ranks to die?
How decently they fell, unknowing how to yield,
And with what manly bodies spread the field!

What Warrior's there, with death encompassed round
It should be Cutts, but he's without a wound
So many a scar from former fields he wore,
He now escapes, nor was there room for more!
Thus stars which in the galaxy combine
With numerous beams, yet undistinguished shine.
Thee, Ingoldsby! new trophies still adorn,
And colours from the Gallic centre torn.
What strength could Mordant's lively force withstand?
What lightning in his eye! What thunder in his hand!
Conscious of his high birth, great Orkney stood,
Walled with the slain, and moated round with blood.
O noble North! how dearly didst thou sell
That mighty hand, which not inglorious fell!
Falling, it grasps thy sword; it threatens still,
Trembling in death, and scarce forbears to kill.
Thus were our English nobles wont to charge,
Thus did our empire and their fame enlarge;
Such high achievements graced their ponderous shields,
Such laurels did they reap in sanguined fields.
Look down, ye blessed! O Courcy, Talbot, Vere,
Look down, and know your genuine offspring here.
Glory's too mean a prize, 'tis false, though bright:
But these for liberty and Europe fight.

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'Tis fairly thrown, the gains will quit the cost;
This evening sees a world preserved or lost.

At distance labouring round great Eugene see,
And with him the remains of Germany.
[What life, what spirit, what superior air!
How can such troops be beat when Eugene's there?]
Nor were they unemployed; nor would the foe,
Led by Bavaria, yield without a blow.
So a fell wolf that long unchecked has prowled,
And scoured the plains, and stormed the trembling fold:
If him the shepherds to his covert track,
And aided by their faithful dogs attack;
So grins oblique, fierce, though encompassed round;
Still fights, and none escapes without a wound.
Thrice charged the prince, undaunted, thrice repelled,
And victory the tottering balance held.

Of troops, brigades, and wings, the rest take care,
But Marlborough alone is everywhere;
As prudence bids, the various battle views;
Like nature, what is lost by time and death renews;
Till Courage calls, her well-known voice he hears,
Erect and greater than himself appears.
With him the English cavalry advance,
And charge and mingle with the flower of France.
(Not clouds, with thunder armed, more rudely clash,
Or beamy lightnings brighter horror flash.)
They feel the odds, their ancient lords they try,
Beneath superior valour bend and fly,
And now had little else to do but die.
Churchill, who like his brother looked and fought,
One army slew, another captive brought:
[While by Lord Hesse, the Belgic squadrons led,
Like English charged; the French admired and fled.]
And now 'tis done; the mighty struggle's past;
The braver, juster side prevails at last.
France *may* be beat; her iron reign is o'er,
The scourge and terror of the world's no more.
There, Louis! all thy blasted laurels lie;
And there, thy universal monarchy!
The hoary warriors boast their spoils in vain:
Th' Invincibles are broke; th' immortal squadron's slain.
Unfortunately brave! no longer blame
Or rob each other of your dear-bought fame!
Compose your strife. What Gallic arms could do,
By English pressed, was dared and done by you.
Did you not breast to breast their troops oppose?
Did you not long sustain th' unequal foes?

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Rush on their swords, your certain fate despise,
Devoted, your great Moloch's sacrifice?
Will, then, his orders ne'er admit debate,
And must you conquer, even in spite of fate?
Your nation's genius never soared so high:
You can't like English fight, or Romans die.

Let chronicles to future worlds recite
The carnage and the relics of the fight;
What thousands plunge in death their lives to save
And sought glad refuge underneath the wave;
Sinking, a ghastly look behind them threw,
Lest to the bottom we should them pursue;
Though their more valiant leader dared survive,
And to adorn our triumphs deign to live.
What armies we of generals led away!
What lumber-captains, and how large a prey!
[Troops of noblesse, battoons, and mangled peers!
How many a house in France that mourning wears!]
Tho' kind gazettes repair the loss with ease,
And raise new paper-squadrons as they please.

But why so slow? Why does not Louis stamp,
Or with a nod recruit Bavaria's camp?
Must he for nature's tardy methods wait?
Th' immortals in an instant can create:
[Why, then, delay his succours 'till the spring,
Since greater honour to his power 'twould bring,
To make an army than to make a king.
Or did he leave his friend to fall so low,
The greater power in his relief to show?]
Nor did his friend the shadow court in vain.
See him affected regal honours gain,
E'en in his flight, for thus did France ordain.
'Till the next vacancy preferment brings,
And ranks him in the college of his kings.

Let others file the triumphs that remain,
We glean some dukes, and a few towns we gain,
The annual work of but one large campaign.
We came, we conquered, ev'n before we saw
Augsburg and Ulm, but fought for thee, Landau!

And now for peace should Europe humbly sue,
And generous France the treaty deign renew;
Should she the glory of her arms deny,
And condescend to part with Germany,
Her righteous cause to Rome's blest umpire leave,
Who cannot be deceived nor can deceive;

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[The Infallible at Rome, the sacred chair,
Where faith can hardly with her own compare :—]
What happy halcyon days must needs ensue
How just, how firm th' alliance, and how true!
[Next to have ne'er begun the war, how blessed
Our land of peace, on such fair terms possessed!]
Thus soon may Louis move, and thus may those
Who scarce disguised, declare for Europe's foes;
And had their counsels been pursued before,
Our hero ne'er had left our English shore,
The mighty work had still been uncomplete,
And heaven in vain had formed him wise and great.
We merit chains if France again we trust,
Who will not, cannot, to his oaths be just.
His frowns are manly, but his smiles are base:
These fairly kill; those stab with an embrace.
Bavaria, Cologne, greater names can say
How dearly for her friendship fond to pay,
May those be blessed with such a strong ally,
Who start at swords, and would by lingering poisons die!
Let war, entailed on future lustres, come,
And, worse than war protracted, feuds at home;
So our loud crimes may not so high ascend,
As to pull down the curse of having France our friend!
The die is cast, and fortune courts the brave;
No medium's left,—he must be lord or slave.

Too long, illustrious chief! have we delayed
The praise, the triumphs, which can ne'er be paid.
We lent thee to th' allies, but never gave:
Hast thou another Germany to save?

At length he comes, and leaves the Belgian shore;
What myriads stretch to meet him half seas o'er;
While his loved name their hearts and lips employs,
Prevents their eyes, and antedates their joys.
Some praise his equal conduct in the state,
In council calm, unmoved by warm debate,
Great in the court, yet him the country bless
Great in the camp,—how rare a happiness!
Him his glad native soil, him foreign kings caress.
Above a narrow faction's mean design,
True as the sun to his meridian line.
Victorious both in counsel and in war,
Nothing's denied where he's ambassador;
Some his dexterity for business made,
His application these, and timely aid;
Some his humanity; how easy of access,
How prone to save, and pity, and redress!
How formed to help, how made to please and bless!

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While others choose his laurels fetched from far,
Fight o'er his battles, and renew the war.
Like the Great Spirit, that moves this varied whole,
Is Marlborough his numerous armies' soul.
'Tis he informs each part, his looks inspire
With vigorous wisdom and with tempered fire.
Nothing he leaves to chance's blind pretence,
But all is prudence, all is providence.
Firm and intrepid to the last degree,
Alike from slowness and from rashness free:
The French and German virtues he unites,
Like one consults, and like the other fights.
Above mean arts of spinning long campaigns,
Where both may lose, but neither party gains;
'Twas not for this his English marched so far,—
He came to end, and not to make a war.
The torrent of his conquests flows so fast,
Like waves, the first is buried in the last;
When Liege the deluge of his arms subdued,
Bavaria might his gathering fate have viewed.

One summer's isthmus only did repress
The two vast rival seas of his success.
While Fate took time to breathe that instant o'er,
The waters rend away the narrow shore;
Both oceans meet, new hills on hills are tossed,
And mingling waves in friendly waves are lost.
The Macedonian youth, whose arms subdued
Soft Persia, and the wild Hydaspes viewed,
Beyond a mortal lineage strove to rise,
And claimed ambitious kindred with the skies:
But had his phalanx won such fame as ours,
And routed Bourbon's and Bavaria's powers,
For Hammon's son too great, he'd soared above,
And filled the car of Mars, or throne of Jove.
Our conqueror saves more than the Greek o'erran;
Yet bows to heaven, and owns himself a man;
Forbids those altars we attempt to raise,
At once surmounts both vanity and praise!

But emperors alike and poets err,
Who strive to reach his finished character:
The name of Marlborough such worth proclaims,
Hero and prince to that are vulgar names:
His sovereign's smiles, and heaven's, alone can pay
What Europe owes him for so great a day.

And now her awful head Britannia rears
On her own cliffs, an azure robe she wears,
The sword and long-contested trident bears;

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While her white rocks, the turrets of her court,
Can scarce th', impatient gazer's weight support;
While thither all her subjects turn their eyes,
As Persians when their god prepares to rise;
And thousands after thousands crowding ran.
Pleased with the concourse, thus the nymph began:—
"If ever joy admitted of excess,
It must be now, for mine is hardly less;
Already the loved man you wait 's in sight,
The distant skies are fringed with radiant light;
The waves can scarce support the weight he brings,
As proud as when they brought your captured kings:
Yet ere once more his native sands are pressed,
And earth with his triumphant footsteps blessed,
With care a mother's kind advice attend:
'Tis Britain speaks, a mother and a friend.
So may you brighter trophies yet obtain,
Nor heaven on favoured Albion smile in vain.
Enough, my sons! enough of noise and strife,
And stern debate, the deadliest plagues of life.
Now learn to love; your arrows close unite,
Unbroke and firm as your own ranks in fight.
My senates will, I know they will, combine
To frustrate tottering France's last design:
If those agree, she doubly must despair;
If not, we lose at home our gains in war.
Contend they may, and warmly will debate,
Which most shall guard, and most adorn the state.
[Or first my wishes and their own prevent,
In thanks for those high blessings heaven has sent.]
Their only strife, their only grand contest,
Which loves their sovereign and their country best.
How weighty falls the curse on those whose pride
Or interest would those sacred names divide!
Why should they clash who equal good intend,
Or differ in their method more than end!
Preserve, my sons, those barriers heaven has made,
Let none my ancient landmarks dare invade!
Unenvious to yourselves your bliss possess,
And be for once content with happiness!
Look round the spacious globe, and find a spot,
Like that which bounteous heaven has made your lot.
War, fire, and rapine scour all Europe's plains;
Here, throned in blood, a moody tyrant reigns;
Who, when his wasted treasure wants supplies,
Preaches against the sin of avarice.
Weak councils and contending interests there,
With much of pain, expense, intrigue, and care,
Treasure eternal seeds of strife and war:
[Here a young Phaëton drives furious on,
With his high seat and fortune giddier grown:

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His hands would Jove's own ponderous bolts retain,
That grasp th' unwieldy forces of the main:
Rashless pursues what valour well began,
He'd kings unmake, and make, ere he's himself a man.]
While sacred Anna in my Albion reigns,
Whose equal hand my sword and heaven's sustains;
[Impartial she, how fondly fabled blind,
Sent to redress the wrongs of all mankind.]
See her the bright capacious balance hold,
Like that which shines above, and flames with heavenly gold.
In vain the Gaul his ancient arts has shown,
And in the scale his ponderous sword has thrown;
Her tempered blade to th' adverse scale applied,
His mounts in air, and feels the juster side:
Nor will she sheathe it, to the hilt imbrued
And drunk with hostile blood, till France and vice subdued;
Yet calm, as those above, if aught they know
Aught that concerns their militant friends below,
When tyrants here subdued, or monsters slain,
A sober joy shoots round th' etherial plain.
Never elate with good, with ills depressed,
Nor storms nor sun disturb her halcyon breast.
How firmly wise! how great her easy state!
What goodness does majestic power rebate.
Strong as Hyperion shoots his golden light;
Yet mild her rays as Cynthia's, and as bright.
Her soul, like the superior orbs serene,
Which know not what a cloud or tempest mean;
Though pointed flames are by their influence hurled,
And their unerring thunders awe the subject world.
[If distant regions taste her friendly care,
How blessed, who her maternal goodness share.]
Her arms beyond Herculean columns known,
And ancient Calpé's walls her empire own:
Resound the Lybean and the Celtic shore
Her conquering sailors' shout, her cannons' dreadful roar!
If distant regions taste her friendly care,
How blest who her maternal goodness share!
While peace and justice she at home maintains,
And in her subjects' hearts unrivalled reigns.
Whom has she not obliged? How wretched those
Who are their own, and hers, and virtue's foes!
Eliza might have learnt from her to please;
Herself she taxes for her people's ease:
What altars by her generous hand supplied,
Whose flames have dimly rolled, whose fires had died,
Shall shine with incense which her bounty threw,
And constant intercourse with heaven renew?
From thence a large return of blessings gain:
Nor have her grateful offerings blazed in vain.

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The vested priests the cheerful flame surround,
Deserted domes are filled and altars crowned.
For her their vows, for her their victims bleed;
Long, long may she herself, herself succeed!
Long, ere from us and her loved prince she part!
'Tis less to share a crown than share her heart."
She said; and now the smiling surges bore
Her best loved son safe to her oozy shore,
Who from the expecting crowd with speed withdrew,
And spurned the triumphs which his steps pursue.
[But sooner may we count th' unnumbered sands
Than half the crowd of lifted eyes and hands.
The mingled smiles with floods of joyous tears;
The prayers, the shouts, when Marlborough appears.]
Britannia gazed intemperate on the hero's face;
He saw and bowed, and ran to her embrace:
But what they said, a mortal strives in vain,
'Tis past the powers of numbers to explain.
Such was the moving scene, if not the same,
When love and his illustrious consort came,
Th' unrivalled sharer of his heart and fame!
Blow soft, ye gentle winds! let storms retire!
Ye gentle winds, ambrosial sweets respire,
Soft as chaste lovers' sighs! let nature bring
Th' inverted year, and raise a second spring!
On foreign shores let war and winter rest,
Our happy isle of Marlborough possessed,
With peace and with eternal verdure blessed!

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APPENDIX II.*

EUPOLIS HIS HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

THE (SUPPOSED)† OCCASION.—*Part of a (new)*† DIALOGUE *between* PLATO *and* EUPOLIS; *the rest not extant.*

EUPOLIS.—But, Sir, is it not a little hard that you should banish all our fraternity from your new commonwealth? ‡ As for my own part, every body knows that I am but one of the *minorum gentium.* But what hurt has father Homer done, that you should dismiss him among the rest, though he has received the veneration of all ages: and Salamis was adjudged to us by the Spartans, on the authority of two of his verses? || And you know it was in our own times that

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* See vol. i., p. 226.

† These words are written *above* the lines in the original; and at a different time, but in Mr. S. Wesley's hand.

‡ *Your new commonwealth.*—This refers to a treatise written by Plato, divided into ten books, and called Πολιτεια, a republic or commonwealth; in the third and tenth books of which he shows that poets pervert truth, cannot teach what may render the people happy, and tell intolerable tales of the gods.

|| *Two of his verses.*—The two verses referred to here are the following:—

> Αιας δ' εκ Σαλαμινος αγεν δυοκαιδεκα νηας,
> Στησε δ' αγων, ιν' Αθηναιων ιστωντο φαλαγγες.
> ILIAD. lib. ii. ver. 557.

> With these appear the Salaminian bands
> (Whom the gigantic Telamon commands):
> In twelve black ships to Troy they steer their course,
> And with the great Athenians join their force.

Strabo, lib. ix. p. 394, relates that, the Megarians having claimed Salamis as anciently a part of their possessions, the Athenians quoted the above lines to show that in the time of Homer the island belonged to Athens, and in consequence Salamis was adjudged to the Athenians.

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many of our citizens saved their lives, and met with civil treatment in Sicily, after our unfortunate expedition and defeat under Nicias, by repeating some verses of Euripides.*

Plato.—Much may be done to save one's life. I doubt not that I should have done the same, though only to have regained my liberty when Dionysius sold me for a slave.† But those are only occasional accidents, and exempt cases, which are nothing to the first settling of a state, when it is in one's own power to mould it as one pleases. As for Homer, to be plain, the better poet, the more danger; and I agree in this with Aristotle, that the blind old gentleman certainly lies with the best grace in the world.‡ But a lie handsomely told, debauches the taste and morals of a people, and fires them into imitation. Besides, his tales of the gods are intolerable, and derogate to the highest degree from the dignity of the divine nature.

Eupolis.—Not to enter at present into the merits of that case, do you really think, Sir, that these faults are inseparable from poetry; and that the praises of the One Supreme

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* *Defeat under Nicias.*—This was at Syracuse, where, after doing prodigies of valour, the Athenian army and navy were totally destroyed; most were slain in battle, and the generals and prisoners put to cruel deaths. Diodorus Siculus says, some were saved who understood literature and arts; and perhaps, many of them were those who, from repeating some of the verses of Euripides, were permitted to live.

† *Dionysius sold me for a slave.*—Plato visited Sicily in the fortieth year of his age, and having got an interview with Dionysius the Tyrant, discoursed with him on the security and happiness of virtue, and the miseries attending injustice and oppression. The tyrant, perceiving that the philosopher's discourse was levelled against the vices and cruelties of his reign, dismissed him from his presence with great displeasure, and formed a design against his life. By the assistance of Dion, the king's brother-in-law, one of Plato's pupils, he was got on board of the vessel that brought over Pollis, a delegate from Sparta, who was then returning into Greece. Dionysius being informed of this, got a promise from Pollis, that he would either take away the philosopher's life, or on the passage sell him for a slave. Pollis accordingly sold him in the island of Egina for twenty mina, equal to 64*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*: but he was soon redeemed by Anicerres, an Athenian philosopher, who paid for his ransom thirty mina, or 84*l.* 10*s.* sterling.

‡ The words of Aristotle are, ψευδῆ λέγειν ὡς δεῖ, to *lie becomingly*, to make falsity palatable—to lie so as to bear the resemblance of truth—to lie so as to deceive and please at the same time.

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may not be sung without any intermixture of them; allowing us only the common benefit of metaphor, and other figures, which you do not blame even in the orators?

PLATO.—An ill habit is hard to break: and I must own I hardly ever saw any thing of that nature; and should be glad to see you or any other attempt, and succeed in it: on which condition I would willingly exempt you from the fate of your brother poets.

EUPOLIS.—I am far from pretending to be a standard: how I shall succeed in it I do not know, but am sure I shall attempt it, and wait upon you with it.

PLATO.—You know the Academy will be always pleased to see you, and doubly so on this occasion.

EUPOLIS HIS HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

AUTHOR of BEING! SOURCE of LIGHT!
With unfading beauties bright.
Fulness, goodness, rolling round
Thy own fair orb, without a bound.
Whether Thee thy suppliants call
TRUTH, or GOOD, or ONE, or ALL,
EI, or JAO, thee we hail,
Essence that can never fail;

Line 1. *Source of light.*—This was the *body* which the Platonists gave to the Supreme Being.

Line 6. *Or one.*—Plutarch says, that the ancients termed God—Thou who art ONE; and that it was from this that the term Apollo came: for Απολλων, *Apollo*, signifies "he who is not *many*," from *α*, privative, and πολυς, *many*; because God is only ONE, without mixture, and without composition.

Line 6. *Or all.*—Alluding to the word Παν, *Pan.*—See on line 75.

Line 7. *EI.*—EI, *Thou art*, the famous word that was engraved on the frontispiece of the temple of Apollo at Delphi, on which Plutarch has written an express treatise. There is a consistency here, which is not often met with in heathenism; for there was the strictest propriety that EI, *Thou art*, should be engraved on the temple dedicated to the Απολλων, *A-pollon*—he whose being is simple, indivisible. Plutarch, who travelled into Egypt to get information on important subjects, doubtless learned the true meaning of this word there. Moses had long before proclaimed the Supreme Being among that people, by the very expressive word אהיה *eheyeh*, *I am*, or, *I shall be*, Exod. iii. 14; from which the Greek appellative probably came.

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Grecian or Barbaric name,
Thy stedfast being still the same.
Thee, when morning greets the skies
With rosy cheeks and humid eyes;
Thee, when sweet-declining day
Sinks in purple waves away;
Thee will I sing, O parent Jove!
And teach the world to praise and love!

Yonder azure vault on high,
Yonder blue, low, liquid sky:
Earth on its firm basis placed,
And with circling waves embraced,
All-creating power confess,
All their mighty Maker bless.

Thou shak'st all nature with thy nod;
Sea, earth, and air confess the God:
Yet does thy powerful hand sustain
Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.

Scarce can our daring thought arise
To thy pavilion in the skies:
Nor can Plato's self declare
The bliss, the joy, the rapture there.

Iao.—The same as יהוה *Yevé* or Jehovah. Among the Greeks, Ἰη, Ιη, *Ié*, *Ié*, was frequent in their invocations to the gods; which epithet comes manifestly from the Hebrew יה *Jah* or *Yeh*, a name often accompanying יהוה *Jevé*, *Yeveh*, or Yehovah, in the sacred writings. Hence the Jove and Jupiter of the Romans, Jupiter (q. d., *Juvans Pater*, "The helping Father"). This Jao or Yevé, יהוה *Yehovah* is here termed, line 9, *Barbaric name*, because the Hebrews were styled Barbarians by the Greeks. The word ΙΑΩ, *Iao*, is frequently found on those Egyptian amulets called abraxas, or abrasaxas. One with these letters now lies before me: it is a black stone, apparently *basalt*, oval, about an inch in length. Above the word is the figure of an altar, and the Egyptian Ibis, with a few *cuneated* characters. The letters in ΙΑΩ are inverted ΩΑΙ, that they might read fair when the stone should be impressed on any soft substance.

Line 12. *With rosy cheeks.*—This and the following lines are highly poetic.

Line 18. *Yonder blue, low, liquid sky.*—There is a most happy combination of liquids here, which express the subject of it in a most delicate manner.

Line 19. *Earth on its firm basis placed.*—It was a general opinion among the ancients that the earth was a vast extended plain, encircled by the ocean.

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* This we know; or if we dream,
* 'Tis at least a pleasing theme;
Barren above thou dost not reign,
But circled with a glorious train;
The sons of God, the sons of light,
Ever joying in thy sight:
(For thee their silver harps are strung.)
Ever beauteous, ever young:
Angelic forms their voices raise,
And thro' heaven's arch resound thy praise!

The feathered souls that swim the air,
And bathe in liquid ether there;
The lark, precentor of their choir,
Leading them higher still and higher,
Listen and learn the angelic notes,
Repeating in their warbling throats:
And ere to soft repose they go,
Teach them to their lords below.
On the green turf their mossy nest,
The evening anthem swells their breast;
Thus, like thy golden chain on high,
Thy praise unites the earth and sky.

Line 33. *Barren above thou dost not reign, &c.*—Plato held that there were three hypostases in the Divine Nature. The *first* he termed To Ον, *The Being* or *Self-existent*, and To Ἑν, *The One—The Alone*. The *second* he termed Νους, *Mind*, or *Intellect*. And the *third*, Ψυχη, *Soul*, or Ψυχη του κοσμου, *the Soul of the world*. The *first* he often terms To Αγαθον, *the Good*, or *Essential Goodness*; to which the apostle seems to refer, 1 Pet. iii. 13: "And who shall harm you, εαν του Αγαθου μιμηται γινεσθε, if ye become imitators of the Good Being." The *second* he terms Λογος, *The* Word or *Reason*, to which St. John certainly refers, John i. 1: "In the beginning was the Word—Λογος," &c. But the Logos of the evangelist is evidently different from that of the philosopher; for Plato does not say, as John does, και Θεος ην ὁ Λογος, *and God was the Logos*. From this Νους or *Intellect* Plato says the To Ον, *Supreme Being*, struck out innumerable spirits of inferior order; which is nearly tantamount to God's creating all things by Christ Jesus.

Line 51. *Thus like thy golden chain.*—The ancients fabled that Jupiter had a chain of gold, which he could at any time let down from heaven, and by it draw the earth and all its inhabitants to himself. See a fine passage to this effect in Homer, Iliad viii., 18, 27:—

Ειδ' αγε, πειρησασθε Θεοι, ινα ειδετε παντες.
Σειρην χρυσειην εξ ουρανοθεν κρεμασαντες, κ. τ. λ.

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Sole from sole thou mak'st the sun
On his burning axles run:
The stars like dust around him fly,
And strew the area of the sky:
He drives so swift his race above,
Mortals can't perceive him move:
So smooth his course, oblique or straight,
Olympus shakes not with his weight.
As the queen of solemn night
Fills at his vase her orb of light,
Imparted lustre: Thus we see,
The solar virtue shines by thee!
*Phœbus borrows from thy beams
*His radiant locks and golden streams,
*Whence thy warmth and light disperse,
*To cheer the grateful universe.

Now prove me; let ye down the *golden chain*
From heaven, and pull at its inferior links,
Both goddesses and gods: but me your king,
Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw
To earth, from heaven, strive with me as ye may.
But I, if willing to exert my power,
The earth itself, itself the sea, and you
Will lift with ease together.—
——————— so much am I
Alone superior both to gods and men.

COWPER.

By this chain the poets pointed out the union between heaven and earth; or, in other words, the government of the universe, by the extensive chain of causes and effects. It was termed golden, to point out, not only the beneficence of the divine providence, but also that infinite philanthropy of God by which he influences, and by which he attracts all mankind to himself. See my note on John xii. 32.

Line 53. *Source of light*, instead of *Sole from sole.* (Mr. J. Wesley's alteration.)—The sun being sole or alone in the system, as God is in the universe: but still this beautiful representation of the Deity derives his being and continuance from God; though he be sole below, he is from Him who is sole above.

Line 55. *The stars like dust around him fly.*—Some of the ancients and some of the moderns have held the opinion that stars, planets, and comets have been fragments broken off from the solar orb.

Line 59. *So smooth his course, oblique or straight.*—This is an allusion to the sun's apparent course in the Zodiac, which appears to be oblique between the tropics. But all astronomers know that this is occasioned by the earth's motion in its orbit.

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Eiresióne! we'll no more
For its fancied aid implore;
Since bright *oil*, and *wool*, and *wine*,
And life-sustaining *bread* are thine;
* Wine that sprightly mirth supplies,
* Noble wine for sacrifice!

Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains
The flocks that graze our Attic plains.
The olive with fresh verdure crowned
Rises pregnant from the ground,—
* Our native plant, our wealth, our pride,
* To more than half the world denied.
At Jove's command it shoots and springs,
And a thousand blessings brings.

Minerva only is thy mind,
Wisdom and bounty to mankind.

Line 69. *Eiresióne! we'll no more.*—The Greek word Ειρεσιωνη, *Eiresióne*, means a kind of telesm used by the Athenians by the command of the oracle of Apollo, to drive away famine. It was an olive-branch rolled round with wool, on which were hung ripe fruits, a pot of honey, a bottle of oil, &c.; in a word, the different species of fruits and necessaries of life peculiar to the four seasons of the year: and one of these was hung up at the door of each house. Suidas gives the derivation of the name thus: Ειρεσιωνη δε λεγεται δια τα ερια, "it was called *Eiresióne*, because of the *wool*," which the Greeks call ειριον. See also Plutarch, and a quotation from Potter's Grecian Antiquities, vol. i., p. 395.

Line 75. *Thy herbage, O great Pan.*—The *Mendes* of the Egyptians was the *Pan* of the Greeks and Romans; and signified him whose nature is infinite, and whose government is universal, from παν, *all*, because he is the author and governor of all things. In process of time the pure ideas which the Greeks had entertained of the divine nature became obliterated, and the Ὁ μεγας Παν, *The great Pan*, degenerated among the Romans, &c., into a monster. half man, half goat!

Line 77. *The olive with fresh verdure crowned.*—Neptune and Minerva, called also Athena, are said to have contended who should give a name to the new city which Cecrops had built. It was at last agreed that whoever should produce the most beneficial gift should give the city its name. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and a horse sprung up. Minerva caused an olive to spring from the ground: she conquered, and called the city after her own name, Athenæ or Athens.

Line 83. *Minerva only is thy mind.*—Minerva is fabled to have sprung out of the brain of Jupiter full grown and completely armed. A fine mythologic representation of the nature of wisdom.

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The fragrant thyme, the blooming rose,
Herb, and flower, and shrub that grows
On Thessalian Tempé's plain,
Or where the rich Sabeans reign,
That treat the taste, the smell, or sight,
For food, for medicine, or delight;
Planted by thy *guardian* care,
Spring, and smile, and flourish there.
* Alcinoan gardens in their pride,
* With blushing fruit from thee supplied.

O ye nurses of soft dreams!
Reedy brooks and winding streams,
* By our tuneful race admired,
* Whence we think ourselves inspired.
Or murmuring o'er the pebbles sheen,
Or sliding through the meadows green;
Or where through matted sedge ye creep,
Travelling to your parent deep,
Sound his praise by whom ye rose,—
That Sea which neither ebbs nor flows

O ye immortal woods and groves,
§ Which the enraptured student loves;
Beneath whose venerable shade,
§ For learned thought and converse made,
*§Or in the famed Lycean walks,
*§Or where my heavenly master talks,
§ Where Hecadem, old hero, lies,
§ Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,

Line 93. *Alcinoan gardens.*—Alcinous was the son of Nausithöus, and king of the Phæcians, in the island of Corcyra. He was so famous a horticulturist, that his gardens and fruit became proverbial. He is celebrated by Homer, Virgil, Ovid, and others.

Line 97. *By our tuneful race admired.*—That is, the poets.

Line 102. *Travelling to your parent deep.*—The rivers are called by the poets "the thousand daughters of Oceanus."

Line 109. *Or in the famed Lycean walks.*—The Lyceum was a celebrated school at Athens, where Aristotle taught and explained his philosophy. It was composed of porticoes and trees planted in the quincunx form, among which the philosophers disputed walking, hence called Περιπατητικοι, *Peripatetics*, from περι, *about*, and πατεω, *I walk*. The followers of Aristotle were called the Peripatetics from this circumstance; and the followers of Plato were called Academics, from the place called the Academy, where Plato gave his lectures. See the note on ver. 111.

Line 111. *Where Hecadem, old hero, lies.*—Hecademus or Academus, was a famous hero among the Athenians in the time of Theseus.

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And through the gloom of silent night,
Project from far your trembling light;—
You, whose roots descend as low,
As high in air your branches grow,
Your leafy arms to heaven extend,
Bend your heads, in homage bend!
Cedars and pines that wave above,
And the oak beloved of Jove.

Omen, monster, prodigy!
Or nothing are, or, Jove, from thee!
Whether various nature's play,
Or she reversed thy will obey;
And to rebel man declare,
Famine, plague, or wasteful war.
Atheists laugh, and dare despise
The threatening vengeance of the skies:
Whilst the pious, on his guard,
Undismayed, is still prepared:
Life or death, his mind's at rest,
Since what you send must needs be best.

* What cannot thy almighty wit
* Effect, or influence, or permit?
* Which leaves free causes to their will,
* Yet guides and over-rules them still!
* The various minds of men can twine,
* And work them to thy own design:
* For who can sway what boasts 'tis free,
* Or rule a commonwealth, but Thee?
* Our stubborn will thy word obeys,
* Our folly shows thy wisdom's praise:
* As skilful steersmen make the wind,
* Though rough, subservient to mankind.

He had a plot of ground about a thousand paces from the city, which he bequeathed to the public at his death. It was in this place that Plato taught his philosophy; and as the place got the name of Academy, from its ancient owner, so Plato's scholars had the name of Academics from the place. This is the origin of our word *academy*. The grounds of the Academy formed the burying-place of the principal heroes and philosophers of Athens.

Line 117. *You whose roots, &c.*—Virgil speaks thus of the oak:—

. . . Quæ quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.
GEORG. ii., ver. 291.

High as his topmost boughs to heaven ascend,
So low his roots to hell's dominions tend. DRYDEN.

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* A tempest drives them safe to land ;
* With joy they hail and kiss the sand.

* So, when our angry tribes engage,
* And dash themselves to foam and rage,
* The demagogues, the winds that blow,
* Heave and toss them to and fro;
* Silence! is by thee proclaimed,
* The tempest falls, the winds are tamed;
* At thy word the tumults cease,
* And all is calm, and all is peace!

* Monsters that obscurely sleep
* In the bottom of the deep,
* Or, when for air or food they rise,
* Spout the Ægean to the skies;
* Know thy voice, and own thy hand,
* Obsequious to their lord's command;
* As the waves forget to roar,
* And gently kiss the murmuring shore.

No evil can from thee proceed ;
'Tis only suffered, not decreed :

Line 147. *So when our angry tribes engage.*—The ideas in this and the following seven lines are the same with those in the following passage of VIRGIL, ÆNEID. i., ver. 148 :—

Ac veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus ;
Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat:
Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent: arrectisque auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.

As when sedition fires th' ignoble crowd,
And the wild rabble storms and thirsts for blood ;
Of stones and brands a mingled tempest flies,
With all the sudden arms which rage supplies.
If some grave Sire appears amidst the strife,
In morals strict, and innocence of life,
All stand attentive ; while the sage controls
Their wrath, and calms the tumult of their souls.

PITT.

Line 158. *Spout the Ægean to the skies.*—The Ægean sea is properly a part of the Mediterranean, near to Greece, parting Europe from Asia. It is commonly called the Archipelago.

Line 163. *No evil can from thee proceed.*—Dryden, who wrote a short time before Mr. Wesley, has a sentiment like this in his *Cymon* and *Iphigenia :*

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As darkness is not from the sun,
Nor mount the shades till he is gone;
Then night obscene does straight arise
From Erebus, and fills the skies;
Fantastic forms the air invade,—
Daughters of nothing and of shade.

* When wars and pains afflict mankind,
* 'Tis for a common good designed;
* As tempests sweep and clean the air,
* And all is healthy, all is fair.
* Good and true, and fair and right,
* Are thy choice, and thy delight.
* Government thou didst ordain,
* Equal justice to maintain:
* Thus thou reign'st enthroned in state,
* Thy will is just, thy will is fate.
* The good can never be unblest,
* While impious minds can never rest;
* A plague within themselves they find,
* Each other plague, and all mankind.

"But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed,
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed."

The thought is great in Wesley—mean in Dryden; a base excuse for crime in the latter—a grand display of infinite purity and perfection, as introduced by the former.

Line 165. *As darkness is not from the sun.*—Here is a simple argument taken from an incontestable matter of fact, that most forcibly explodes the horrible doctrine, that God has willed and decreed evil. God is the Fountain of good, and is essentially good; therefore evil cannot come from him. This is absolutely impossible, as nothing can give what it does not possess. But evil does exist. then it is suffered, not decreed. There is such a thing as darkness: but this cannot be from the sun; for he is a body of light, and there is no darkness in him. Darkness is not from the sun; sin and evil are not from God.

Line 168. *From Erebus, and fills the skies.*—Erebus, in fable, is one of the infernal gods; supposed to be the father of Nox, or Night, whom he begot of Chaos, or nothing. The word is evidently corrupted from the Hebrew ערב *Ereb* (Gen. i. 8), which there signifies the evening or twilight, from the word *arab*, to mingle, because twilight is a mixture of light and darkness.

Line 180. *Thy will is fate.*—The word fate has been grossly misapplied and abused: it comes from the supine *fatum*, spoken; of the verb *fari*, to speak, and signifies, in reference to God, what he has spoken; and when rightly understood, in reference to his government of the world and treatment of man, what he has promised or threatened to do in his revealed word.

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Can we forget thy guardian care,
Slow to punish, prone to spare?
* Or heroes by thy bounty raised,
* To eternal ages praised?
* Codrus, who Athens loved so well,
* He for her devoted fell;
* Theseus, who made us madly free,
* And dearly bought our liberty;
* Whom our grateful tribes repaid,
* With murdering him who brought them aid;
* To tyrants made an easy prey,
* Who would not godlike kings obey.
* Tyrants and kings from God proceed;
* THOSE permitted,—THESE decreed.

Thou break'st the haughty Persian's pride,
Which did both sea and land divide.
Their shipwrecks strew'd th' Eubæan wave;
At Marathon they found a grave.

Line 189. *Codrus, who Athens loved so well.*—Codrus was the last king of Athens. The Peloponnesians being at war with the Athenians, were told by the Oracle that they should gain the victory, provided they did not slay the Athenian king. Codrus hearing this, disguised himself, and went into the Peloponnesian camp, where, offering some insult to the soldiers, he was slain, and in the battle the Athenians got the victory.—*Paterculus.*

Line 191. *Theseus who made us madly free.*—Theseus was a famous hero of antiquity, the son of Ægeus, king of Athens. He is said to have united the twelve cities of Attica, and to have founded a republic there, about 1236 years before the Christian era. Being driven from his throne of Athens by the usurper Mnestheus, he fled to Lycomedes, king of Scyros (an island in the Ægean sea (for protection; but the perfidious king caused him to be thrown from a precipice, and dashed to pieces.—*Plutarch.*

Line 200. *Which did both sea and land divide.*—Xerxes may be said to have divided the *sea* when he threw a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, now the Dardanelles. He may be said to have divided the *land*, when, according to some historians, he cut a passage for his fleet through Mount Athos.

Line 202. *At Marathon they found a grave.*—The famous battle of Marathon (a place about ten miles from Athens), between the Persians and Athenians, was fought in the 490th year before Christ. The Athenians had only 10,000 men, and the Persians 110,000; yet the Greeks defeated them, and slew 6,400 men, while themselves lost only 190. The Persians fled to their ships: but the conquerors took, burnt, or destroyed the major part of them, the rest having effected their escape by dint of rowing. Miltiades that day commanded the Athenian troops. As soon as the memorable battle was ended, Philippidas the courier formed the project

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O ye bless'd Greeks, who there expired!
With noble emulation fir'd!
* Your trophies will not let me rest,
* Which swell'd, Themistocles, thy breast.
What shrines, what altars shall we raise,
To secure your endless praise?
Or need we monuments supply,
To rescue what can never die?
* Godlike men! how firm they stood!
* Moating their country with their blood.

And yet a greater hero far,
Unless great Socrates could err,
* § (Though whether human or divine,
* § Not e'en his genius could define)
§ Shall rise to bless some future day,
§ And teach to live, and teach to pray.

---

of carrying the news to the magistrates of Athens: without quitting his armour, he ran, arrived, announced the glad tidings, and, spent with fatigue, he fell dead at their feet! See Herodotus, in Erato; and Lucian, Περι του Πταισματος.

Line 205. *Your trophies will not let me rest.*—After the battle of Marathon, mentioned above, the Athenians raised monuments on the field to those noble Athenians who had so bravely defended their country; and in the spaces between them, trophies were erected, composed of the Persian arms. Themistocles, when very young, was observed to be very pensive, and often to deny himself both sleep and necessary food. Being asked the reason, he gave for answer ὡς καθευδειν αυτον ουκ εφη το του Μιλτιαδου τροπαιον. "That the trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep;" thereby intimating, that he had an insatiable desire to imitate the military exploits of that famous Athenian general. See *Plutarch.*

Lines 211, 212. *Godlike men! how firm they stood!*—How these two verses, especially, came to be left out of the printed copies of this poem, I cannot conceive; but anything more grand or noble, on such a subject, never saw the sun. "Moat" signifies a deep ditch, round a castle, &c., and filled with water, in order to render the approach of an enemy more difficult. In his poem on Marlbro', Mr. Wesley employs the same figure; which may be taken as an intimation that both have proceeded from the same pen.

Line 216. *Not e'en his genius.*—This alludes to the demon of Socrates, or attendant spirit, which he said attended him always, and advertised him every morning of the evils to which he should be exposed in the course of the day. The late Professor Porson showed me a very ancient MS. copy of Plato's works, in which there were marginal scholia: and one on this very subject stated that "what Socrates called his demon was a tingling in the ears."

Line 218. *And teach to live, and teach to pray.*—Here is a refer-

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§ Come, unknown instructor, come,
§ Our leaping hearts shall make thee room;
§ Thou with Jove our vows shalt share;—
§ Of Jove and thee we are the care.

O Father, King! whose heavenly face
Shines serene on all thy race;
We thy magnificence adore,
And thy well-known aid implore:
Nor vainly for thy help we call;
Nor can we want, for thou art ALL!
* May thy care preserve our state,
* Ever virtuous, ever great!
* Thou our splendour and defence,
* Wars and factions banish thence!
* Thousands of Olympiads pass'd,
* May its fame and glory last!

Γενοιτο, γενοιτο.

---

ence to the conclusion of the dialogue between Socrates and Alcibiades concerning prayer, viz.

SOCR.—You see therefore that it is not safe for you to go and pray to God, lest your addresses should happen to be impious, and God should wholly reject your sacrifice. It is necessary therefore that you should delay till you have learned what disposition you ought to be in both towards God and man.

ALCIB.—But how long will it be, O Socrates! and who is this instructor?

SOCR.—It is he who careth for you. But as Minerva removed the mists from the eyes of Diomed, that he might distinguish gods from men; so must he first remove from your soul the mist that surrounds it, and then furnish those helps by which you shall be able to distinguish good from evil.

ALCIB.—Let him remove that mist, or whatever else it be; for I shall be always ready to follow his commands, so that I may become a better man.

SOCR.—It is wonderful to consider what a providential regard he has towards thee. (Αλλα μην κάκεινος θαυμαστην ὁσην περι σε προθυμιαν ἐχει.)

See PLATO. OPER. *Alcibiad. sec.* Vol. V. p. 100. *Edit. Bipont.*

Line 222. *Of* Jove *and* thee *we are the care.*—Referring to the words of Socrates in the above extract: Ουτος ἐστιν ᾧ μελλει περι σου. *It is he who careth for thee.*

Line 229. *May thy care preserve our state.*—I believe the last six lines were applied by the poet to the British Empire; to which, in the spirit of true patriotism, his heart and hand put γενοιτο! γενοιτο! *so be it! so be it!* and to which the annotator affectionately subscribes AMEN and AMEN.

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VARIOUS READINGS.

Line 70. *For its fancied aid implore.*—Imaginary power adore. Mr. J. Wesley.

Line 71. *Since bright oil and wool and wine.*—Since oil and wool and cheerful wine. J. Wesley.

Line 81. *At* Jove's *command.*—*At* thy *command.* Mr. J. Wesley.

Line 106. *Which the enamoured student loves.*—Which the pensive lover loves. S. W.'s alteration in Mrs. Wright's MS.

Line 108. *For learned thought and converse made.*—*Sacred fanes are frequent made.*—Mrs. W.'s copy. "For thought and friendly converse made." J. W. "For learned thought and converse made." Alteration by Mr. J. W.

Line 123. *Whether various nature's play.*—Whether varied nature play. J. W.

Line 127. *Atheists laugh, and dare despise.*—Laugh, ye profane who dare, &c. J. W.

Line 132. *You send.*—Thou send'st. J. W.

Line 167. *Then night obscene does straight arise.*—Then does night obscene arise. J. W.

Line 204. *With noble emulation fired.*—For Greece with pious ardor fir'd. J. W.

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APPENDIX III.*

Samuel Wesley's Letters on the Septuagint.

FROM the Rev. Samuel Wesley, sen., to his son John, at Oxford, giving a general character of the Septuagint Version, accompanying a Dissertation on the Septuagint, which he wishes him to show to a learned friend whom he had mentioned, who was greatly enamoured of this Version; and who wrote a letter afterwards to Mr. Samuel Wesley defending it against his exceptions. This learned friend was Emanuel Langley, of Hart Hall, Oxford:—

"*Epworth, Feb.* 6, 1730-31.

"Dear son,

"I shall first answer your ult., and then your penult. I thank you for Dr. King. I find him strong, but too weighty for me; and therefore, like Saul's armour, till I have proved it, I can't make use of it, but must be content with what small stones I had in my own and Mr. Ditton's scrip. As for the letter which I had before, I find in it an account of a learned friend of yours who has a great veneration for the Septuagint, and thinks in some places it corrects the present Hebrew copy. I don't at all wonder he should be of that mind, when 'tis likely he may have read *Vassius* and others, who magnify this translation so highly as to depreciate the original; and I must confess I was inclined to the same opinion when I first began in earnest to study the Scriptures, and read over more than once or twice the Septuagint, according to the Vatican, though not then comparing it with the original Hebrew. What then added to my respect for it, and increased it almost to superstition, was, that I not only found the sense of many texts in the Scripture, as I thought, more happily explained than in our own or other Versions,—which is the first thing that is generally taken notice of by those who begin to read it; but likewise there are several words and phrases in the New Testament which can hardly be so well understood without having recourse to this translation; but especially, that it is so frequently quoted, both by our Saviour himself and by his apostles, even where it seems to differ from the Hebrew, and perhaps does sometimes really differ from it. These

* See vol. i., p. 360.

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considerations, though I since find they have been all weighed and answered by learned men of our own communion, as well as others, yet held me so long in a blind admiration of the Septuagint, that though I did not esteem them absolutely infallible, yet I hardly dared trust my own eyes, or think they were considerably or frequently mistaken, till upon reading this translation over very often, and comparing them verbatim with the Hebrew, I was forced by plain evidence of fact to be of another mind.

"That which led me to it was not so much some mistakes (I think I should not exceed if I should say at least 1000) in places *indifferent*, either occasioned by the ambiguous sense of some words in the Hebrew, or by the mistake of some *letters*, as ד for ר, and *vice versa*, which every one knows are very much alike in the old Hebrew character, and which is a demonstration to me that the LXX. translated from such a copy as was written in the same character, namely, that which is now called the Chaldee, and that even the Samaritans transcribed theirs from a copy which was written in the same sort of letters; but that which most moved me and fully determined my judgment was, that I found, or thought I found, very many places in this version of the Septuagint, when I came to compare it close with the Hebrew, that appeared to me *purposely altered*, and that for no very honest, at least justifiable, reasons. These came at last so thick upon me in the course of my daily reading, not only in the Pentateuch, but in the Proverbs, the Kings, the Major and Minor Prophets, that I began to note them down, not a few instances whereof you will see in the following Dissertation, which I have been at the pains to get entirely transcribed, and shall send it to you in my next packet, which I send to your brother at London, and have ready by me to send by the carrier, as soon as I receive my printed prolegomena from him, and would have you communicate it to your learned friend, with my best respects (though unknown to me), earnestly desiring him as well as you to peruse it with the greatest prejudice you can; and after you have thoroughly weighed the whole, as I think the subject deserves, to make the strongest objections you are able against any particular article of it, where you are not convinced by my observations and reasonings; for I should not deserve any friend if I did not esteem those my best friends who did their endeavours to set me right where I may be possibly mistaken, especially in a matter of so great moment, which is like shortly to appear publicly in the world.

"This is all at present, except that, blessed be God, we

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are all well, and every body sends respects (and I believe some letters in the packet that comes herewith), as your mother her blessing, and the same

"Your loving father,
"S. W."

The Dissertation on the Septuagint, mentioned above, I believe was never printed. According to his father's direction, the dissertation was shown to the then unknown friend, mentioned above, who, as stated, was Emanuel Langley, of Hart Hall, Oxford, and who wrote a long critique on the subject, and sent it to the rector of Epworth, April 17, 1730; to which Mr. Wesley replied some time in the same year. As his reply contains the sum of Mr. Langley's objections—for he considers them *seriatim*—I need not insert the critique.

Mr. Langley's letter is in Latin; and in it he endeavours to defend the Septuagint against Mr. Wesley's attacks on its inaccuracy, and want of good faith to the Hebrew original, changing many words and passages, merely to please the Egyptians, and Ptolemy Philadelphus their king. See the preceding letter to his son John, at Oxford.

Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, to the Rev. Emanuel Langley, of Hart Hall, Oxford, in answer to a critique which Mr. L. had written on Mr. Wesley's Dissertation on the Septuagint.

"Vir Reverende,

"There is one advantage in my son's staying so little a while with me, which is, that I have not time to answer your kind, civil, and learned letter, in my own sorry Latin; so you will for the present escape that punishment. Neither have I time to answer, distinctly, every article of yours, nor indeed is there any occasion for it, because we are in many things so entirely agreed, as in thinking the LXX. not preferable to the text, or divinely inspired, but in many places have been mistaken, whether willingly or unwillingly is the dispute between us.

"I readily own that it was very pardonable, if after their best endeavours to understand the text, and to give the true sense of it, they were in some instances, or even in a pretty many, involuntarily mistaken; though it is not easy to conceive how so many persons, and undoubtedly not the least learned of their nation, should be at a loss for the sense of so many words in a book wherewith they were so well acquainted, and therefore write the Hebrew words in Greek characters, as ενθειβουλαθωθ, εσβειε, and others. I own,

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they have also paraphrased the text in many places, where there seems to have been no necessity of doing it; in which practice the vulgar Latin has too often imitated them: but I cannot yet come into your notion, that the Hebrew text has been in any place (except perhaps one to my observation, and that but in half a letter, and nowhere wilfully), corrupted or vitiated; but that the Greek copies are often wrong, either by the ignorance of the translators or transcribers (I believe by both), is fully agreed between us.

"But the main of the cause turns upon the following questions: *First*, whether the seniors have falsely represented the sacred text, that they might consult the honour of their nation?

"*Secondly*, whether they have ever done the like for fear of the Egyptians, or lest they should thereby give scandal to them, or to other heathens?

"On the first head, your general assertion is, that the Alexandrine copy entirely supplies the defects of those places which are wanting in the Vatican. I have not time to examine this fact at present, though I know it is true in many instances. You say the case was thus, in that famous place at the beginning of Jer. xvii. I find, indeed, in Bos, that it is read in the Complut., and in some copies of the Vatican (though under asterisks), though he says nothing in his Scholia of its being in the Alexandrine; but I have not Grabe by me, nor can I find it in the Roman Scholia.

"The first time I saw the Alexandrine, or any copies of the difference between that and the Vatican, as formerly in the Polyglott, when I had it by me, I was, Rev. Sir, entirely of your mind; and exceedingly pleased, when I thought they had cured many defects of the Vatican, and continued in the same opinion for many years; but, on my growing better acquainted with those matters, I was forced, in a great measure, to change my opinion; and have been for some time inclined greatly to suspect the Alexandrine has done, in some measure, like the Complut., and altered the old Septuagint, that it might be nearer the Hebrew; and consequently, the nearer any copy of the Septuagint is to the Hebrew, the more I suspect it to be corrupted, that is, from the Greek original; though I have not time here to show you my reasons.

"Be that as it will, it is certain that these verses, Jer. xvii., were wanting in St. Austin's copy; and I believe you will find the same in St. Jerome; but when you say, that period, Deut. i. 35, *ἡ γενεὰ πονηρὰ αυτη*, though it be not in the Vatican, is in the Alexandrine, I can find nothing like it, either in Bos's or the Roman Scholia; though I

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confess there is something not far from it in the Complut., namely, *τούτων τῶν πονηρῶν*.

"Your next remark is on 1 Sam. ii. 22, that where the Vatican has it lamely *εκομιζον*, the Alexandrian gives it perfectly, *ἐκομιζον*: first, I find nothing of *εκομιζον* in the Vatican; secondly, I find, according to Bos, not *εκομιζον*, but *εκομιζον*, in the Alexandrine; though, indeed, the Scholion has *ως εκοιμωντο*.

"As to your next, of יחמים, at Judg. xvii. 10, your answer is probable, and, I believe, true.

"As for Gen. xxxvii. 2, you say the Alexandrine has it *κατενεγκεν* (currente calamo) pro *κατενεγκαν*, not as in the Vatican, *κατηνεγκαν*.

"But Bos has it *κατηνεγκαν*, both in the Vatican and Alexandrine, and Aldus, *κατηνεγκαν δε κατα Ιωσεφ*; though Diodorus, in the same Scholion, says that the Syrian and the Hebrew, for *κατηνεγκαν*, have *κατηνεγκεν*, which Bos has from the Schol. Rom., as many of his other notes.

"As for the next text, Gen. xlv. 22, where the LXX. render כסף by *χρουσους*,—if I could see any proof that the ancients did take pieces of gold and pieces of silver, when indefinitely spoken to be of the same value, I should be concluded by them; but till I am convinced of that, must be forced at least *επεχειν*; though the Syriac, as I find in Bos, and the Roman Scholiast, have not been full out so liberal; for they give him but *διακοσιους χρυσινους*, but they make it up in giving him *πεντε ζυγας στολων*.

"The question is not, whether the word באש does sometimes signify *displicere*, seu *odiosum*, et *malum esse*, but why the LXX. have translated it several times by *επωζεσεν*, when it does not relate to the Israelites, as twice or thrice in Exod. vii.; but when it relates to themselves, have taken the softest sense of the word, which was certainly wise, but I know not whether so fair and honest. Neither am I sure that they were then accused by the heathens as *hircum olentes*, as they have been in after ages; though I cannot say I perceived any such disagreeable savour when I have often sat a long time very near them.

"The next is חמור. 'Tis known the Jews, even persons of quality, their judges, &c., were wont, in those times, to ride upon white asses, which are much more beautiful and larger than ours; and they had few horses among them before Solomon's time; nor are there any such in Job's inventory, though some of the Fathers have given him both mules and horses; for which reasons the LXX. would hardly have dismounted Moses from the ass, or provided at least an equivocal carriage for him, in the word *υποζυγιον*,

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if they had not some particular cause for it. Now the red ass on which, in the Egyptian histories, Typhon (who was also red), that is, Moses, was said to fly out of Egypt, on whose account they sacrificed a red ass every year, makes it look very suspicious, that the LXX. here avoided the word *ονος*, which could signify nothing else, lest they should confirm the Egyptians in their hatred: but the LXX. go farther, and for fear one beast should not be thought enough for Moses and his family, they here furnish him with more, even as many as he pleases, for they use an indefinite number, *ανεβιβασεν αυτα επι τα υποζυγια*: but Balaam, being raised up by the devil as Moses's rival, they allow but one bare ass between him and his two servants for a much longer journey.

"As for Caleb's daughter, she was much inferior to Moses, as well as their patriarch Issachar; nor was there the same reason against mounting her upon an ass, that there was in the case of Moses.

"I confess there is something more in that of Judah, Gen. xlix. 11: *δεσμευων τη ελικι τον πολον της ονου αυτου*; but then 'tis known, that not only the Fathers, St. Ambrose, St. Austin, &c., but even the Targum itself, refers this to the Messiah, of whom the foregoing words are indisputably to be understood, where he is called the Shiloh; and 'tis said, that 'unto him shall the gathering of the people be;' and both of these are mentioned, the ass and the foal, in our Saviour's history, as well as in the prophecy of Zech. ix.; and in the gospels we read, *ονον δεδεμενην, και πολον μετ' αυτης*; though I grant 'tis afterwards, *πολον υιον υποζυγιου*, and that, as you observe, *υποζυγιον* is an equivocal word for any *jumentum*.

"Neither can I be satisfied any more, Sir, than I can perceive you yourself are, with Bonfronius's defence of that strange translation, Gen. xlix. 14, 15, of חמר גרם by *το καλον επεθυμησεν, bonum concupivit*, as well as עבר למס by *ανηρ γεωργος*; and I believe you think Bonfronius's interpretation is not a little strained and unnatural, from one end to the other; which is as follows: therefore *bonus concupivit*, he desired a good thing, &c., the same as he thought it a good thing strongly to undergo the labours of agriculture; that is, he was a strong ass. They well enough understood the connexion of their translation, that if he would constantly give himself to husbandry, he must necessarily pay tribute. Nor is it any wonder that the other translators, Aquila and Symmachus, being Jews, should, for the same reason, agree in almost the same translation.

"I can as little agree with the LXX. in their Version of

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Deut. xxvi. 5, ארמי אבד by *συριαν απελιπεν*, though I must own your conjecture is very ingenious, and the alteration very small, if we read ארם יאבד *απελιπεν*, which is the Complut., but the Vatican is *απεβαλεν*. Yet, as to what follows, I am sorry, sir, I cannot come into your opinion. You ask, how Jacob could be called a Syrian, when he was born in Canaan? I answer, he might justly be called so, especially by way of diminution. First, from his origin, because Abraham came out of Syria. Second, from his mother, who was a Syrian; and from his habitation in Syria, where he was, as it were, naturalized, had lived so many years, was married, and acquired all his wealth and children. Nor seems the second objection any stronger, that Jacob could not be said to be a poor man, and ready to perish, when he went down into Egypt, because he went with great substance, and had money enough to buy what corn he pleased; for, in answer, that man must certainly be poor who wants bread; and that he and his family were ready to perish by famine before they went down into Egypt, we find expressly in several places in the history:—The first place, Gen. xlii. 2; 'Buy corn for us, that we may live and not die;' as Joseph says afterwards, 'Carry corn for the famine of your houses;' so chap. xliii., Judah said, 'We will arise and go, that we may live and not die, both we and thou, and also our little ones.' Joseph says, in chap. xlv. 7, 'God sent him to save their lives by a great deliverance;' and again, at verse 11, 'I will nourish thee, lest thou and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty;' that is, the lowest degree of it, *want of bread:* from all which instances, it seems evident, that the common reading of the Hebrew cannot reasonably be faulted, when it styles Jacob *Syrus peribundus*, especially just before he went down into Egypt.

"As for במות, I drop that objection, because the sense you give it is very probable.

"But as to that of *Hobab*, Numb. x. 31, I cannot agree with Bonfronius, and the LXX., because there is a pretty deal more in the Hebrew than in the Greek, and I would be glad to hear any cause of their omission, except that which I have assigned. Moses says, ver. 29, 'Leave us not, I pray thee, forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness (that is, the best places for castrametation, where there was water, pasturage, &c.), and thou mayest be to us instead of eyes;' Hobab being doubtless well acquainted with the parts of the wilderness wherein his father's flocks had been always fed, though the ark went three days' journey before them from Mount Sinai, to search

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them out a resting. 'Tis true, Stephanus says, that *pro oculis alieni esse, socrat ac esse ductorem*, but I can nowhere find that πρεσβυτης signifies *ductor*, though it is common in the lexicographers to render the Hebrew by the Greek Versions; whereof I have given a larger account in my searches into the history of the Rechabites, the posterity of Hobab.

"I next remark your reason, which is a very plausible one, that the seniors in their Version had no respect to the Israelites, so as to incline them to partiality towards them, because, in innumerable places, where the text speaks of their ingratitude, obduracy, &c., they have faithfully rendered it.

"This I entirely grant, for, indeed, if they had not done it, a great part of Moses and of the prophets must have been quite omitted; but how shall we do to clear them, where they have certainly omitted, or at least, evidently softened, or disguised, many other places which bear hardest upon their nation? For which we need go no further than the Book of Jeremiah, which, if I can possibly, I will go through on that argument for your satisfaction.

"Your latter reason seems to bend stronger from Jer. xxxi. 32, that they have translated there more harshly than in the original by ημελησα αυτους; but I believe it will be found that one or two of the significations of the word בעל here used, are yet stronger than the LXX. have turned it: e. g., Jer. iii. 14, by κατακυριευω; Isai. xvi. 8, by καταπινω.

"The second probable cause which I assign of the deviations of the LXX. from the Hebrew texts, was, lest they should displease the Egyptians, as well as give scandal in general to the heathens, had they in some places literally translated it. I instance in Exod. xiii. 13, where they used λυτρωση, for ערף, which you own is not to be defended, unless with Lipman you read λυθρωση for λυτρωση; but I cannot think you acquiesce in this change, because it is not so read in any copy either printed or MS. of the LXX. that I know of; whence it probably follows, the reason I have given for this version of the LXX. is the right, though I am afraid not a very honest reason.

"You proceed to Jer. xlvi. 17, 'Pharaoh, king of Egypt, is but a noise;' which you know is monstrously written in the LXX., and so quoted by Theodoret; but why could they not have understood it, had they pleased, as well as Symmachus, Aquila, and other Versions? I wish a fairer reason could be found than that which I have given. If you think the true sense of the Hebrew is no reflection on so great a

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king, or disparagement of him, I must be forced here likewise to differ from you in my judgment. I own, as before, in the case of Israel, that they insert other prophecies which are very severe against the Egyptians; but if the answer to the former holds, the same will serve as to this, that otherwise they must have omitted entire chapters both in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel.

"As to your last observation, that I have taken notice the LXX. have translated other places in Scripture orthodoxly, and conveniently, where there is mention of the seeing God, and that the Chaldee, and often the Syriac and Arabic, do herein follow the LXX.: In answer, though they may perhaps have translated them orthodoxly (which yet I doubt, because I am satisfied those places are to be understood of the Λογος, who appeared in the Shechinah), and, on some accounts, wisely, that they might not give scandal to the heathens, as if the Jews worshipped a visible, and consequently a material, God; yet I can by no means think that they have done it faithfully, because they have plainly deserted the original Hebrew and probably led the Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic (whose authors were as much Jews as the LXX.) into the same error: nor, therefore, can I think it desirable, that several interpreters should conspire together in a false translation.

"Sir, though I am, you see, in several instances, for the reasons I have given, compelled to think otherwise than you do, yet I must own myself inexpressibly obliged to you for the trouble you have been at in endeavouring to set me right, as to many of these passages; and I hope you see, if I am mistaken, I am not obstinate, because I have dropt, or at least doubt of, several of my own objections. I wish, with all my soul, either you or I could have cleared all the rest; but fear you will yet entertain a more severe opinion of those interpreters, when I have time to compare, according to the very little knowledge I have, in the Greek, and especially in the Hebrew, those places in Jeremiah at which I have hinted, in order to send them to you: and am, in the meantime,

"Reverend sir,

"Your very obliged brother and servant,

"S. W."

"You would farther much oblige me, if you please, at your leisure, to send me those texts, I know not whether about fifteen or sixteen of them, which the Jews say were purposely mistranslated by the LXX. I think they are in *Walton's Prolegomena*, though I have it not by me."

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APPENDIX IV.*

Several Curious cases relative to the Ecclesiastical Discipline exercised in the Parish of Epworth, on certain Culprits; in Letters between Samuel Wesley, the Bishop of Lincoln, the Chancellor, and others.

Letters from Mr. Wesley to Mr. Terry, giving an account of two couple of transgressors in his parish; and the evidence of their guilt, and his wish to have them presented at the Bishop's Court.

'*Epworth, Dec.* 30, 1730.

"Mr. Terry,

'I presume, on account of our old friendship, to consult you, and beg your advice and direction, as to the greatest parochial difficulty I have met with since my residence here.

I have two couple of sinners at present upon my hands: the first, very lean; the latter, very fat: and I hope your courts will manage them both very well, when they are blended together.

The lean ones are, Benjamin Becket, a widower, and Elizabeth Locker, a widow; and though they had not much less than half a score of children between them before, yet he has ventured to increase their number by getting a chopping bastard on her, though she had weekly relief from the town; and he was ready to fall upon it: to prevent which they made him sexton the last year; and they continue both unmarried. What aggravates his crime is, that he had some years since done public penance here for anti-matrimonial fornication with his first wife. They are now, both of them, as I understand, desirous to do penance for this crime; though the fellow would undergo even a third penance by marrying her. However, considering the whole, I am desirous their punishment should be as exemplary as their crime; and that both of them may perform their penance at three churches of the Isle: my own at Epworth; at Haxey, and at Belton. I'll see the court charges defrayed, which I hope will be as moderate as possible, because most of it is like to come out of my own pocket, and because the

* See vol. i., p. 361.

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second couple will make amends: their names are, Mr. Aaron Man, one of the most substantial yeomen in my parish, reckoned worth about £100 a-year; a married man, who has five children that are grown up; he has been more than suspected long since of adultery, and worse, though there could be then no prosecution, because it was not revealed till their death by some who were conscious of it; but now he who has so long owed him a shame, seems to have paid it, or at least to be in a fair way of doing it. He has long haunted a widow here of a character scarce better than his own. Her name is Sarah Brumby, with whom he has been seen both day and night, till at last she proved with child, and told several persons, who are ready to witness it, that he was the father of it, and that she never had to do with any other since she was with child of this burden. The midwife also will stand to it that she told her, when she was in the pains of labour, that Aaron Man was the father. Notwithstanding which, he is so impudent and cunning that nobody doubts but he will do all he can to baffle justice, and even prevail upon Brumby to retract her confession, and lay it upon some other. There are some honest people in the town, of the best interest and character, who are not afraid of his huffings; though I hear he threatens any one who says he is the father, to put him into the Spiritual Court, or bring an action against him. They are now concerting measures to get her sworn before a justice as to the father of the child, and if she eats her words, to confront her with the forementioned evidence, as soon as her month is up. I hear they have another plea, that she has a husband; and though he has been some years gone from her, yet that he has been with her this last year; though nobody ever saw him; and that she will plead he was the father. We think we have a fence against this too, and that we can prove he was dead and buried some years since; as she herself acknowledged to me, and to many others, above a year ago. We cannot foresee that he has now any other refuge but getting some corrupt person in your courts to appear for him. Your advice how to prevent this, or guard against it, and what other steps we should take in order to bring these criminals to public justice, would be very obliging and serviceable to me, and to the best of my parish. We have weighed everything as well as we could; our opinion is, on the whole, that being guarded with his *impenetrable brass*, he will obstinately deny the fact; and when he is presented, that he will refuse public penance; nor would his children, we think, suffer him to do it. Perhaps he might be willing to com-

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mute, though that we rather doubt, and are inclined to believe that he would stand an excommunication, which we know he does not value, though a capias carried to an outlawry, we believe, would make him bend. I would not willingly be baffled in this matter, because I look upon the whole exercise of discipline in my parish, in a great measure, to depend on the event. If you think it proper to make Mr. Chancellor Newell acquainted with this, and to lay it before him as my desire, with my most humble service, entreating his advice and direction in it, pray be pleased to do it; but this I leave entirely to your own choice.

"I am, my most friendly friend,

"Your entire friend and servant,

"S. W."

A letter to the Chancellor, stating the performance of the Penance by Benj. Becket and Eliz. Locker; and the subsequent marriage of the said Becket and Locker.

"To the worshipful Mr. Chancellor Newell [at Lincoln].

"*Epworth, Feb.* 15, 1730-31.

"Sir,

"In respect and obedience to yours, which I received together with the order of penance for Benjamin Becket and Elizabeth (then) Locker, I have got 'em both to perform it at Epworth, and Haxey, on the days appointed.

"But the woman, being weakly, was so disordered by standing with her naked feet, that the women, and even a midwife, assured me that she would hazard her life if she went to perform it the third time at Belton in the same manner.

"I could therefore do no more than send the man thither at the day appointed, who performed it the third time, according to order, as is certified by myself, Mr. Hool, Mr. Morrice, and our churchwardens, on the instrument you sent us; which is ready to be returned at the visitation, or when you please.

"If 'tis in your power to remit the woman's doing it the third time, I should think it an act of mercy, especially since this was her first fault, though his second; and she appeared the modestest w—— (I doubt I ought to ask her pardon, now she has done what she could of her penance, and is an honest married wife, for I married them last Friday) that I have met with on this occasion. If you don't think it proper to remit it, which I again entreat that you would, if you can; I shall, upon your order in a letter, oblige her to perform it the third time.

"As soon as this was over, I fell at my second couple,

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having prepared the way by my addresses to a justice of the peace near us; and disposing some of the best of my parishioners to join with me, on account of the charge that this illegitimate of Sarah Brumby and (as was famed) of Aaron Man, might bring upon the parish; this my officers, the churchwardens and overseer, went and complained of to Justice Stovin, who was so kind as to come over this day on purpose to Epworth, and thinks he has got evidence upon oath, which will be ready to be produced in your court upon occasion, both to secure the parish, and to ground and prove a presentment. The woman had been taught her lesson, and though she had taken the oath before the justice, to answer "the truth, the whole truth," &c., and confessed under her hand it was a bastard child, born of her body; yet when he aked her, 'Who was the father?' she answered positively, 'I will not tell.'

"The second person brought before the justice, one Mary Jackson, who had been guilty of fornication herself, and has now a bastard of about six feet high, that lives with her; though she had assured me that she had heard Sarah Brumby several times say, before she was delivered, that Aaron Man was the father of the child that she then went with; yet, when the justice examined her upon oath about it, denied (as I expected she would, for she was always about her fellow-sinner, and had been tutored as well as she had been) that she had ever heard Sarah Brumby say any such thing, or that she had ever said any such thing to me; on which I thought myself obliged to swear to the words she said, as above written.

"We had a little better success in the succeeding evidence, Eliz. Piers, a near relation to Sarah Brumby, who was often with her in her illness, and swore, that the said Brumby had often told her that Aaron Man, and no other, was the father of the child that she went with.

"The next was Elizabeth Dawson, the midwife who laid her of the child, and swore before the justice that she had several times told her, before she was delivered, that Aaron Man was the father of the child; and that she added some other things in the time of her labour, or as soon as she was delivered, as will appear upon evidence in court, if there be occasion, which will confirm the same.

"This is the evidence we have got; for the bad woman does not now pretend that she has a husband living, but has owned, under her hand, as before, and upon her oath, that it is a bastard child.

"If we may ground a presentment on these evidences, in the taking which we have exactly followed the direction you

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were so kind to prescribe us, I believe I shall be able to induce my churchwardens to present both Aaron Man and Sarah Brumby, as soon as I've an answer to this, and you'll be so good as to teach us how we may proceed; for as to the two evidences above, I think you may depend upon them.

"I am, honoured Sir,
"Your very obliged humble servant,
"SAM. WESLEY."

A second letter to Mr. Chancellor Newell, complaining of his negligence in not answering the preceding letter; giving also an account of a person who, without orders or authority, married couples, absolved those who lay under ecclesiastical censure, &c.—Sufficiently curious.

To Chancellor Newell.

"*Feb.* 2, 1731-2.

"Sir,

"I think it was more than a quarter of a year since I wrote you a very pressing letter, concerning the affairs of my parish; to which I have not yet been honoured with any answer. I therein acquainted you that I had not yet heard of any articles against my last year's churchwardens, though you declared to them that you would article against them, for not performing their duty in presenting A. M. for the fame of adultery with Sarah Brumby, of this parish, which she herself had charged upon A. M., as was sworn by two persons which they very well knew; and you have the whole evidence before you. The churchwardens' names are William Watkins and Richard Samson. The woman was conveyed away, and resided for some time at Cawick in Yorkshire; where, for aught I know, she may still be, of which I informed both you and the apparitor, but can yet hear of no prosecution of her.

"At the same time, I wrote to you with as pressing instances as I could, concerning one Eliza Hurst, likewise of Epworth, who was delivered of an illegitimate, with some very foul circumstances, and would not declare the father. She was presented by my churchwarden some years since; but no prosecution followed, though I had often wrote about it. At length, the woman came to me, and earnestly desired she might perform penance for her offence, which she was ready to do whenever the court should order it. As I wrote to you about it, all I could hear concerning her was (what Mr. Porter told me at the last visitation, when I paid him 15*s.* out of my own pocket for B. Becket's penances), that this Hurst was put into the process. But I

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could never hear that the apparitor had summoned him, nor did he give me any account of it, as indeed he seldom does of any thing relating to offences of this nature in my parish. The woman has, since the time she was with me, cohabited with Thomas Thew, and is suspected to be with child by him. She would lately have sold her bed to have bought a license to be married to him, which she knew I would not do, till she had done penance for her former fault. However, they made what shift they could, and there being a strolling villain in the parish who had married others before, called John England, he coupled them together in a hemp-kiln, on Saturday, the 22nd of January; she having one Haworth for her father, and one Benson for their clerk; and having, as I hear, confessed their fornication, he that had joined them absolved them for it, and the others that were present said, Amen!

"You see, sir, by this, how much trouble you are like to be eased of in our isle, there being a person frequently here, though he is a legal inhabitant of Thorn, in Yorkshire, who assumes an episcopal power, at least as much as the courts have, in granting licenses, marrying, absolving, &c., where they are all safe, if poverty can gain them impunity; for I do not believe that all five of them are worth fifty shillings, if their stock were put together; for which reason I know not whether the court will be at the trouble of prosecuting them; or whether I shall hear anything from you in answer to this, any more than to my last, though I am sure this will be delivered into your hands by my own daughter. But whatever the event may be, I thought it my duty to acquaint you with these matters, and rest as well as I can,

"Your much aggrieved friend and servant,

"S. W."

To the Bishop of Lincoln, stating the same particulars to his Lordship as he had sent to the Chancellor.

"*Epworth, Feb.* 3, 1731.

"My Lord,

"I received the high honour and favour of your lordship's, dated Bugden, Christmas Eve. I ever thought it my duty, since I have been the minister of any parish, to present those persons who were obnoxious in it, if the churchwardens neglected it, unless where the criminal was so sturdy, and so wealthy, as that I was morally certain I could not do it without my own great inconvenience or ruin; in which cases, God does not require it of me. The only question here seems to be, whether the oath of two persons

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(that the woman had confessed to them several times that A. M. was the father of the child, which they swore before a justice of peace) be not sufficient to prove the fame and fact to the satisfaction of the court, that the criminal will be condemned in costs of suit, the chancellor having all the depositions in his hand: and I believe the justice who took them would, *viva voce*, confirm them, if the woman should shrink from their evidence. I likewise beg your direction what I must do with the two churchwardens, if they offered themselves to receive the sacrament at Christmas; and whether I ought not to repel them from it; being satisfied in my own mind, that they were notoriously perjured, and had thereby given great scandal to the congregation. One of them, Richard Samson by name, offered himself at the communion; to whom I sent my clerk to desire him privately to withdraw, because I had written to your lordship about it, for your directions therein, which I had not yet received; and therefore now humbly beg them. What work there has since been in our parish, your lordship will see in my letter to the chancellor; a copy whereof here follows. Thus asking pardon for this double trouble, and begging your lordship's blessing, and a line of answer,

"I remain, your lordship's ever-devoted,

"and most humble servant,

"S. W."

The Bishop of Lincoln's answer to the preceding, commending Mr. Wesley's diligence, and giving him further directions.

Copy of the Bishop of Lincoln's letter to S. W. about R. Samson.]

"Sir,

"It is very well that you have within fourteen days signified to me your repelling from your communion your negligent and obstinate churchwarden.

"My advice upon his case is, that you do immediately signify his offence to the chancellor of your diocese, and say that you do so by my direction, that he may have process against him according to law; and when you have thus, by my direction, put him into the hands of the ordinary, you have done your part, and may let your churchwarden know that he is now where the law has placed him, and that you are no longer a judge of his offence, but shall treat him as other parishioners. Without this, you will not be armed against action and costs of common law; to which I would not have you liable.

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"Your tenderness for the Protestant exiles, is truly Christian, and reasonable, as their sufferings are great, and their wants pressing. What you collect may be returned, as Dr. Wade's collection was, to Sir John Philips, in Bartlett's Buildings.

"*Bugden, Aug.* 19, 1732."

These letters give us a sketch of ecclesiastical discipline in the Church of England, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, which now in practice scarcely exists, and is not soon likely to regain its footing.

I know a parish in which hundreds of similar delinquents now live, not one of whom is ever presented by the churchwardens, notwithstanding their most solemn oaths; nor do the ministers seem to expect them to make the presentments to which their oaths bind them! And this oath binds them to present "all who offered their brethren by adultery, whoredom, incest, drunkenness, swearing, ribaldry, usury, or any other uncleanness or wickedness of life."—Gibson's Codex., p. 964, and Canon, cix. An. 1603. Shall it be said in extenuation of their guilt, in not acting according to their oath, that by these things their brethren are not offended?

But if the churchwardens will refuse to do their duty, then it is the duty of every parson and vicar, and, in their absence, of every curate (being the persons who should have the chief care for the suppression of impiety and sin in their parishes), to present to their ordinaries, at such time and when they think it meet, all such crimes as they have in charge, or otherwise, as by them shall be thought to require due reformation."—Canon cxiii. An. 1603.

I quote these authorities to show that Mr. Wesley, in what he did, acted according to the canons of the church; and that as a parish minister he could not have discharged his conscience, nor have acted according to his own solemn engagements, had he known of those scandalous offenders, and winked at the negligence of his churchwardens. But is not every minister of the church equally bound as he was? Most certainly. But are there any such presentments now? Scarcely one. Are no such offenders now to be found? Further this deponent saith not.

What was the issue of the prosecution against those he calls the fat sinners, his papers do not indicate. The chancellor and churchwardens seem equally indolent in the business.

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APPENDIX V.*

THE PIG: A TALE.

Some husbands on a winter's day
Were met to laugh their spleen away.
As wine flows in, and spirits rise,
They praise their consorts to the skies.
Obedient wives were seldom known,
Yet all could answer for their own:
Acknowledged each as sovereign lord,
Abroad, at home, in deed, in word;
In short, as absolute their reign, as
Grand seignior's over his sultanas.
For pride or shame to be out-done,
All joined in the discourse but one;
Who, vexed so many lies to hear,
Thus stops their arrogant career:
'Tis mighty strange, sirs, what you say!
What! all so absolutely sway,
In England, where Italians wise
Have placed the woman's paradise;
In London, where the sex's flower
Have of that Eden fixed the bower?
Fie, men of sense, to be so vain!
You're not in Turkey or in Spain;
True Britons all, I'll lay my life
None here is master of his wife.

These words the general fury rouse,
And all the common cause espouse;
Till one, with voice superior, said,
(Whose lungs were sounder than his head)
I'll send my footman instant home,
To bid his mistress hither come:
And if she flies not at my call,
To own my power before you all,
I'll grant I'm hen-pecked if you please,
As S———— or as Socrates.

Hold there, replies the objector sly,
Prove first that matrons never lie;
Else words are wind: to tell you true,
I neither credit them nor you:

* See p. 236.

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No, we'll be judged a surer way,
By what they do, not what they say:
I'll hold you severally, that boast,
A Supper at the loser's cost,
That if you'll but vouchsafe to try
A trick I'll tell you by and by,
Send strait for every wife quite round,
One mother's daughter is not found,
But what before her husband's face
Point blank his order disobeys.

To this they one and all consent:
The wager laid, the summons went.
Meanwhile he this instruction gives,
Pray only gravely tell your wives,
Your will and pleasure is, t' invite
These friends to a BOILED PIG to-night;
The commoner the trick has been,
The better chance you have to win:
The treat is mine, if they refuse;
But if they *boil* it, then I lose.

The first to whom the message came
Was a well-born and haughty dame:
A saucy independent she,
With jointure and with pin-money,
Secured by marriage deeds from wants,
Without a separate maintenance.
Her loftiness disdained to hear
Half-through her husband's messenger;
But cut him short with—How dare he
'Mong pot companions send for me?
He knows his way, if sober, home;
And if he wants me, bid him come.
This answer, hastily returned,
Pleased all but him whom it concerned.
For each man thought his wife, on trial,
Would brighter shine by this denial.

The second was a lady gay,
Who loved to visit, dress, and play;
To sparkle in the box, or ring,
And dance on birth-nights for the king;
Whose head was busy wont to be
With something else than cookery.
She, hearing of her husband's name,
Though much a gentlewoman, came:
When, half-informed of his request,
A dish as he desired it drest,
Quoth madam, with a serious face,
Without inquiring what it was,

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You can't, sure, for an answer look:
Sir, do you take me for your cook?
But I must haste a friend to see,
Who stays my coming for her tea;
So said, that minute out she flew.
What could the slighted husband do?
His wager lost must needs appear,
For none obey that will not hear.

The next for housewifery renowned,
A woman notable was owned,
Who hated idleness and airs,
And minded family affairs.
Expert at ev'ry thing was she,
At needle-work, or surgery;
Famed for her liquors far and near,
From richest cordial to small-beer.
To serve a feast she understood,
In English or in foreign mode;
Whate'er the wanton taste could choose
In sauces, kickshaws, and ragouts;
She spared for neither cost nor pain,
Her welcome guests to entertain.
Her husband fair accosts her thus:
To-night these friends will sup with us.
She answered with a smile, My dear,
Your friends are always welcome there.
But we desire a pig, and pray
You'd boil it.—*Boil* it, do you say?
I hope you'll give me leave to know
My business better, sir, than so.
Why ne'er in any book was yet
Found such a whimsical receipt.
My dressing none need be afeard of,
But such a dish was never heard of.
I'll *roast* it nice,—but shall not *boil* it;
Let those that know no better spoil it.
Her husband cried, For all my boast,
I own the wager fairly lost;
And other wives besides my love,
Or I'm mistaken much, may prove
More chargeable than this to me,
To show their pride in housewifery.

Now the poor wretch who next him sat,
Felt his own heart go pit-a-pat;
For well he knew his spouse's way;
Her spirit brooked not to obey;
She never yet was in the wrong;
He told her, with a trembling tongue,

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Where and on what his friends would feast,
And how the dainty should be drest.
To night? quoth, in a passion, she;
No, sirs, to-night it cannot be.
And was it a *boiled* pig you said?
You and your friends, sure, are not mad!
The kitchen is the proper sphere,
Where none but females should appear;
And cooks their orders, by your leave,
Always from mistresses receive.
Boil it! was ever such an ass!
Pray, what would you desire for sauce?
If any servant in my pay
Dare dress a pig that silly way,
In spite of any whim of your's
I'll turn them quickly out of doors;
For no such thing,—nay, never frown,—
Where I am mistress, shall be done.
Each woman wise her husband rules,—
Passive obedience is for fools.

This case was quickly judged.—Behold
A fair one of a softer mould;
Good humour sparkled in her eye,
And unaffected pleasantry.
So mild and sweet she entered in,
Her spouse thought certainly to win.
Pity such golden hopes should fail!
Soon as she heard th' appointed tale—
My dear, I know not, I protest,
Whether in earnest or in jest
So strange a supper you demand:
Howe'er, I'll not disputing stand,
But do't as freely as you bid it,
Prove but that ever woman did it.
This cause, by general consent,
Was lost for want of precedent.
Thus each denied a several way;
But all agreed to disobey.

The only dame did yet remain,
Who downright honest was and plain:
If now and then her voice she tries,
'Tis not for rule, but exercise.
Unused her lord's commands to slight,
Yet sometimes pleading for the right,
She made her little wisdom go
Further than wiser women do.
Her husband tells her, looking grave,
A roasting-pig I *boiled* would have;

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And, to prevent all *pro* and *con*,
I must insist to have it done.
Says she, My dearest, shall your wife
Get a nick-name to last for life?
If you resolve to spoil it do;
But I desire you'll eat it too:
For though 'tis *boiled* to hinder squabble,
I shall not, will not, sit at table.

She spoke, and her good man alone
Found he had neither *lost* nor *won*,
So fairly parted stakes. The rest
Fell on the wag that caused the jest—
Would *your wife* boil it? let us see.
Hold there—you did not lay with me.
You find, in spite of all you boasted,
Your pigs are fated to be roasted.
The wager's lost, no more contend,
But take this counsel from a friend:
Boast not your empire, if you prize it,
For happiest he that never tries it.
Wives unprovoked think not of sway,
Without commanding, they obey.
But if your dear ones take the field,
Resolve at once to win or yield;
For heaven no medium ever gave
Betwixt a sovereign and a slave.

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APPENDIX VI. *

ON MR. HOBBES.

OCCASIONED BY A COPY OF VERSES WRITTEN BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

'Tis justly thought, to praise is ever hard,
When real virtue fires the glowing bard;
But harder far, whene'er the poet's mind
Lab'ring creates the worth he cannot find.
'Twill task a Cowley's genius, to commend
False Brutus cringing while he stabs his friend;
To make the trifler Hobbes unworthy shine,
Will ask the utmost of a wit like thine.

The reader's malice makes the satire please;
Yet praises void of truth are flatteries,
Which steal from genuine worth the honours due;
Romantic heroes thus obscure the true.
The wise and good morality will guide,
And superstition all the world beside.
As wise and great no longer then must shine
Good Socrates, or Plato the divine;
On ancient Greece is pass'd a gen'ral doom,
And Tully pleading for the gods of Rome.
All statues to their fame are overthrown,
And Hobbes or Epicurus stands alone!

Shall Christian virtues, too, the slander share,
And wait, as captives, his triumphal car?
As by superior excellence compell'd,
Shall Anna bow? shall Charles the martyr yield?
Hyde, wise in calms, and faithful in the storm,
Great to record, but greater to perform?
Wide-conquering Raleigh, and far-searching Boyle,
And Newton, glory of our age and isle?
Are these the vulgar superstitious crowd,
That own the maxims of th' incarnate GOD?
Rather than heav'n, le. earth be disesteem'd,
And Hobbes exploded, than our GOD blasphem'd.
Hobbes! in whose ev'ry page display'd we see
His privilege of man, absurdity!

* See p. 236.

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'Tis hard to point where most his merits shine,
In human learning, or in laws divine.
All matter thinks as such, he gravely says,
The smallest grain of sand, and spire of grass;
Only t' express their thoughts they wanted power,
'Till he arose, their sweet-tongued orator.
Rome's wildest legends are excell'd at once,
With thinking blocks and philosophic stones.

Say, whence his far-famed politics began,
Whence his admir'd and lov'd Leviathan:
Wearied with exile, basely he complied,
And, coward, started from the suff'ring side;
With abject lies usurping force ador'd,
And measur'd justice by the longest sword.
Blest moralist! who taught e'en good and ill
To veer obsequious to the tyrant's will:
Prone to renounce his sense at Cromwell's nod,
And traitor to his prince, as to his God.

Hear, all ye wits, his gospel! *Tales receiv'd,*
In private feign'd and publicly believ'd,
These are Religion. He alike esteems
The prophets' visions and the Rabbis' dreams;
Nor matters who the rising sect begun,
Or Mary's offspring, or Abdalla's son.
No smallest diff'rence can his wisdom find:
For colours are all equal to the blind.

Yet tales, when once establish'd by the state,
He holds for sacred, and as fix'd as fate:
Nor shall the Almighty LORD his pleasure show,
Without dependance on the gods below.
The civil creed no subject must deny,
Or disbelieve it, though 'tis own'd a lie.
Hither from farthest east, ye Bramins, come
Hither, ye western locusts—monks of Rome
Behold this frontless, all-imposing man,
And match him with your priestcraft, if you can.

Prodigious sage! who taught mankind to know
The dangerous cheats of Robin Goodfellow
Of fairies tripping light a moonshine round,
Where rising verdure marks the circled ground!
Charm'd down by him, each airy spirit flies,
And grosser witches vanish from our eyes:
Crones, untransform'd, their own bad figures keep,
And broomstaffs peaceful in their corners sleep;
Yet vulgar tales this mighty champion scare,
This foe to shades, this conqueror of the air;
Ghosts immaterial he as dreams decries,
Yet dreads their power, whose being he denies.

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The noonday boaster, straight a coward grown,
Shudders and trembles in the dark alone:
Spectres and phantoms glare before his sight,
Which, when the candle enters, cease to fright.
'Twas thus he lived, our nation's boasted pride!
And (oh! that truth could hide it!) thus he died.
Dreams, whimsies, fancies, nothings, then he feared;
And leap'd into the dark, and disappeared.

Not thus his matchless wisdom Bacon showed,—
He found in all things, and he owned, a GOD:
As further learned, still readier to adore;
And still the more he knew, believed the more:
Glories to virtue due secure to find,
Unbounded and immortal as the mind.
Could Hobbes, alas! an equal prospect see
In the sad gloom of dark futurity,
Who dreamt that man, once dust, shall never rise;
That when the carcase falls, the spirit dies;
If quite extinct, insensible of fame,
Yet barred the poor reversion of a name?
While yet alive, by vanity betrayed,
He saw his fleeting groundless honours fade:
Nor sacred verse their lustre can prolong:
No, not a Cowley's nor a Mulgrave's song.

ON SOME BLASPHEMOUS DISCOURSES ON OUR SAVIOUR'S MIRACLES.

HAIL, Christian prelates! for your master's name
Exposed by fool-born jest to grinning shame!
Hail, fathers! to be envied, not deplored,
Who share the treatment destined to your Lord,
What time his mortal race on earth began,
When first the Son of God was Son of Man!

Behold from night the great accuser rise,
Retouching old, and coining modern, lies;
No slander unessayed, no path untrod,
To blast the glories of incarnate God!
"An open enemy to Moses' laws;
"A secret patron of Samaria's cause;
"Who dared at Levi's race his curses send,
"The sot's companion and the sinner's friend;
"Who purposed Sion's temple to o'erthrow,
"Traitor to Cæsar, and to God a foe;
"Who wonders wrought by force of magic spell,
"Possessed with demons, and in league with hell."

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Remains there aught, ye powers of darkness, yet?
Yes; make your ancient blasphemies complete—
"The sacred leaves no prophecies contain,
"No miracles, to prove Messiah's reign."
To this each sacred leaf aloud replies,
Nor need we trust our reason, but our eyes.
'Tis urged, his mightiest wonders never showed
Our Saviour nature's Lord, and real God,
Whose word commanded earth, and sea, and air,
Bid gloomy demons to their hell repair,
Spoke all diseases into health and bloom,
And called the mouldering carcase from the tomb,
O'er tyrant death exerted Godlike sway,
And oped the portals of eternal day.

Here nobler mysteries a sage descries,—
"The letter false or trivial in his eyes."
Suppose in every act were understood
Some future, mystic, and sublimer good;
Yet, who the letter into air refines,
Destroys at once the substance and the signs;
Will find the truth is with the figure flown,
Because by nothing, nothing is foreshown;
Else lunatics might deep divines commence,
And downright nonsense be the type of sense.
What wilder dream did ever madman seize
Than—"Symbols all are mere nonentities."
This Sion's hill fast by the roots will tear,
And scatter Sinai's mountain into air:
No David ever reigned on Judah's throne,
For David shadowed his diviner Son.
So fair, so glorious light's material ray,
That heaven is likened to a cloudless day:
Embodied souls require some outward sign
To represent and image things divine.
All objects must we therefore subtilize,
And raze the face of nature from our eyes?
Dispute is over, the creation gone,
In noon-day splendour we behold no sun.
Thus, fast as power almighty can create,
May frenzy with a nod annihilate.
No marks of foul imposture then were known,
The cures were public, to a nation shown:
And who, the facts exposed to every eye,
If false could credit, or if true deny;
While thousands lived, by miracle restored,
Healed by a touch, a shadow, or a word?
Denial then had shocking proved and vain.
But now the serpent tries another train;
To turns, and doubts, and circumstances flies,
And groundless, endless may-be's multiplies.

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Now every idle question dark appears,
Obscure by shade of seventeen hundred years,
Which then each ignorant and child must know,
And every friend resolve, and every foe.
No trace of possible deceit was there:
Would those who spilt his blood his honour spare?
When prejudice and interest urged his fate,
And superstition edged their keenest hate;
When every footstep was beset with spies,
And restless envy watched with all her eyes;
When Jewish priests with Herod's courtiers joined,
And power and craft, and earth and hell combined.
Speak, Caiaphas! thy prophecy be shown,—
He died for Israel's sake, and not his own.
Pilate, arise! His righteous cause maintain,
And clear the injured Innocent again!
Truth fixt, eternal stands, and can defy
Time's rolling course to turn it to a lie.
Must every age the once-heard cause recall,
Replacing Jesus in the judgment-hall;
Cite living witnesses anew to plead,
And raise from dust the long-sepulchred dead;
That fools undue conviction may receive,
And those who reason slight may sense believe,—
Those, who the test of former ages scorn
(For men were ideots all till they were born),
Whose strength of argument in this we view,
'Tis so long since, perhaps it is not true?

Ye worthies, in the book of life enrolled,
Who nobly filled the bishops' thrones of old!
Ye priests, on second thrones, who, true to God,
In tortures and in death your priestcraft showed;
Ye flocks, disdaining from the fold to stray,
Still following where your pastors led the way,
Whose works thro' length of years transmitted come,
Escaped from Gothic waste, and papal Rome,
Justly renowned! behold, how malice tries
To blast your fame, and vex your paradise!
Let heretics each human slip declare,
And ridicule the test they cannot bear:
To these what modish ignorants succeed,
And fops your writings blame who cannot read.
These open enmities to glory tend;
The wound strikes deeper from a seeming friend.
Let deist refugees your fame oppose,
And Dutch professors list themselves your foes:
But ah! let none asperse with vile applause,
And quote with praises in the devil's cause;
In gleaning scraps bad diligence employ,
The tenor of your doctrines to destroy;

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Make you your much-loved Lord and God deride,
For whom your saints have lived, and martyrs died.
Yet so pursued by love-dissembling hate,
You fill the measure of your master's fate.
Glory to Jesu! the blasphemer cries;
But glaring malice mocks the thin disguise.
Iscariot thus false adoration paid,
Hail'd when he seized, saluted and betrayed.
May Jesu's blood discharge even this offence,
When washed with tears of timely penitence!
Ere yet experience sad assent create,
Convince in earnest, but convince too late;
Ere yet, descended from dissolving skies,
To plead his cause himself, shall God arise.
Then scorn must cease, and laughter must be o'er,
And witty fools reluctantly adore.

So, as authentic old records declare
(If past with future judgment we compare),
Possest with frantic and demoniac spleen,
Apostate Julian scoffed the Nazarene;
His keenest wit th' imperial jester tries;
Sure to his breast the vengeful arrow flies;
He, while his wound with vital crimson streams,
Proud in despair, confesses and blasphemes;
Impious, but unbelieving now no more,
He owns the Galilean Conqueror!

END OF MEMOIRS.

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